

MUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

For Theatrical Arrangements See Page 1 Part III.

PEOPLE'S... COURSE

Auspices University of Southern California.

Friday, Dec. 13.

W. GILLMAN, Humorous, Poet,

Friday, Dec. 27.

WILL ALLER DRUMGOOLE

Friday, Jan. 17.

WILLIAM'S ORCHESTRA, Harry

Friday, Jan. 31.

W. THOMAS A. BOYER, D.D., in

Friday, Feb. 14.

W. WEBSTER ELLSWORTH,

Ten Great Events for \$1.00.

CHUTES PARK—WASHINGTON AND MAIN STREETS.

Special Programme Today, Including

Catalina Marine Band

AND CHUTES ORCHESTRA.

SEE PROGRAMME ON INSIDE PAGE.

The Chutes Will Be Running!

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—

200 SOUTH BRADWAY—THIS AFTERNOON AT 3 O'CLOCK.

MEM'S MEETING ADDRESSED BY

E. S. CHAPMAN, D.D., LL.D.

TRICH FARM—South Pasadena—

One Hundred Gigantic Birds of All Ages.

IMPSON AUDITORIUM—THIRD STREET INTERNAL COURSE.

Tuesday Evening, November 26, 1901.

Concert by the First Congregational Orchestra.

UNIQUE THEATER—KEEFE & ZALLER, Week of Nov. 25.

UP CURIO STORE, Cor. 4th and Main Sts.

SUPERB ROUTES OF TRAVEL—

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND—A Grand Resort!

SUBMARINE FOREST.

SCENIC MOUNT LOWE

AN FRANCISCO—by the "Fast Line"—24 Hours

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ANTI-GAGE CAMPAIGN.

Bulla is Helping it Along.

Republicans of State

Want a Change.

Party Rallying to Support of

Senator Flint.

Headquarters to Be Opened in

San Francisco—"Corney"

is Doomed.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 23.—[Ex-

clusive Dispatch.] Senator Bulla,

who came up to attend the anti-

Convention, gave some good talk to-

day to the Chronicle about the strong

feeling of Republicans throughout the

State against Gov. Gage as the Re-

publican gubernatorial candidate to

succeed himself. Herrin and Burns

are pledged to run Gage, but Bulla said:

"I never saw feeling so intense as at

early a sign of the campaign. If the

primaries were to be held tomorrow,

Senator Flint would secure 75 per cent.

of the delegates from south of the Te-

hachepi. The Flint movement repre-

sents the opposition to Gage and his

administration. There is a strong un-

dercurrent, and it is constantly in-

creasing in volume.

"I understand the friends of Flint are

organizing throughout the State, but

I can only speak for Southern Cal-

ifornia. Down there something is going

on. The details of our campaign I am not

at liberty to give, but I will state that

the canvass is being conducted with ac-

tivity. For example, the Union League

of Los Angeles, a non-factional Re-

publican organization, 89 per cent.

of whose membership of 200 favor Flint

for Governor, is actively at work in its

interest.

"For myself, I do not see how Gage

can be re-elected. The movement for

Flint embraces all elements of the

Republican party opposed to Gage and

his methods. I do not mean to say

they are all for Flint and no one else,

but it was necessary to introduce some

personally into a contest of this

character, and Flint has been chosen

as the standard-bearer of the anti-

Gage forces. Should the convention de-

velop a stronger man, than that, of

course, will become the nominee.

"There is some talk of an attempt on

the part of the Gage machine to knock

out the primary, in my opinion such

a course will damage whoever un-

dertakes it. The people of this State

worked many years to secure this law,

and while it may not be all that could

be wished, they will not submit to a

withdrawal of the privileges and pro-

tection it affords them. Personally, I

believe the law to be constitutional."

Senator Bulla states that the Flint

forces will establish a bureau of in-

formation in San Francisco, the pur-

pose being to let the Republicans of

Southern California know what is be-

ing done in the north, and vice versa.

The bureau will be a sort of political

exchange.

In speaking of the strong anti-Gage

sentiment in Southern California, Sen-

ator Bulla said there was a candidate

in training in Assemblyman "Corney"

Pendleton's district, who would wipe

out that hunchman of Gage, and of the

hopes on election day.

ALL NIGHT UNDER WATER.

Holland Submarine Boat Submerged

and Will not Come Up Until Today—

Eight Men on Board.

[BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.]

PATCHOGUE (L. I.) Nov. 23.—In or-

der to demonstrate the length of time

the Holland submarine torpedo boat

can remain below water and still sup-

port human life, the Fulton, with three

officers and a crew of five men, was

submerged in the harbor tonight, and

did not come to the surface again un-

til 10 o'clock tomorrow morning, a pe-

riod of fifteen hours. The test is the

severest ever attempted, and a large

number of spectators assembled on the

company wharves tonight, and

watched the boat sink slowly beneath

the water with her daring crew. In

order to make the test, and to assist

in any emergency, a watch was set

upon the company's wharf.

Lieut. Arthur MacArthur, U.S.N., is

in command. Besides this officer there

are on board Rear-Admiral John Lowe,

U.S.N. (retired), Capt. Frank T. Cable

of the Holland Torpedo Boat Company

and her crew of five men of the navy.

The Fulton is submerged in fifteen

feet of water, giving her top a six-foot

depth under water.

Those on board the craft will partake

of supper at midnight, and will break-

fast at 6 o'clock tomorrow morning.

Everything necessary for the comfort

of those aboard has been supplied, in-

cluding light bedding.

West Suddenly Insane.

OAKLAND, Nov. 23.—Mrs. Matilda

Helen Broman was taken off the Los

Angeles Island ship today, and was

suddenly insane while en route to San

Francisco.

SCHLEY'S CHANCES.

His Vindication a

Certainty.

Many Demands Made on

His Services.

All Kinds of Opportunities to

Make Money.

Penny Postage to Be Pressed.

Possible Shake-up in the

Treasury.

[BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—[Exclu-

sive Dispatch.] Since the re-

vision of the proceedings of the

Schley court of inquiry, Admiral Schley

has been overwhelmed with offers to

write for newspapers and magazines, to

lecture, and to attend banquets and

other social affairs. Recently he re-

ceived an offer from a lecture bureau

to give a series of lectures at the rate of

\$5000 for each lecture. In addition to this

offer, the admiral has received offers

from others, which, if accepted, would

keep him on the lecture platform for

the next ten years. He has had in all

130 invitations to write or lecture. So-

cial and political organizations in all

parts of the country have overwhelmed

him with invitations to banquets. He

has accepted very few, and will prob-

ably not accept any more.

There was a story today that the ar-

dict of the court of inquiry would

be handed to Secretary Long

Monday. The members of the court de-

clined this. They do not expect to be

able to report before thirty days from

this time. When the verdict comes it

is considered almost certain that it will

be a vindication for Schley.

The court has been occupied up to the

present time in making a digest of the

testimony. Admiral Dewey and his col-

leagues have discussed the main points

of the evidence during digesting, but

much remains to be considered before

a finding is reached. All sessions of the

court are executive, and have been

guarded with greater secrecy than any

similar session of the United States

Senate. The members of the court

have agreed that they will not discuss

the case in any of its phases except

during executive session.

Despite the secrecy that has sur-

rounded the sessions, enough has been

learned to justify the statement that

Admiral Dewey will hesitate before

signing any finding which will in any

way be construed as censure of Ad-

miral Schley. Rear-Admiral Ramsey,

who invariably voted with Admiral

Dewey upon objections during the trial,

is believed to feel the same way. Ad-

miral Benham, by the course of ques-

tioning followed during the taking of

testimony, clearly indicated that he be-

lieved Admiral Schley censurable for

the retrograde movement of Santiago.

No matter what the findings of the

court may be, whether announced or

not on the opening day of Congress,

scores of resolutions will be introduced

having a bearing upon the Schley case.

They will provide for everything from

the reviving of the grade of vice-ad-

miral, and giving this title to Admiral

Schley, to a complete investigation of

the whole case. Other resolutions will

provide for giving Admiral Schley the

rank of vice-admiral, and restoring







HER 24, 1901. SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1901.

# GREEN-GOODS GAME OUTDONE.

## Bunco Men Made Up the "Revolution."

Easy Money in Order of Midnight Sun.

Would-be Rebels Taxed What-ever Their Credulity Would Stand.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) VANCOUVER (B. C.) Nov. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] R. L. Penny, an American miner, who arrived from the north today, gives a complete exposure of the story of the threatened revolution in Klondike. Penny is in a position to speak, for he was really a member of the Order of the Midnight Sun, having purchased admission into the sacred ranks of promoters of the revolution.

He says that the revolution was never anything more than a game of "graft," and yet there was no credulous enough to believe the story when it was told in the "Midnight Sun" and Skagway by a couple of confidence operators.

Penny joined the society with the desire of following up the plan of the fakirs, and seeing what would come of it.

Clark and Harry Grell lived in White Horse last winter. They were both gamblers, and Grell did a little work around gambling. The former got in trouble with police and left for the American coast on the Lynn Canal. Grell remained in White Horse until the great strike.

Clark struck Skagway with a trunk which was a notary's old seal. Grell constituted the great seal of the Order of the Midnight Sun. Grell was a gambler, and Grell was a gambler.

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connection with his crime. He was questioned at length by Capt. Seymour, but stated that he could not answer any questions until he had seen his attorney.

### SHORTAGE MADE GOOD.

KERR PAYS OVER THE MONEY. (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.) FRENO, Nov. 23.—The shortage discovered by an expert accountant in the books of County Recorder James M. Kerr has been made good. This morning Kerr paid to the County Treasurer the sum of \$1000, and this sum with \$300 paid last Thursday, covers the amount of the reported deficit. The grand jury has investigated the discrepancy that existed in Kerr's accounts, and its report is awaited with great interest.

### HAWAIIAN MORMONS HONOR THE EX-QUEEN.

LILUOKALANI VISITS FORMER SUBJECTS IN UTAH.

Great Feast Spread in Salt Lake City for the Entertainment of Her De-throned Majesty—Native Games and Dances Indulged In.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii, left yesterday for New York, Boston and Washington, but she will make a few days' stay in Salt Lake to accept an invitation of Hawaiian Mormons. In the pioneer days of California the Mormons established a very big colony of proselytes in Honolulu and other Hawaiian cities, and when Brigham Young, along in the fifties, called all the faithful Latter Day Saints to Salt Lake, these Hawaiians moved to Utah, and went to farming near Salt Lake. Despite the change of climate, these people have prospered, and whenever Queen Liliuokalani passed across the continent they have begged her to stay over in Salt Lake, and accept their hospitality. She was unable to do this on her last visit because of sickness, but now she has leisure, and will remain two days to receive the honors of the faithful to their Auli, the old Hawaiian name for hereditary ruler. A great luau, or feast, will be spread in Salt Lake, and there will be games and dances in Hawaiian style.

### ARRIVES IN SALT LAKE.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.) SALT LAKE (Utah) Nov. 23.—Former Queen Liliuokalani and her attendants were the guests of the Hawaiian colony in Salt Lake City today, and will be entertained here until Tuesday, when she will resume her journey eastward.

### CHASE FOR THIEF ENDED WITH CHASE.

### FRAWLEY'S BRIGHT YOUNG ACTOR ROBBED HIS COMRADES.

Miss Van Buren the Principal Sufferer, Having Lost Diamonds of Considerable Value—Thiefs Have Been Going on for Almost a Year.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SEATTLE (Wash.) Nov. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] The mystery surrounding numerous thefts from members of the Daniel Frawley Company, including a valuable diamond from Mary Van Buren, the leading lady, has been solved. The thief is Clarence R. Chase, a promising young juvenile actor, who has been the idol of Frawley himself. The climax came after the performance at the Grand Opera-house last night, and in police headquarters today young Chase confessed. There will be no prosecution.

December 24, 1900, Miss Van Buren awoke to find two elegant diamond pins missing from her jewel box on the dresser. They were both presents, and she was furious when she found they were gone. Frawley was notified, and every possible effort made to locate the thief, but in vain.

Soon after this, Miss Van Buren began missing other articles of jewelry, to say nothing of the finery that goes to make up a lady's wardrobe. Other actors and actresses began to miss articles of value, and from the nuptial Chase was arrested. The actors were plunged in deepest gloom.

Chase has been with his present employer for two years. Frawley watched the lad develop, and with almost fatherly interest has helped him over the rough spots that came behind the footlights, and has done his best to help him.

### DEATH THE PENALTY.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.) OAKLAND, Nov. 23.—Mrs. Mary Heany of West Oakland was terribly burned at her home this afternoon. She was putting gasoline in a stove, when it flared up and ignited her dress. Her face, back and neck were horribly burned. The woman will die.

Mrs. Heany is a widow and has two sons in the employ of the Southern Pacific company.

### MONEY WENT WITH BERG.

SALOON-KEEPER'S HEAVY LOSS. (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.) ANGELS CAMP, Nov. 23.—Last night Frank Monteverde, a saloon-keeper, met Joe Berg, of Carleton, who was looking for a place to sleep. Monteverde took him to his room. This morning Berg got up about 5 o'clock, and dressed, and after he left the room, telling Monteverde he was going

to Robinson's ferry to work. After a while Monteverde got up, and missed Berg. When the officers tried to get Berg he ran, and was not caught until he had run about two miles. Only 55 cents was found on his person. It is thought that he buried the money before the officers caught him.

### HAS BURIED LIBERTY.

HENRI REFUSES LIBERTY. (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.) CARSON (Nev.) Nov. 23.—James Henri, sentenced some years ago for robbing the mint, could have left the prison today, his sentence having expired. There was a \$5000 fine, which would have been remitted if he had taken the pauper's oath. He declined to do this, and will have to go back to prison to serve out his fine at \$3 a day. It is supposed that he has buried gold near this city, and fears to swear that he is penniless.

### YOUNG MAN GOES WRONG.

RECOMMENDED TO MERCY. (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS-P.M.) STOCKTON, Nov. 23.—George Ernest, a well-known young man of this city, was today convicted of obtaining money under false pretenses from T. F. Emerson, for whom he acted as agent in regard to some land in Fresno county. Ernest represented that he had paid the taxes on the land through one Joseph Wilson, and was reimbursed by Emerson. The taxes were not paid, however, and the trial developed the fact that Wilson is a myth. The jury recommended Ernest to the mercy of the court.

### EMMA KAMES KISSES CHINESE BABIES.

PRIMA DONNA ENTERTAINED BY CONSUL-GENERAL HO YOW.

The Diva Was Born in Shanghai and Has Never Forgotten Her Babyhood Days in the Flowery Kingdom—Interested in Chinese Affairs.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Mme. Emma Kames Story, the prima donna who was born in Shanghai, was the guest of Consul-General Ho Yow yesterday at a special reception. Miss Petridge, the prima donna's dearest friend, and Mrs. L. H. Bryan accompanied Mme. Kames to the consulate, and were present at the audience, which lasted an hour.

The Consul's three children—a boy of 12, a girl of 10 and a boy of 8—were there, too, and the famous singer kissed all three. She is genuinely fond of Chinese children, and told the Consul she would never forget her first recollections—her babyhood days in Shanghai.

Madame Kames evinced the keenest interest in Chinese affairs, and discussed the political and economic conditions of the Empire with a knowledge of them that was surprising. She kissed the three Ho babies good-by, and said the occasion was one of the most interesting she had ever experienced.

### FORTUNE MAY REWARD PERSISTENT DIVER.

### WRECK OF RIO DE JANEIRO LOCATED AFTER LONG SEARCH.

Cargo Worth Half a Million Dollars in the Sunken Steamer Which Was Found Half a Mile Away from Where She Struck.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] According to Diver Sorenson, who has been searching for the hull of the Rio de Janeiro ever since the ill-fated Pacific steamer sank mysteriously on Washington's birthday, this year, the wreck is located. At the time he was down ten minutes, and claims to have swum around the bow, noted the condition of the wreck and woodwork, and tried to get inside the hull through a hole in the deck, but was prevented by a turn of the strong current, which swept him away.

The location upon which Sorenson has been working is about half a mile due west of the reef at Fort Point, upon which the Rio de Janeiro, and on the edge of the deep channel. The wreck, according to Sorenson, lies with bow pointing toward Line Point, and stern toward Cliff House. The bow is in twenty-five fathoms of water, and the stern is twenty-three fathoms.

It is the nautilus spot for currents and eddies on the bay, and for that reason it is impossible to dive there except two days in two weeks, and then only at the turn of tide. Sorenson has made half a dozen tries since determining the location early in October, but was always borne away by the current, until November 19, when he managed to stay down long enough to touch the deck of the sunken vessel.

Sorenson used an original method to make the location. After determining from surviving passengers and crew the probable location of the wreck, he waited until he found the current running with about the same velocity as on that fatal morning, and starting his gasoline launch at the point of the reef, he let it drift and marked the course. Along



REFINING INFLUENCE OF OUR LARPI-TS.

Quality, style, price are the three great factors that interest carpet buyers most—size runs that suit as in the management of our CARPET AND DRAPERY BUSINESS.

It has brought us success and an ever increasing trade. Therefore we mean to stick to these three words. Are you ready to buy under them? If so, you will find the floor coverings and draperies here you most desire and at prices you like to pay.



that course he grappled until some caught what he believed to be rigging. Sorenson said: "I wore an electric light, a new invention, in my helmet, and by its beams I could see how things stood. She is lying on her port beam; the rail is gone, deckhouses are mostly broken up, and gone, and there are holes in the deck. The pilot-house is gone, but I saw the wheel plainly." Sorenson says the plan is to work the wreck by cable into shallower water, and then raise her. She has a half million dollars of cargo, on which the diver gets 70 per cent, if he can save it. He will make his next dive in December, when the tide will be favorable.

### BELL IS MISSING.

MARRIAGE BELLS WONT RING. (BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) PORTLAND (Ore.) Nov. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Alexander K. Bell, whose apparent disappearance in San Francisco has caused his family and friends so much alarm, was to be married next Wednesday to Miss Edna Cannon, daughter of Mrs. Thomas McCusker. Whether or not this is one of the reasons for the alarm felt is not known, as the family refuse to discuss the matter other than to say it is feared Bell is sick. It is something of a coincidence, however, that McCusker, brother-in-law of Miss Cannon, is in San Francisco engaged in the search. It is reported on good authority that the wedding has been postponed once or twice before.

### THREATEN A STRIKE.

GRAIN HANDLERS' DEMANDS. (BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.) PORTLAND (Ore.) Nov. 23.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] Unless the grain warehouse operators and Grain Handlers' Union come to an early settlement, a strike, according to that fought out in San Francisco, may follow in this city. The threat was made this morning by a Mediation Committee from the Federated Trades Assembly, which

appeared before the Chamber of Commerce, asking that body's aid in averting the strike.

The Grain Handlers' Union is satisfied with wages of 35 cents an hour, as agreed upon, providing exporters agree to recognize the union to the extent of hiring union men, of whom there are some two hundred on the docks. The Federated Trades Assembly has promised its assistance in case the union is forced to carry its point through forcible means. It is evidently in-

tended, should a strike ensue, to extend it to all water-front workers.

The Chamber of Commerce will hold a special meeting on Friday to consider the question, and the union has promised to defer action until that time.

### Steamer Farallon Disabled.

VANCOUVER (B. C.) Nov. 23.—The Lynn Canal steamer Farallon is lying at anchor at the mouth of the Skeena River, in a disabled condition, and she will not move until a tug is dispatched from Seattle to tow her down. While crossing Chatham Sound very rough weather was encountered, causing her to spring a leak, and breaking a blade of her propeller. Her mails and three of the passengers were transferred to the steamer City of Seattle.

### Made Sure of Death.

SAN QUENTIN, Nov. 23.—Joseph G. Allard, a laborer, cut his throat and disemboweled himself in the railroad depot this morning, and died a few hours later. He was despondent.

# PRICE TALK ABOUT MEN'S OVERCOATS AND SUITS

## Our \$10 Grade

Is a very good one, a very popular one—embracing the most correct styles—many in imitation of the high-priced novelties. Being made for us, as we dictate—you'll find extras on them not usually associated with clothing under \$15.00. All sizes.

## Our \$12 Grade

Is one that will compare with any other at \$15.00 in the city. It is one of our strongest lines and a good one to judge our entire stock by. Included are the extreme novelties and conservative styles. The variety is very large and choice; superior in every respect to what will be seen elsewhere at the price.

## Our \$15 Grade

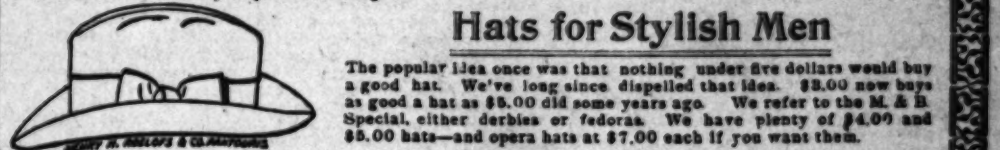
Here's where we place our strongest effort—because greatest demand is at this price. In suits we show more than a score of styles. In overcoats almost as many. It is our largest and most important grade. Every garment is trimmed and made in most excellent manner and worthy the attention of the most critical dresser. The value is unrivaled, and bids for strong claim upon your preference when clothing is to be purchased.

## Our \$18 Grade

A bit finer than the \$15—as it should be. Much finer than anyone else will show at \$20. A princely line—embracing these ultra-fashionable weaves and styles, such as are shown only by high-class exclusive tailors. Every garment is trimmed and finished in high-art style, with a degree of elegance that stamps them at once as superior goods. No merchant tailor will produce better for \$35—very few as good, Mullen & Bluett's superiority was never more strikingly manifest than in this \$18 line of men's Suits and Overcoats.

## At \$20, \$25 and \$30

The highest degree of fitness is reached. Perfection in quality and workmanship—in every detail. Tailoring that cannot be surpassed—such as speaks volumes for the careful execution of the details of finish. Here are to be found those high-class, exclusive novelties confined strictly here—and only duplicated in New York's high-priced custom shops. The clothing at these prices partakes of those features that insure acceptance by men who have never before worn ready-to-wear clothing.



# Mullen & Bluett Clothing Co.

CORNER FIRST AND SPRING STREETS.

**The Owl Drug Co.**  
DEPENDABLE DRUGS  
320 So. Spring St.  
Cut Rate Druggists  
DICTATORS OF DRUG PRICES

Pierce's  
\$1.00  
Prescription  
50c

Try "The Owl"  
Gargle for sore throat and quins.

Our price for Lam-bert's Listerine regular \$1

Thompson's Grip and Cold Cure.  
Is even rougher on colds than "The Owl" is on high prices and combines. Thompson's does it in a single night. "The Owl" takes a little more time in finishing the grip, but is just as sure. "The Owl" sells Thompson's at 25c

Goods delivered free in Los Angeles and Pasadena. Freight paid on all purchases of \$5 or more to railway points within 100 miles of Los Angeles.

**The Owl Drug Co.**  
DEPENDABLE DRUGS  
320 So. Spring St.  
Cut Rate Druggists  
DICTATORS OF DRUG PRICES

25c  
California Syrup of Figs.

Try Burton's Scalp Tonic for Dandruff.

35c  
Per Will-fab's Pink Pills, regular price 50c.

**The Owl Drug Co.**  
DEPENDABLE DRUGS  
320 So. Spring St.  
Cut Rate Druggists  
DICTATORS OF DRUG PRICES

25c  
California Syrup of Figs.

Try Burton's Scalp Tonic for Dandruff.

35c  
Per Will-fab's Pink Pills, regular price 50c.

Kirk's Irish Moss.  
Is the best remedy for colds and all throat, bronchial and lung troubles. It is so good that we guarantee it. It relieves at once and cures in a little while. Put up in extra large bottles. 25c and 50c

# Combine After Combine.

Any way to whip the "devil around the stump" and get more profit out of the sick room. First the association of millionaire patent medicine makers, then the combine of the Los Angeles retailers, then the boycott of the little Los Angeles jobbers, then the organization of the "Purity Society" (with a man who was hauled over the coals at Washington for sending adulterated drugs to our sick soldiers at the head of it), and now another disguise has been sprung by the relentless profit-grabbers. All for what?

# All to Down "The Owl" All to Down Low Prices

No matter how many or what kind of combines continue to form, "The Owl" will still continue to dictate prices for the combine stores to meet.

**Verus Pile Cure \$1.00** Guaranteed by the combination stores, but we lack the confidence in it to say very much about it—possibly you can find some pile compound that is worse.

# "The Owl's" Big Six Specials.

Wood Alcohol Container Free. Cut price \$1.25 gal. Special cut this week.....	Birdseed 3-lb. sack Best Seed; cut price 30c; special cut this week.....	Collet Soap 1 cake Cuticura Soap and 1 cake Churchill's Anti- septic Soap; the two for.....	Perfumes Raymond's Floral Perfumes all sizes; special this week.....	Witch Hazel Dr. Baker's; you know it's good; this week special plum bottle for.....	25c and 50c
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Get the price on filling your prescription at a combination store, then get ours.



## GERMANS ARE NOT SO SLOW.

**Sugar Trust That Beats Whole World.**

**Price Forced to Lowest Point in History.**

**Lynch Will not Expose Himself to Arrest—Premier Failing Fast.**

THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M. LONDON, Nov. 23.—(By Atlantic Cable.) The British sugar magnates assert that their investigations have revealed the existence in Germany of a great trust, called the "Kartell," which has been in existence about a year, and that it is chiefly owing to its agency that sugar has been forced down in England and other countries to the lowest point in the history of the industry, and that Germany today is enabled to dictate to the world the price of that commodity. The exact extent of the "Kartell" was discovered, they say, only quite recently. The magnitude of its operations supplied the missing link in the present alarming condition of the sugar market.

The abolition of this organization will be one of the chief objects of the nations, other than Germany, attending the forthcoming Brussels conference. Already British sugar magnates have been in negotiations with leading American sugar interests, and tables are now being drawn up showing the transactions of the "Kartell" with a view of submitting them to the authorities at Washington. The British government will be urged to empower its representatives at the Brussels conference to threaten retaliatory and countervailing measures unless the "Kartell" is broken up or at least modified.

The latest figures available in London show that Germany now produces one-third of the world's supply of beet sugar, of which she exports no less than 1,500,000 tons, after completely supplying her own population. These exports, which are almost entirely to the world's available supply, are sent out at a loss to German manufacturers, but thanks to the "Kartell," plus the bounty, they are able not only to make up for this, but to reap a handsome profit in addition to gaining absolute control of the sugar market.

The members of the "Kartell" bind themselves to buy from and sell to only those affiliated with the combine. This has worked so satisfactorily that the "Kartell" now includes practically every factor of the sugar interests in Germany, from the agricultural producers to the latter agents.

British sugar authorities are quoted as saying that the German "Kartell" and bounty combined will, within two years, ruin the beet and cane industry in other countries, especially in Cuba and in the West Indies.

**MURDEROUS MANIAC.**  
TRAGEDY ON OCEAN STEAMER.  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.) QUEENSTOWN, Nov. 23.—(By Atlantic Cable.) As the steamer *Cymric*, from Liverpool, yesterday for New York, was coming down the channel this morning, Thomas Halliday of Ohio, one of her passengers, attempted to kill his wife, and then committed suicide.

Halliday had recently been complaining of sleeplessness. He and his wife boarded the *Cymric* at Liverpool, after passing a couple of months visiting friends in County Down, Ireland. The deceased prayed all night long, and showed evidence this morning that his mind was affected. After breakfast he announced that all the people on board the ship were to be killed, and drawing a knife from his pocket, he commenced hacking his wife, and slashing at his own throat. Mrs. Halliday, who was taken ashore, and Mrs. Halliday also disembarked. An inquest will be held today. The *Cymric* proceeded on her way at 11 o'clock.

**MUST GO IT ALONE.**  
ADVICE TO GREAT BRITAIN.  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.) NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Referring to the recent articles in the British press favoring an Anglo-Russian understanding, the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Times and New York Times quotes an article opposing this suggestion in the Novoe Vremya. This paper belittles Great Britain, saying she has fallen greatly from her former high estate, as is shown by her concessions to the United States and Germany.

The correspondent draws the moral that Great Britain ought not to ally herself with Germany, but rely on herself alone. Then, he says, Russia would be ready to cooperate in any way of fulfilling the missions of both countries with the least possible friction.

## WOMAN'S KIDNEYS. Thousands of Women Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.

**To Prove What the Great Kidney Remedy, SWAMP-ROOT, Will do for YOU, Every Reader of The Times May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.**

Among the many famous cures of Swamp-Root none seem to speak higher of the wonderful curative properties of this great kidney remedy than the one published today for the benefit of our readers.

MRS. H. N. WHEELER.  
Mrs. H. N. Wheeler, of 111 High Rock st., Lynn, Mass., writes on Nov. 19, 1919: "About 18 months ago I had a very severe spell of kidney trouble. I was extremely sick for three weeks, and when I finally was able to get up, my back was stiff and I could not walk. I could pass but little at a time, and then only after much pain. My physical condition was such that I could not do any work. My kidneys were not affected, and while I was suffering from kidney trouble, I was also suffering from a number of other ailments, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, headache, puffiness of the face, and a dragging pain of dull ache in the back, weakness or bearing down sensation, profuse or scanty supply of urine, with strong odor, frequent desire to pass it at night or day, with some burning, and, in some cases, there are all the unmistakable signs of kidney and bladder trouble."

It is to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles need to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work. So when your kidneys are weak or out of order you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected, and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

Many women suffer untold misery because the nature of their disease is not correctly understood; in most cases they are led to believe that womb trouble or female weakness of some sort is responsible for their many ills, when in fact disordered kidneys are the chief cause of their distressing troubles.

Neuralgia, nervousness, headache, puffiness of the face, or dark circles under the eyes, rheumatism, a dragging pain or dull ache in the back, weakness or bearing down sensation, profuse or scanty supply of urine, with strong odor, frequent desire to pass it at night or day, with some burning, and, in some cases, there are all the unmistakable signs of kidney and bladder trouble.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If, on examination, it is milky or cloudy, if there is a brick-red settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are sleeplessness, dizziness, irregular heart, breathlessness, shallow, unhealthy complexion, plenty of ambition, but no strength.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves, because they recognize it as the greatest and most successful remedy that science has ever been able to compound.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar bottles at the drug stores everywhere.

**SPECIAL NOTICE—Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver and Bladder remedy, is so remarkably successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all of our readers who have not already tried it may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling all about kidney and bladder troubles and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonials received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. In writing, be sure and mention reading this generous offer in the Los Angeles Sunday Times when sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.**

home rule by kindness, for Plunkett will be forced to resign his office after this second defeat.

Mr. Plunkett has scored twice from their own point of view, and are satisfied. They will not risk a government counterstroke in the event of a defeat. It is possible to amuse him into the Commons, and enable him to take the oath without observation.

Mr. Plunkett is a man of high character, and his arrival in the Commons, and that the oath must be administered in the presence of the Commons.

**CORONATION ROBES.**  
ON EXHIBITION.  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.) NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—According to the Tribune's London representative, the coronation robes are being displayed on wicker dummies in the Earl Marshall's London office for the benefit of dressmakers and tailors, so that no mistakes may be made when titled customers give orders.

**BURDEN TOO HEAVY.**  
PREMIER SALISBURY FAILING.  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.) NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The London correspondent of the Tribune says that those in the way of seeing Lord Salisbury describe him as failing in health, and displaying little interest in public affairs. His heart is not in his work. He searches in an absent-minded way for the point of least resistance, and avoids as far as possible political disturbance and commotion.

**COLD IN HIS HEAD.**  
Mrs. Cleveland Assures the Public That the Ex-President is Troubled With no Serious Ailment.  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.) PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 23.—Mrs. Grover Cleveland made the following statement to the correspondent of the Associated Press today:

"Mr. Cleveland is suffering from a cold in the head, which he contracted a short time ago. He was most annoyed by it on Thursday, but since then has been resting comfortably. He has not been threatened with pneumonia, and if he has been in any danger, it is now over. He is sure to have a complete recovery soon."

**AFTER STOLEN TREASURE.**  
EL PASO (Tex.) Nov. 23.—The fact that 112 bars of gold and silver bullion valued at over \$20,000, were stolen six months ago in transit from the smelter here to eastern refineries, has been made known to the public. The shipment was made over the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad under heavy bond. It was not missed until the car reached New Orleans. It has been learned that the bullion had been thrown from the car near the town of Brownsville, and that it now lies buried in Western Texas. The thieves have been traced from place to place, and a few have been arrested. Detectives have a clue to the hidden treasure.

**NEED NOT FEAR RUSSIA.**  
NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Archer Brown of Rogers, Brown & Co., manufacturers of pianos and cash registers, says in half a dozen States, says it will take 100 years of development to reach the point where Russia will be able to compete with the average American skilled laborer; also that Russia, as a field for the investment of American capital is unattractive at present. Mr. Brown has just returned from a trip through a part of Russia, covering a period of several months.

**LYNCH WILL NOT APPEAR.**  
HIS PART SATISFIED.  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.) NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—The Nationalists disclaim any intention of exposing Col. Lynch to arrest and trial for treason, by insisting upon his attendance at Westminster, says the London correspondent of the Tribune. They have elected the Boer warrior as a defiant method of making themselves as disagreeable as possible, and incidentally have dispatched a member of the Ministry responsible for the killing of off

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**Free Chutes Tickets.**  
To the boys and girls purchasing \$2.00 or over.



**Another New Department.**

**Sensational Prices.**  
We will open our Ribbon Stock with a boom. We're willing to sell at a loss for the first few weeks in order to get every woman acquainted with the stock.

Never before such values offered in Los Angeles—the richest, finest, most beautiful ribbons, and prices that hardly seem possible.

**Specials for Men.**

**\$1.00 Men's Fancy Shirts 62c.**  
Limited Three to One customer.

These are in the famous Princeton make, coming in fancy madras bosoms with bodies in lovely percale to match. They are made with detached cuffs. Every possible winning color effect and every color guaranteed fast.

**50c Men's Ribbed Underwear 39c.**  
Limited Four to One customer.

Elegant form-fitting cotton ribbed underwear, closely woven and very warm; comes in a popular brown color; all sizes in shirts and drawers; every garment guaranteed.

**15c Men's Black and Tan Hose 6c.**  
Limited Four Pairs to One customer.

Good, staple, black or tan half hose; well finished, elastic top, double toe and heel; colors are guaranteed fast.

**20c Men's Linen Handkerchiefs 10c.**  
Limited Half Dozen to One customer.

Full size, absolutely pure linen handkerchiefs, hand drawn thread, imported from Ireland especially for Jacoby's. Equal to many 25c handkerchiefs.

**Exquisite "Wooltex" Apparel.**

Stunning new styles in Raglans, Automobiles, Jackets and Suits in the famous "Wooltex" make. Guaranteed pure wool, lined with beautiful silk and satin (dyed with real vegetable dyes).

**Jacoby's Price is Less Than All Others Charge.**

**"Wooltex" Suits.**  
Entirely Different and Superiorly Designed.

Wooltex suits are made in every variety of style, so that every woman can be suited with a gown that is particularly becoming to her. The very latest colors, cuts, sleeves, skirts and jackets. They're made in the most exclusive and trimmed with exquisite taste. More wear in a Wooltex suit than in any other. The most charming in appearance.

Prices \$12.50 up. Show our beautiful display of Wooltex suits as above other styles from leading New York makers down to the most successful styles.

**"Wooltex" Raglans.**  
Ladies' Sweeliest Styles.

We're showing the latest and most beautiful raglans in broadcloth, whipcord, Venetian cloth, and light-weight Kersey. They're made in the very latest designs; lined with guaranteed pure silk; and trimmed with the latest tan, royal blue, tuscany brown, and pearl gray and black.

Prices \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$17.50, \$20.00, \$22.50, \$25.00, \$27.50, and \$30.00.

**"Wooltex" Jackets.**  
Jaunty and Very Becoming.

You may have been in beautiful raglans, but you haven't seen the Wooltex jackets. They're made in the very latest designs; lined with guaranteed pure silk; and trimmed with the latest tan, royal blue, tuscany brown, and pearl gray and black.

Prices \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$17.50, \$20.00, \$22.50, \$25.00, \$27.50, and \$30.00.

**An Error in Our Advertisement.**

**Silk Waists.**

**WHITLEY'S POPULAR OPENING.**  
Up-to-date Jewelry Establishment Made Especially Attractive With Profusion of Tropical Growth.

The beautiful salesroom of the H. J. Whitley Company, the Jewelers of No. 111 North Spring street, was made especially attractive yesterday, the occasion being the eighth annual opening of that popular firm.

**Jacoby Bros.**  
331-333-335 South Broadway.

**Free Cabinet Photos.**  
To the young folks buying \$2.00 or over.

**It is Your Loss.**

**If Other Men Buy These Suits at \$10.**

**We say positively that no better suits ever sold for \$10.**

There is no man so well dressed that he couldn't wear with satisfaction one of these handsome Eastern suits and we shall sell them at \$10.00. A tailor might envy their perfect fit and shapely build, for if they don't fit to an absolute nicety one of our own tailors will remodel them and there will not be a cent of charge for his time and services.

What more could a tailor give if you paid him a fancy price?

**These \$10 Suits Shall Include:**  
Swell Black Outing Frocks—and what store would duplicate them for \$15.00?

**We Shall Also Sell for \$10:**  
Hobby Black Sack Suits. Almost kingly in finish and style.

**Your \$10 Shall Also Buy:**  
Dressy Blue Frocks in Outing style, every detail will fairly surprise you.

**And Still Another at \$10:**  
Handsome Black Suits in Blue Serge, made in cut and very becoming.

**Broadway Quality at Less Than Spring Street Prices.**

We are not located in the clothing district, our clothing department is not located on the ground floor, we are entirely different in every way from the ordinary clothing house; we buy different goods, them at less price, and we are safe in saying that every man who visits the Jacoby Clothing Department goes away wondering where he ever traded anywhere else.

**FREE**  
On account of the repeated requests from patrons who misunderstood that the Men's Clothing Department.

With \$10 and \$12.50 suits and overcoats, \$1.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$15 and \$17.50 suits and overcoats, \$2 hat or umbrella.

**Souvenirs For Men.**

With \$20 to \$25 suits and overcoats, \$2.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$25 to \$30 suits and overcoats, \$3 hat or umbrella.

With \$30 to \$35 suits and overcoats, \$3.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$35 to \$40 suits and overcoats, \$4 hat or umbrella.

With \$40 to \$45 suits and overcoats, \$4.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$45 to \$50 suits and overcoats, \$5 hat or umbrella.

With \$50 to \$55 suits and overcoats, \$5.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$55 to \$60 suits and overcoats, \$6 hat or umbrella.

With \$60 to \$65 suits and overcoats, \$6.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$65 to \$70 suits and overcoats, \$7 hat or umbrella.

With \$70 to \$75 suits and overcoats, \$7.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$75 to \$80 suits and overcoats, \$8 hat or umbrella.

With \$80 to \$85 suits and overcoats, \$8.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$85 to \$90 suits and overcoats, \$9 hat or umbrella.

With \$90 to \$95 suits and overcoats, \$9.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$95 to \$100 suits and overcoats, \$10 hat or umbrella.

With \$100 to \$105 suits and overcoats, \$10.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$105 to \$110 suits and overcoats, \$11 hat or umbrella.

With \$110 to \$115 suits and overcoats, \$11.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$115 to \$120 suits and overcoats, \$12 hat or umbrella.

With \$120 to \$125 suits and overcoats, \$12.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$125 to \$130 suits and overcoats, \$13 hat or umbrella.

With \$130 to \$135 suits and overcoats, \$13.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$135 to \$140 suits and overcoats, \$14 hat or umbrella.

With \$140 to \$145 suits and overcoats, \$14.50 hat or umbrella.

With \$145 to \$150 suits and overcoats, \$15 hat or umbrella.

With \$150 to \$155 suits and overcoats, \$15.50 hat or umbrella.

**RELIEF FOR**

**Veteran In**

**in the**

**Local Movement**

**Mission**

**Senator Bard**

**President Roosevelt**

**Lummis**

**Just at this moment**

**plorable condition of**

**dians of Southern California**

**before the public have**

**their welfare as**

**representative of the**

**ment at Washington**

**arrived here on a tour**

**through the local**

**Indian population**

**registered at the**

**from the North, who**

**visiting the Indians of**

**ington and Northern**

**a veteran in the**

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**THE OIL INDUSTRY.**

**ALLEGED RAKE-OFF FOR BURY FROM**

**FIGURES FROM BAKERSFIELD**

**LIKE A PIKE "AD"**

**An Unlikely Report That the Best of the Kern County Oil Is to Get a Salary of Fifty a Year.**

**BAKERSFIELD, Nov. 22.**—The Times' Resident Correspondent, the oldest oil operator in the county is authority for the story that the rake-off in the county for the big oil companies is to come per cent of the capitalization, which is to go to the promoters of this the manager is a salary of \$50,000 per year and the Kern county oil is to be named position, and Henry Francisco, heavily interested in Monte Cristo, has been selected second. The directors are to \$500 per month and expenses to serve terms of one and two years. A set of directors retire, if the company are to be selected by mail.

The Nineteen Oil Company which is first, well on 15, 25, depth of 1100 feet.

Notwithstanding the lack of oil obtained in the northwest, the Kern River field, the Shafter has decided to resume work on section 14, 25, 27.

**WILL HEREIN BE WASTED**

Kern producers will head the of the Standard Oil Company. day notices were sent out by of the large producers of the notifying their stockholders to meet to be held in the new The Toltec, Senator, Chicago, Aztec and Central Point companies discuss the question of joining the Associated Oil Company meeting of the stockholders. December 10.

**ONE COALING OFFER.**

In June last the California Company, an English corporation, chased the lands of the California and Gas Company in the vicinity. The territory acquired some 4000 acres of land, and time one of the most complete oil-drilling camps in has been established there.

The editor of the Standard states that during a recent visit he saw fine products with an estimated output of 1000 barrels a day. The process of drilling. "And completed in less than six months. The company has two tanks, with a capital barrel each, around which a frame building has been erected. The miles of road have by the California Oil Field and road building still continues. Two main lines of joint section 25 and one from Oil the roads connecting the wooder. The several oil wells. All are on good grades except one built—the one from the west. It has rather steep places."

**ON 'CHANGE.**

**GENERAL MEETING.**

A meeting of the members of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange called for the 29th inst., for the purpose of nominating candidates for members of the governing annual election will be held.

During the call yesterday news was transacted, and was witnessed to trading in new Westlake.

**Real Estate**.....  
Westlake.....

**Total**.....  
Coaling bids and offers  
12 cents asked; American  
Kern Oil, \$3.25 bid, 3.25  
65 cents bid, 75 cents asked;  
C. 11.25 asked; Columbia, 22  
cents asked; Continental, 10  
Fullerton Consolidated, 4  
Fullerton Oil, 6 cents bid  
cents asked; Kern, 10  
Kern Oil, \$2.75 bid, 30  
cents bid; Slope, 2 1/2 cents asked  
cents asked; Southern  
Kern Oil, 15 cents asked;  
\$24 asked; Uncle Sam, 25  
cents asked; United Petroleum  
Western Union, 65 cents  
Consolidated, 2 1/2 cents bid  
cents bid, 10 asked.

For unlisted oil stocks:  
Northwestern, 10 cents  
6 cents asked; Hercules,  
15 asked; Firu, 11 cents  
Century, 14 cents asked;  
cents asked; Pennsylvania  
asked; Southern, California  
Fuel, 35 cents asked; 2  
dated, 2 1/2 cents asked;  
1 1/4 cents asked; Imperial  
1/4 cents asked; Golden  
cents asked; Hamilton, 10  
Russian, 7 cents asked; M  
asked; Hub, 81 asked;  
troleum, \$2 bid, 30  
Mountain, 22 cents bid,  
21 cents asked.

For unlisted mining  
wires: Arizona Giant, 75  
asked; Blaine West, 10  
asked; Butte Lode, 25  
Copper, 28 cents  
and Arizana Copper, 10  
7 1/2 cents asked; Vent  
cents asked; Verde K  
bid, 25 asked; R. C.  
asked; Loma Verde, 30

**SAN FRANCISCO**

**BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED**

**SAN FRANCISCO, N.**  
Morning session of the  
change sales were making  
figures:

**Oil City**..... 4 1/2 bid  
Nov. 23 Oil..... 13 bid  
**OIL CITY (P.A.) Nov.**  
Kings, 1130; certificates,  
**MAXWELL CARE**  
**BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED**  
**BEAUMONT (TEX.)**  
Hog-Swayne syndicate

**TENIA NATIONAL**

**INTEREST**

**THE OIL INDUSTRY.**

**ALLEGED RAKE-OFF FOR BURY FROM**

**FIGURES FROM BAKERSFIELD**

**LIKE A PIKE "AD"**

**An Unlikely Report That the Best of the Kern County Oil Is to Get a Salary of Fifty a Year.**

**BAKERSFIELD, Nov. 22.**—The Times' Resident Correspondent, the oldest oil operator in the county is authority for the story that the rake-off in the county for the big oil companies is to come per cent of the capitalization, which is to go to the promoters of this the manager is a salary of \$50,000 per year and the Kern county oil is to be named position, and Henry Francisco, heavily interested in Monte Cristo, has been selected second. The directors are to \$500 per month and expenses to serve terms of one and two years. A set of directors retire, if the company are to be selected by mail.

The Nineteen Oil Company which is first, well on 15, 25, depth of 1100 feet.

Notwithstanding the lack of oil obtained in the northwest, the Kern River field, the Shafter has decided to resume work on section 14, 25, 27.

**WILL HEREIN BE WASTED**

Kern producers will head the of the Standard Oil Company. day notices were sent out by of the large producers of the notifying their stockholders to meet to be held in the new The Toltec, Senator, Chicago, Aztec and Central Point companies discuss the question of joining the Associated Oil Company meeting of the stockholders. December 10.

**ONE COALING OFFER.**

In June last the California Company, an English corporation, chased the lands of the California and Gas Company in the vicinity. The territory acquired some 4000 acres of land, and time one of the most complete oil-drilling camps in has been established there.

The editor of the Standard states that during a recent visit he saw fine products with an estimated output of 1000 barrels a day. The process of drilling. "And completed in less than six months. The company has two tanks, with a capital barrel each, around which a frame building has been erected. The miles of road have by the California Oil Field and road building still continues. Two main lines of joint section 25 and one from Oil the roads connecting the wooder. The several oil wells. All are on good grades except one built—the one from the west. It has rather steep places."

**ON 'CHANGE.**

**GENERAL MEETING.**

A meeting of the members of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange called for the 29th inst., for the purpose of nominating candidates for members of the governing annual election will be held.

During the call yesterday news was transacted, and was witnessed to trading in new Westlake.

**Real Estate**.....  
Westlake.....

**Total**.....  
Coaling bids and offers  
12 cents asked; American  
Kern Oil, \$3.25 bid, 3.25  
65 cents bid, 75 cents asked;  
C. 11.25 asked; Columbia, 22  
cents asked; Continental, 10  
Fullerton Consolidated, 4  
Fullerton Oil, 6 cents bid  
cents asked; Kern, 10  
Kern Oil, \$2.75 bid, 30  
cents bid; Slope, 2 1/2 cents asked  
cents asked; Southern  
Kern Oil, 15 cents asked;  
\$24 asked; Uncle Sam, 25  
cents asked; United Petroleum  
Western Union, 65 cents  
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For unlisted oil stocks:  
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65 cents bid, 75 cents asked;  
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**Oil City**..... 4 1/2 bid  
Nov. 23 Oil..... 13 bid  
**OIL CITY (P.A.)**



**THE OIL INDUSTRY.**  
**A LIKED TAKE-OFF FOR BUSY PROMOTERS.**  
**PROCES FROM BAKERSFIELD LOOK LIKE A PIKE "AD."**  
A Colloquy Report That the President of the Kern County Oil Combine is to Get a Salary of Fifty Thousand a Year.  
BAKERSFIELD, Nov. 22.—[From the Times' Bakersfield Correspondent.] The oil industry in this county is authority for the statement that the take-off in the formation of the big oil combine is to consist of 2 per cent of the capitalization, \$2,000,000, which is to go to the promoters. In addition, the manager is to enjoy a salary of \$50,000 per year and the attorney, \$25,000. W. S. Porter of Los Angeles has been slated for the first position, and Henry Ach of San Francisco, heavily interested in the same, is to be the second. The directors are to receive \$100 per month and expenses, and are to serve terms of ten and twenty years. At one set of directors retire, their successors are to be selected by the remaining directors.  
The Nineteen Oil Company has finished its first well on 15, 23, at a depth of 1150 feet.  
Notwithstanding the lack of success attained in the northwest extension of the Kern River field, the Shasta company has decided to resume work in its well on section 14, 23, 27.  
**WILL HEED THE WARNING.**  
Kern producers will heed the warning of the Standard Oil Company. Yesterday notices were sent out by a number of the large producers of that section notifying their stockholders of special meetings to be held in the near future. The Toltec, Senator, Chicago Crude, Astec and Central Point companies will discuss the question of joining forces with the Associated Oil Company at a meeting of the stockholders to be held December 10.  
**ONE COALING OPERATOR.**  
In June last the California Oil Fields Company, an English corporation, purchased the lands of the California Oil and Gas Company in the vicinity of Oil City. The territory acquired consists of some 4000 acres of land, and since that time one of the most complete and elaborate oil-drilling camps in the State has been established.  
The editor of the Hanford Journal states that during a recent visit to that section he saw fine producing wells with an estimated output of 500 barrels and several other wells in the process of drilling. "And all this accomplished in less than six months." The company has two immense wooden tanks, with a capacity of 1000 barrels each, around which a substantial frame building has been erected.  
Five miles of road have been built by the California Oil Fields Company, and road building still continues. There are two main roads in the section, one from section 23 and one from Oil City, besides the road connecting the drilling rig with each other and with the camp. All are on good grades except the first one built—the one from section 23—which has rather steep pitches in places.  
**ON 'CHANGE.**  
**GENERAL MEETING CALLED.**  
A meeting of the members of the Los Angeles Stock Exchange has been called for the 29th inst., for the purpose of nominating candidates for seven members of the governing board. The annual election will be held December 10.  
During the call yesterday little business was transacted, and that little was confined to trading in Reed Crude and Westlake.  

Stock	Price
Reed Crude	1.00
Westlake	1.00

  
Closing bids and offers were: Alpha, 15 cents asked; Astec, 11 bid, 11 1/2 asked; Brea Crude, \$2.25 bid, 2.30 asked; Central Point, 11 1/2 asked; Columbia, 2 1/2 cents bid, 2 1/2 cents asked; Continental, 10 cents asked; Fullerton Consolidated, 42 cents bid, 42 1/2 cents asked; Globe, 15 cents asked; Home of Fresno, \$1.25 bid, Kern Oil, \$2.37 1/2 bid, 2 1/2 asked; Pacific Slope, 2 1/2 cents asked; Senator, 30 cents asked; Southern Consolidated, 2 cents bid, 2 1/2 cents asked; Union, 44 bid, 44 1/2 asked; Uncle Sam, 2 1/2 cents bid, 2 1/2 cents asked; United Petroleum, \$103 asked; Western Union, \$53 asked; Whittier Consolidated, 2 1/2 cents bid; Wilcox, 4 1/2 cents bid, 10 asked.  
For unlisted oil stocks the offers were: Northern Consolidated, No. 2, 6 cents asked; Hercules, 11 cents bid, 12 asked; Piru, 17 cents asked; New Century, 14 cents asked; Argonaut, 20 cents asked; Pennsylvania, 15 cents asked; Southern California Oil and Fuel, 35 cents asked; Sunset Consolidated, 2 1/2 cents asked; Sunray King, 15 cents asked; Imperial Consolidated, 14 cents asked; Golden West Crude, 4 cents asked; Sentinel, 1 cent asked; Russian, 7 cents asked; Mongol, 6 cents asked; Hub, 11 cents asked; Mexican Petroleum, \$25 bid, \$40 asked; Green Mountain, 22 cents bid; Gold Coin, 11 cents asked.  
For unlisted mining stocks offers were: Arizona Giant, 10 cents bid, 14 1/2 asked; Biabe West, 16 cents bid, 20 asked; Butte Lode, \$25 bid; South Hill, 30 cents bid, 35 cents asked; Arizona and Arkansas Copper, Zinc and Lead, 1 1/2 cents asked; Venture, \$111, 13 1/2 cents asked; Verde King, 12 1/2 cents bid, 15 asked; Red Cloud, 25 cents asked; Loma Verde, 25 cents asked.  
**SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.**  
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 1  
SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 22.—At the morning session of the Oil Stock Exchange sales were made at the following figures:  
Oil City (Pa.) Nov. 22—Credit balance, 11 1/2; certificate, no bid.  
MAXWELL CASE SETTLED.  
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. 1  
REASONMENT (Tex.) Nov. 22.—The Max-Well case today made a

settlement with Mrs. Anna Maxwell of California and the case will be dismissed as to the syndicate before Judge Bryant appoints a receiver. The amount of money paid by the syndicate to the widow is \$10,000. It is known to have been quite large, since it freed the widow from the burden of the debt of \$150,000 originally purchased by the syndicate from all claims by Mrs. Snow.

**MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR DEPARTED ELKS.**  
TO BE HELD NEXT SUNDAY IN THE BURBANK THEATER.

Fine Programme Has Been Arranged for the Solemn Occasion—Hon. D. M. Delmas Will Deliver the Oration—Other Good Numbers.

Following the custom of previous years, Los Angeles Lodge No. 99, B. P. O. Elks, will hold special memorial services for departed members at the Burbank Theater next Sunday afternoon, December 1. Extra preparations have been made to the end that these services will be appropriate to the occasion, and will fittingly represent the sentiments of the living members for those brothers who have crossed the river over which there is no returning. To honor the memory of these Los Angeles Lodge has prepared a programme which will be given at the meeting next Sunday. It will begin at 2:30 o'clock sharp, and is as follows: Overture, Burbank Orchestra, direction of Arron Krass; ritualistic ceremonies; "Vacant Chair," octette, Mrs. Modini-Wood, Misses Mollie Adella Brown, Mary Chapman, Estelle Heart, Messrs. F. W. Wallace, E. Frank Campbell, John Llewellyn, Modini-Wood; eulogy, Byron L. Oliver; solo, "The Great Beyond," Miss Lillian Scanlon; reading, "Thanatopsis," John G. Mott; vocal solo, selected, F. Marion Wigmore; oration, Hon. D. M. Delmas; "The Holy City," octette, orchestra accompaniment; "Nearer My God to Thee," audience; benediction, Rev. John L. Pitt.

Pasadena lodge, No. 672 of the Elks will attend the services, and all Elks are expected to be present. The admission for non-members of the order will be by card. The theater will be decorated.

Globe Watch Co., 230 N. Spring. Mainprings, etc.; jewelry repaired.

F. M. Parker, Plumbing. Repairs. 265 South Spring st. Tel. red 2131.

**OPENING**  
**Men's Tailoring**  
We cordially invite inspection of the exclusive and elegant importations in SUITINGS OVERCOATINGS TROUSERS... which will be placed on sale tomorrow. With the addition of a new cutter from the East we are able, more than ever, to produce the highest excellence in all lines of tailoring. Perfection in fit, effectiveness in style, and finest grades of materials.  
Men's Suits, \$25 up.  
**H. GOLDBERG,**  
344 S. Broadway.

**THE McClellan-Kanst Co.,**  
MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS  
**Pictures Frames Mouldings Mirrors AND ART NOVELTIES.**  
111-113-115 Winston Street, Opp. Main Street P. O.  
SEE OUR LINE OF Ready to Framed & Novelty FOR THE HOLIDAYS

**Deadly Parasites.**  
Tape Worms, Stomach, Intestinal, Thread Worms and all other parasites which infect the human body, which are the cause of so many Chronic Troubles, can be removed without inconvenience or fasting.  
Are there times when you have a ravenous appetite, and other times when the thought of food is revolting? Do you get dizzy? Is your mind dull? Is your memory poor? Are you easily tired? Do your limbs get numb? Do you have headaches? Are you easily excited? Do your temples throb? Do your hands tremble? Do your heart flutter? Are you easily irritated? Are you always anxious? Do your muscles twitch? Do you suffer from sleeplessness? Are you easily frightened? Does sleep not refresh you? Do you suffer from neuritis? Do you have horrible dreams? Do you start up in your sleep? Does the least thing annoy you? Do you have pains in top or back of the head? Do you have pains in the back? Do you have tingling or tired feeling? Is there a rush of blood to the head? Does a lump come up in your throat? Do you see queer things in the dark? Do you wake up in a cold perspiration? Have you wandering pains over the body?  
These parasites, or worms, can also cause emaciation, affecting the liver and lungs very often, for these animals feed upon the nutritive juices, thus debilitating little by little the individual. It would be tiresome to try to enumerate the many diseases that are caused by these parasites. These facts are confirmed by many competent authors.  
We diagnose and tell you whether you have any of these parasites or not. All charges for treatment are moderate. No charge if you are not satisfied.  
**CONSULTATION AND DIAGNOSIS FREE. Hours 9 a.m. to 12; 1 to 4 p.m.**  
**DR. SMITH & ARNOLD,**  
202 1/2 S. Broadway, Rooms 220-221, Los Angeles.

**CURES WEAK MEN FREE.**  
Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous for Life.  
INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.



**L. W. KNAPP, M.D.**  
How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from nervous weakness, loss of vitality, varicose veins, etc. Simply send your name and address to Dr. L. W. Knapp, 1880 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and he will gladly send the free receipt with full directions so that any man may easily cure himself at home. This is certainly a most generous offer and the following extracts taken from his daily mail show what men think of his generosity.  
"Dear Sir:—Please accept my sincere thanks for yours of recent date. I have given your treatment a thorough test and the benefit has been extraordinary. It has completely brought me up. I am just as vigorous as when a boy and you cannot realize how happy I am."  
"Dear Sir:—Your method worked beautifully. Results were exactly what I needed. Strength and vigor have completely returned and I am entirely satisfactory."  
"Dear Sir:—Your was received and I had no trouble in making use of the receipt as directed and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am greatly improved in strength and vigor."  
All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and he wants every man to have it.

**Get a Fit.**  
It is important to have a proper fit, even in the common items of clothing, etc. How much more important when one's health and comfort are concerned.  
A truss must fit or it is a positive injury to the wearer. Don't imagine that the discomfort is the only disadvantage in a ready-made truss.  
The important point is that to retain your rupture it must fit you. If it doesn't the rupture gradually grows worse and the agony increases. Today is a good time to get a fit.  
Do you know about my guarantee? Call or write for full particulars.  
**W. W. SWEENEY,**  
Trusses, Braces, Elastic Hosiery, Supporters.  
Remember our New Number. **421 South Broadway.**  
Department of Artificial Limbs and Deformity Braces in charge of J. E. Seelye. Finest Factory and Fitting Equipment in the west.

**Trimmed Hats \$3.75.**  
Not an ordinary three-seventy-five hat, but an extraordinary five-dollar hat. Monday morning a discount of 20 per cent. on every trimmed hat in the house.  
Monday 69c will buy a very good English Felt Ready-to-wear Hat, trimmed with pretty Persian scarf.  
Monday 45c will give you your choice of over two hundred Felt Dress Shapes, Turbans and Short Bucks, every one new, bright, clean and desirable, worth 75c to \$1.00.  
Monday 25 per cent. discount on Ostrich Plumes.  
Monday 25 per cent. discount on Fancy Feathers.  
If you want to save a few shekels just drop in Monday.  
**Scotfield**  
115 NORTH SPRING.  
**That Aching Tooth.**  
The best plan to have it filled before the ache begins. A poorly filled tooth that can not be mended is better off than it is. You may come to us without fear of suffering. Satisfaction guaranteed. Over 20 years practice.  
Open Sunday 9 a.m. **DR. CICERO STEVENS, 217 1/2 South Spring St.**

**THE FISCHER PIANO.**  
Sweet Toned and Durable. **Established 1840.** A Standard Everywhere.  
The following appeared in The Herald of the 19th, in the news column, entitled "AT THE HOTELS."  
"Never before has there been such a demand for the high-grade pianos as at present," said H. B. Fischer, one of the heads of the great New York piano house of J. and C. Fischer. "All the leading manufacturers are far behind their orders. Pianos represent a luxury. No better evidence of national prosperity can be given."  
"My father, Charles S. Fischer, founded our piano house in 1840. We are the second oldest house in America. The Chickering began business in 1823. My father located his business on West Twenty-eighth street, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, and our factories are there today, sixty-one years later. He turned out six pianos a week; his four sons, of which I am one, now turn out 125. We employ 800 men. Unlike most other piano manufacturers, we make nearly everything that goes into our instruments—cases, sounding boards, keys, actions, etc.—in fact everything but the hardware, which no firm makes."  
"In 1841, my father took in his younger brother, John. Now they have both retired, and the second generation run the business. My three brothers and myself aim personally to manage all the details of the house. Every department is under our supervision. I am on the outside most of the time. I have been visiting Los Angeles at intervals during many years, looking after our interests. Fischer pianos have been on the Pacific Coast since 1855. In that year Kohler & Chase of San Francisco began to handle our goods, and they handle them today. There are about twenty or twenty-five first-class piano manufacturers in this country, and any number of second-class. The latter turn out what are termed commercial pianos, to retail at from \$200 to \$275. The piano of first-class houses retail from \$400 up. Uprights are still running favorites, but there is an increasing demand for small or "baby" grands, to retail from \$900 up."

Mr. Fischer was at his hotel, and the interview was solicited as a matter of public interest—not as an advertisement. The history of piano building and that of the Fischers for the past sixty years are inseparably linked. This house has manufactured more pianos than any other concern in the world. The Fischer is a representative instrument, sold everywhere. It is always sweet toned and durable.  
An unfortunate connection in this city has for a time coupled the grand old name of Fischer with certain doubtful brands of the \$6 stripe. This, of course, could not last. The Fischer has come out from among them and will again take its place in this market among the higher grades.

**SALYER GETS IT.**  
The subjoined letter explains itself.  
The endorsements of the Fischer piano by the Grau artists are, it appears, the only authorized up-to-date testimonials. All others, if not spurious, are at best back numbers. But that is another story. The Fischer in hundreds of homes in and around Los Angeles is its own best endorsement.  
A full line of all styles and woods in the Fischer will be found on sale for cash or easy terms if desired, at  
**Salyer's Piano House,**  
353 South Broadway.

**R E S U L T S**  
My Colored Chart will explain Men's Ailments. Sent Free.

**A Doctor's Reputation**  
Depends on the results he gets; and the results depend upon the method he uses, together with the facilities for obtaining the most satisfactory results in the shortest possible time.  
**DR. HARRISON'S TREATMENT FOR Varicocoele**  
NEVER fails to produce the best results. It is the only permanent cure giving results that are far-reaching into men's future health and vitality.  
I cure these conditions in FIVE DAYS and every cure is permanent. The various nervous and weakening symptoms accompanying Varicocoele disappear and cannot return. All men whom I have treated know these facts, which are susceptible of definite proof.  
**I Make a Specialty of Chronic Diseases and Weaknesses of Men**  
For seventeen years I have given special attention to these conditions, which are such a drawback to men's general health, and which are the underlying cause of men's early decline.  
**It Must Be Remembered**  
That there is probably in the whole field of medicine no series of conditions the treatment of which offers a greater variety of difficulties than the diseases of the Genito-Urinary organs. We must consider the fact that these organs are subject to diseases, and from a greater variety of causes than any other organ, or series of organs, of the human body.  
**Many Men Come to Me**  
After having treated unsuccessfully for months and without any apparent benefit. To find their trouble due to a morbid condition of the reproductive organs and urethral tract. Upon examination I find, in many cases, an enlarged or swollen gland, which is the cause of constant irritation and prematureness. The causes leading up to these conditions are chronic disorders, sexual dissipation and excesses. My plan of treatment is to remove the cause, and all symptoms disappear and in their stead come health and vigor.  
**DR. HARRISON & CO.**  
129 West Second Street. Opposite First National Bank.  
HOURS—9 to 4, 7 to 8; Sundays 9 to 12.

**OLD SOL ON THE ROOF.**  
Solar Water Heaters absorb the sun's rays and give hot water free for bath and domestic use. Save 40 per cent. fuel bill—a great convenience. This is the only thing (by the aid of Old Sol) you get something for nothing—first cost the only expense. Estimates cheerfully given.  
**SOLAR MOTOR CO.,**  
Tel. Brown 171. 238-239 Bradbury Building.  
**COLD WATER, HYDRO PURA**  
and a fourth the time and labor and your washing's done.  
**Saves the Skin. Saves the Fabric. Softens the Water.**  
**Los Angeles Chemical Co., 503 W. 6th St.**  
**Liberal Religious Literature**  
AD- DRESS M. E. PARTIDGE, SECRETARY of P.O.M. Work, 190 Third St., San Diego, Cal.  
**The Regal Shoes \$3.50**  
Is coming and will be on sale Dec. 2 and thereafter at 222 W. Third, Bradbury Block.



# FUNERAL RITES OVER REMAINS OF PIONEER

GEORGE CARSON LAID TO REST IN  
CALVARY CEMETERY.

Solemn Requiem Mass at St. Vibiana's Cathedral by the Vicar-General—Spain Contributes to the Rich Floral Display to His Memory.

The special train bearing the remains of George Carson, the pioneer, who died at his home on San Pedro Rancho on Wednesday, arrived at Arcade Depot shortly before 9 o'clock yesterday and the remains were at once taken to St. Vibiana's Cathedral on Main street. The interior of the coach which bore the casket to this city was most elaborately and beautifully decorated with flowers, and was accompanied by a large number of friends and relatives of the departed.

The floral display at the cathedral was profuse and elegant, and represented a vast number of people, both at home and in foreign lands, who loved and respected George Carson in life.

No more beautiful or touching tribute of flowers could be conceived than that which came from the San Pedro Rancho, the beautiful country home of the deceased, near Dominguez Station. It consisted of a dozen or more elaborately-wrought pieces, all made from flowers grown upon the home ranch.

A handsome wreath ordered by cable from Madrid, Spain, was sent by Mrs. Susanna Dominguez del Amo. Another cable order was from Barcelona, Spain, from Father Francis Mora, former bishop of the diocese of Los Angeles, and Father Joaquin Adam, former bishop of the diocese of Monterey.

A rich piece was the contribution of Mrs. G. M. Dominguez—the gates ajar, surrounded by a white dove ready for the flight.

All told, there were a large number of pieces, filling the front of the cathedral before the altar.

A solemn requiem mass was celebrated, Vicar-General Hartnett officiating. He was assisted by Father Clifford, dean of the cathedral; Father O'Reilly, sub-deacon; Father Maloney, master of ceremonies. Four other priests were present. The funeral sermon was preached by Bishop George Montgomery.

A large cortege followed the remains to Calvary Cemetery, the pallbearers being James C. Kays, Fred R. Bule, Kaspare Cohn, Gen. John R. Mathews, Alfred Solano, Joseph Wolfkill, J. J. Bergen and George Patton.

## WOMEN'S CLUBS.

### Alhambra Club Reception.

The Wednesday Afternoon Club, comprising a majority of the leading ladies of Alhambra and vicinity, gave a reception Friday evening, Mrs. and Mr. G. Borden courteously opening the doors of their elegant patio residence for the purpose. The men were present by invitation, and 150 people found the beautiful court of "Casa de las Palmas" a charming place for a social assemblage. Several Los Angeles and Pasadena people were in attendance. The following select and appreciative musical programme was given: Solo, Mrs. Judge Rossiter of Pasadena, with violin and piano; flute solo, with piano, Prof. A. C. Wheat, principal of the Alhambra school; piano solo, Miss Stokes; solo, with piano, Miss Jennie Banta.

## PERSONAL.

John P. McGonigle, the Ventura editor, is at the Nagsau.

A. Y. Postman and wife of Phoenix are visiting at the Van Nuys.

Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Renick, tourists from Buena Vista, are at the Van Nuys.

Dr. L. E. Le Lande and wife of San Francisco are registered at the Ramona.

Arthur S. Cotten, retired physician of New York, is at the Roslyn with his wife.

J. B. McKay and wife, tourists from Manitoba, Can., are quartered at the Hollenbeck.

Charles E. Olney and wife of Grand Rapids, Mich., are tourists at the Westminster.

J. L. Holden, connected with the Santa Fe office in Chicago, is a guest at the Van Nuys.

Miss M. Manasse, a manufacturer of advertising novelties at Cohasset, O., is at the Ramona.

O. J. Watkins, a fruit grower of Bluffton, is spending a few days at the Hollenbeck with his wife.

George C. Bailey, passenger agent for the Santa Fe at Lawrence, Kan., is at the Hollenbeck with his wife.

George W. Kenney, proprietor of the Yosemite stage line, was among yesterday's arrivals at the Hollenbeck.



Cured of  
Itching Piles.

Edward Danneberg, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.: "For almost 12 years I was severely afflicted with the terrible itching piles. I tried all sorts of remedies. Was told a surgical operation was the only way. One day I bought a box of White Pine Balsam. I used it as directed and in a few days the itching stopped. I am now cured. Free book by mail on piles, cancer and cure. Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich."

## WILL GROW ASPARAGUS.

Local Interest Manifested in the Big Purchase Made by the Rindge Syndicate in San Joaquin County.

The announcement made in The Times yesterday of the purchase by the Rindge syndicate of 6000 acres of land, seven miles from Stockton, created some local interest, because the syndicate is formed of local capitalists, and has heretofore confined its operations to Southern California.

It was learned yesterday that the deal was closed by Colvin Brown, manager of the branch office of the Stockton Chamber of Commerce in this city. Said Mr. Brown:

"This is a body of peatland, produced through long ages of decaying tules. It is the purpose of the syndicate to cut it up into plots and rent it out for the growing of asparagus, and they will build a cannery on the property to dispose of the product."

"Few people down here have any idea of the extent of the asparagus growing industry on these lands. Last year the Hickmott Canning Company on the Bouldin Island peatlands shipped seventy-five carloads of the canned product."

"There is now talk of extending a suburban electric line into this section, and when that is done its development will be very rapid."

"Peatland for growing asparagus can be bought from \$40 to \$60 per acre, and the Los Angeles syndicate will be able to rent their land at probably \$12 per acre."

R. C. Gillis, one of the members of the syndicate, is quoted as having said that he considered this the best investment he had ever made, and that it was likely only the beginning of their investments in San Joaquin county.

**JAPAN'S LIBERATION.**  
Official History Will Give This Country Credit for Leading the Mikado's People Out of Darkness.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.) CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—The United States will be given practically all the credit for the greatness of modern Japan, and Commodore Perry will be lauded as the country's liberator, in an official history of the empire about to be written by Dr. C. Mitsukuri, an instructor in the University of Japan at Tokyo, who is now in Chicago on his way home from Europe.

"In writing the history, it will be my purpose to accord to the United States full credit for the regeneration of Japan," said the doctor. "This country was our source of inspiration, and our protection in our time of trial and tribulation—our rescue from the state of semi-civilization which was succeeded in the latter half of the century just closed, by the progressive government we now have."

**TOLSTOI HAS MALARIA.**  
LONDON, Nov. 23.—There is nothing serious the matter with Count Tolstoi. He has had a relapse of malarial fever, but is in no danger. A telegram to this effect from the Count himself, dated noon today, reached M. Tschertchoff, Tolstoi's agent in England, this afternoon.

**RUPTURE CURED FREE.**  
The Rice Method is Unparalleled in the Annals of Medical Successes.

A Cheap Home Cure that Anyone Can Use Without Pain, Danger or Loss of Time from Work.

IS SENT FREE TO ALL.

To the thousands upon thousands of ruptured people who have worn trusses all their lives and have become discouraged, the Rice method will prove a God-send.

Dr. W. R. Yourex, a well-known commercial traveler, has spent ten years, tried every truss on the market, partly made up his mind to undergo the danger of an operation, when by the greatest good luck, he tried the Rice method. He is now cured.

Mr. Yourex says: "I tried Dr. Rice's method and it cured me. I did not lose a day on the road. Hundreds of merchants and friends in Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Iowa know the wonderful fact that this remarkable method cured me, and I certainly feel thankful enough to tell my experiences." Mr. Yourex lives in Chicago at 212-114 Franklin street.

The thousands of testimonials received by Dr. Rice mean more than such expressions usually do. A person may take a medicine and perhaps get well. He would probably recover anyway. But a rupture is a break of the muscles and there are no imaginative cures. This cure must be complete and in the face of thousands of such cures who can doubt that this wonderful Rice method will certainly and permanently cure even the worst ruptures.

MR. R. W. YOUREX.

Will prove a God-send. Upon writing to Dr. W. R. Rice, 1237 Main street, Adams, N. Y., he will freely and gladly send you a trial of his method by mail, so you can test it in your own home. It is not a backward about writing. Remember it costs you nothing to try this wonderful method.

# OUR PRICES.

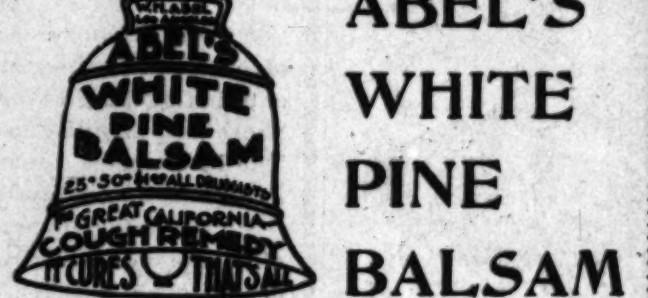
WE USE NO DECOY PRICES TO ENTICE YOU INTO OUR OFFICE.

Our Prices:  
Good Set Teeth ..... \$5.00  
Best Set Teeth on R. R. .... \$8.00  
Gold Crowns ..... \$5.00  
Gold Fillings ..... \$1.00 and up  
Silver Fillings ..... 75c

There is a price at which good dentistry can be done satisfactory to both patient and dentist. Not cheap work, but good work at a reasonable price. We have the oldest and largest established practice in the city of Los Angeles, and remember that we guarantee all our work to be perfectly satisfactory, and our guarantee is as good as gold. We extract one, two or all teeth absolutely without pain.

LADY ATTENDANT.  
**HUTCHASON'S DENTAL ROOMS,**  
Sparks Block,  
Corner Fifth and Hill Streets.

GERMAN SPOKEN.



The genuine bears my name and pine cone trade mark on outside wrapper. It is prepared according to my own process and discovery, from the pure gum of the California white pine tree. There's a life saving virtue in every drop. Accept no substitute or you will surely be deceived.

Abel's White Pine Balsam cures coughs, colds, baby's croup and all bronchial and lung affections. It renovates the lungs. People demand the genuine because they know it cures. A better cough remedy has never been devised. The bell is to remind you of the name A-B-E-L-S. All druggists. 25c, 50c, \$1.00. W. H. ABEL, Proprietor, Los Angeles.

**FREE FOR WEAK MEN!**  
MEN CAN GET THESE FREE!  
EVERY MAN WHO READS THIS NOTICE CAN GET A COMPLETE OUTLET FREE.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO WRITE FOR WHAT YOU WANT FREE. You can now give these remedies a good trial at no cost to yourself. SEND FOR FREE TRIAL.  
PROF. HUDSON'S PILLS AND COMPOUND cure VARIOUS AFFECTIONS, LOSS OF VITALITY and victims of early errors. You can get these Hudson goods free. Send for them.  
PROF. HUDSON'S PILLS cure pain in the back, side, face, limbs, etc. PROF. HUDSON'S PILLS cure LOSS OF APPETITE, LOSS OF ENERGY, NIGHT SWEATS, NIGHT VISIONS, HEADACHE, FAINTING, LOSS OF NERVOUS DEBILITY, EXHAUSTING DRAINS, INSOMNIA. You can get a complete trial outfit free.  
Young, middle-aged and old men suffering from the bad effects of STRICTURE, VARI- COCELE, ATROPHY, LOSS OF VITALITY and victims of early errors. You can get these Hudson goods free. Send for them.  
PROF. HUDSON'S PILLS AND SUPPORT will find PROF. HUDSON'S PILLS, TATTOOS and disorders of the prostate gland are quickly cured by PROF. HUDSON'S PILLS. Send for a free and complete trial outfit free. You can get a complete trial free, so when you are cured you may speak a good word for PROF. HUDSON'S GOODS.  
You can have a free and entirely complete trial outfit just by writing for them. Only one set will be sent to each man, and no man can get but one free.  
Write today. Address: PROF. J. H. HUDSON, Department 1, 49 Ellis St., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

**POTOMAC OIL COMPANY,**  
Potomac Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

**...REMEMBER...**

The POTOMAC has a producing plant in the Kern River field.  
The POTOMAC has a producing plant in the Los Angeles field.  
The POTOMAC has a producing plant in the Summerland field.  
The POTOMAC has twenty-seven wells producing oil.  
The POTOMAC owns its properties and has no debts.  
The POTOMAC has an annual capacity of 380,000 barrels.  
The POTOMAC has an annual contract for 180,000 barrels.  
The POTOMAC has skilled operators drilling night and day.  
The POTOMAC has the very best of management.  
The POTOMAC has the finest equipment.  
The POTOMAC will soon double its production.  
The POTOMAC has the endorsement of bankers, manufacturers, merchants, and investors generally.  
The POTOMAC is selling a small block of stock at 50c.

More Information for the Asking. Address  
**POTOMAC OIL COMPANY,**  
Potomac Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

**WE ARE STILL IN THE DYEING BUSINESS**

And we are willing to back up the assertion that

We do the best dyeing and cleaning that is done in Los Angeles.

We Guarantee All Work.

**CITY DYE WORKS,**  
Phone T. 551, 340 SOUTH BROADWAY.

# Presentation Furniture

WHEN one makes a gift they like to feel that it is above reproach. That is exactly the reason why the Niles Pease way of selling "Dependable Furniture at a Fair Price" fills the store full of eager buyers at holiday time. There is no question about anything that goes on from our establishment. Every article stands strictly on its merit. You buy furniture to live with, and rightly bought it will be a daily pleasure. It is sold by us to give continued satisfaction.

**Vernis Martin**  
This famous lacquer furniture has been on the market for a century and a half. It is not every store that shows the genuine Vernis Martin goods, and our line is unusually complete.

**Antiques**  
About the most modern thing in furniture is the revival of antique styles, and the use of time-worn finishes. These antique looking pieces make splendid gifts and you may be sure they will be appreciated by the recipient.



Every department of this immense furniture store is at its best now, and we do not know of a single detail which has been overlooked. Every item in

**Furniture, Carpets and Draperies**

Has had the personal attention of a man who knows styles and values. You may rest safe in our assurance that the new ideas are all here. We have never before been able to assemble so complete and satisfactory a stock as this.

**Niles Pease Furniture Co.**  
439-441-443 S. Spring St., Los Angeles.

Send for Our Free Booklet. All Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

**Men Be Cured**

How the Frightful Tension of STRICTURE Is Instantly Relieved.

Startling Record of GRAN-SOLVENT.

Dissolves Stricture like snow beneath the sun, reduces ENLARGED PROSTATE In 15 Days.

No Drugs to Ruin the Stomach, But a Direct, Local and Positive Application to the Entire Urinary Tract. GRAN-SOLVENT IS NOT A LIQUID. It is prepared in the form of Crystals or Powder, smooth and healthful, so as never to pass the closed stricture.

The Great Virtue in the Method of Application  
It is direct and positive action. No vile, drastic drugs to ruin the stomach and digestive system. The crystals are inserted upon retiring at night, dissolving by the heat and secretions of the body, in three hours, which is sufficient time to penetrate and dissolve the granular mass, root and branch. TOGETHER WITH THE FALSY NERVELESS UPON WHICH IT FORMS, thoroughly medicating the PROSTATE GLAND, reducing enlargement and curing while you sleep, without pain or inconvenience, in fifteen days. The alternative and antiseptic action of "Gran-Solvent" asserts itself in destroying the germs that infect the bladder and Prostate Gland. During the past year thousands of cases, stricture, venereal wrecks were cured—a vast army born again to begin life anew, with fresh vigor, full of strength and the consciousness of restored vitality. Under the influence of this sovereign solvent.

**STRICTURE**  
Is dissolved and disintegrated in Fifteen Days, no matter how old, tough or calloused it may have become. From time immemorial cutting and dilating have filled up the brutal, fruitless record of treatment in Stricture, and yet there has never been one cure by such savage methods. The eagerness with which medical men are applying for this solvent is an open confession of their error in the past. Over 60 Leading Physicians in the United States and Canada have abandoned the knife and are employing Gran-Solvent in their practice, as a humane and unflinching agent. It is the accumulation of sluggish blood in the veins, due to imperfect circulation, and has its origin in a diseased and torpid Prostate Gland. Operations in this disease are only temporary, and no mechanical device yet discovered has cured a single case. Gran-Solvent heals the Prostate and restores healthy circulation. Varicose veins disappear and the sluggish accumulation is replaced by pure, healthy, red blood.

There is no question that you feel like you look: despondent, weak, nervous and despairing. Your sleep is disturbed with unpleasant dreams, and you wake tired, and with your mind filled with evil forebodings. You know you are weak; you also know from sad experience that all of the drugs that you have poured into your stomach have left you more than they found you. NOW LISTEN.

Not one drop of internal medicine that you ever took or will take that will cure you. What breaks your ailment is not in your stomach, or liver or kidneys, but in the prostate canal. It is a local disease, and as such requires local treatment.

The St. James method is direct, positive and satisfying. FREE TREATISE COUPON—Cut out this coupon and mail it to the St. James Medical Ass'n, 223 St. James Building, CINCINNATI, O. Write, when they will send you a copy of their exhaustive treatise, accurately illustrated in half-tone, showing the parts of the male system involved in Urinary Ailments. Please send me a copy of your Complete Illustrated Work upon the Male System, securely sealed, PREPAID. FREE OF ALL CHARGES. Name Address

**HOME TREATMENT**  
We Have Cured Men in Every City in the Union and Almost Every Country on Earth.

**ST. JAMES MEDICAL ASS'N** 223 St. James Bldg. CINCINNATI, O.

**CONSUMPTION CURED**  
DR. W. HARRISON BALLARD, 4504 S. Spring St. Treated exclusively to the treatment of tuberculosis. Write or illustrate.

**We Clean Clothes and Clean Them Right.**  
CITY DYE WORKS, 340 S. Broadway, Tel. M. 100.

# SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1935

I had a very bad tooth by Dr. Robinson and was surprised when the tooth. Did not expect it over.

I am pleased to tell you that I have a very good tooth without the least pain.

**All Filling**

**For a Short**

**Suction**

**Adhes**

**\$4**

**FLINT WILL**

**COME A**

**Senator's Ret**

**Los Angeles**

**His Friends G**

**at Prospe**

**Contrast Between**

**Work at Buffalo a**

**Paris Commis**

**Senator Thomas Flint**

**to Senora, Mex., a little**

**week ago, is expected to**

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**San Diego.**

**Since his recent visit**

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**Though every active pol**



# VITALIZED AIR

Only  
25c

## Nitrous Oxide or Gas

Given When Desired. From one to thirty-two teeth at one sitting.

I had a very bad wisdom tooth extracted by Dr. Schiffman and can say I was truly surprised when the doctor showed me the tooth. Did not experience any pain whatsoever.  
HELEN CORNELIEN,  
1807 Figueroa st.  
I am pleased to testify to the quickness and skill with which Dr. Schiffman has just removed a particularly troublesome tooth without the least pain to me.  
MRS. COLE E. FORD,  
637 Eastlake Ave.

If I had known yesterday what I know now, why I would have had this tooth out long ago. Why? Dr. Schiffman extracted it, and I did not feel it. Think of that.  
MISS R. MACDONALD,  
8th and Cummings St., Boyle Heights.  
After being troubled for several days with toothache I was advised to go to Dr. Schiffman, which I did and found them very easy and good workers.  
L. H. PARSONS,  
138 S. Avenue 19.

It is a pleasure to evidence the exceptional skill and rapidity with which I have just had an annoying tooth extracted by Dr. Schiffman, absolutely without pain.  
FRANK M. VAIL,  
Cashier "Herald."  
Dr. Schiffman pulled a large molar for me and I can truthfully say I did not experience the least pain.  
FRED WITHAM,  
706 California St.

I had a tooth pulled by Dr. Schiffman. Didn't hurt a bit.  
C. OLDS,  
114 W. 28th street.  
I take pleasure in stating that Dr. Schiffman relieved me of a tooth which had been bothering me for some time. The operation was performed without the slightest pain.  
CLARENCE SAWYER,  
487 S. Spring St.

I have this day had a bad tooth extracted by Dr. Schiffman. The dread of having the work performed was all the pain I experienced.  
J. D. ROBERTS,  
530 Crocker st.  
Had two teeth extracted by Dr. Schiffman which were in bad condition. It caused no pain at all. Shall never dread the dentist's chair again.  
T. G. KENT,  
Santa Monica.

I had two teeth extracted by Dr. Schiffman and was well pleased with his work.  
MRS. H. B. FRANKLIN,  
608 E. Third St.  
I had a tooth extracted by Dr. Schiffman and it didn't hurt a bit.  
ADELLA ARNAL,  
5019 S. Main St.

All Fillings, 50 cts up. Gold Crowns, \$2.50 up. Porcelain Crowns, \$2.50 up. Bridge-Work, \$2.50 up. Partial Plates, \$2.00 up.

THERE IS NO NEED OF PAYING HIGHER PRICES FOR FINE DENTAL WORK.

For a Short Time Longer. A Full Set of Teeth Only \$2.50 And a Fit Guaranteed.

Suction Plates and Adhesive Plates

\$4.50 up

FLEXIBLE RUBBER PLATES

Have many advantages over the old, thick, cumbersome ordinary rubber plates, and even over the gold plates, being much lighter and thinner. These plates are flexible, only a trifle thicker than heavy writing paper, fit closer and adhere better to the roof of the mouth. Particles of food and small seeds cannot get under them. They will last longer, are stronger than any others and will not break, as they will give first, being flexible. Dr. Schiffman's own process and made ONLY by us.

Our Guarantee is Good, as we are responsible. We refer you to the Merchants' National Bank and our patrons.  
In Plate Work we simply cannot be excelled, and not even equalled. Twenty-five years' experience and constant practice in this branch is the basis of our assertion. No Boys or Students to practice on you. With us you are not experimenting. We have stood a ten years' test in Los Angeles.

## Beware of Cheap Imitators.

SCHIFFMAN DENTAL CO., 107 NORTH SPRING STREET, Over Hale's Dry Goods Store.

German and Spanish spoken.

Lady Attendants.

Open Evenings and Sunday Forenoons.

See our display of up-to-date dental work at our entrance.

We keep all our work in repair FREE.

### FLINT WILL COME AGAIN.

Senator's Return to Los Angeles.

His Friends Gratified at Prospects.

Contrast Between Wiggins' Work at Buffalo and Gage's Paris Commission.

Senator Thomas Flint, Jr., who went to Sonora, Mex., a little more than a week ago, is expected to return to Los Angeles within a few days, and will spend some time in this city before he resumes his journey to his home at San Benito.

Since his recent visit to Los Angeles there has been a decided clearing of the political atmosphere, and, though the State convention still is many months in the future, the lines are being drawn closer between the anti-machine faction and the "gang." Though every active politician who has not declared himself for Flint is counted by many as against him, the friends of that gentleman express themselves as more than gratified at the promising outlook.

For a time the supporters of Gage made light of Senator Flint's chances, and attempted to laugh down the candidacy of the San Benito statesman. From this attempt to scorn the opposition, the feeling developed into "an-agonism" felt by Gage at the attitude taken by many when he had thought he was his friends, and now a number of the "gangsters" have become so alarmed and incensed at the trend of events that they have accused some of Flint's avowed supporters of "disloyalty" to Gage.

The cordial reception given to Flint at the Union League rooms on the evening of the 12th inst., and an equally happy gathering in his honor a few evenings later at the headquarters of the Native Sons, together with the realization of Flint's sentiment in the various Southern California towns which he visited—all this open expression of feeling against Gage has had its effect in toning down the over-estimation of the "push."

Another rift in their walls was made by the refusal of the Supreme Court to reopen the Code Commission case, and then to give the opportunity for another attempt to justify the stupendous blunder made by Denis of Los Angeles and the others of Gage's now notorious code revision.

A CONTRAST. Added to this is the recent home-coming of Frank Wiggins, secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, who performed valiant service for his city and country at the Pan-American Exposition, working day and night, and returning home to receive the thanks of his fellow-citizens and a recognition of his services in the form of a \$1000 draft and a set of commendatory resolutions from the organization which he represented.  
In contrast to this is held up Gage's Board of Commissioners to the Paris Exposition, who have spent more than \$100,000 in a manner which, even in Paris, was considered beneath the dignity of representatives of a great community.

Among all the weak appointments made by Gage it is probable that a contrast of representatives and meth-

ods at the Buffalo and Paris expositions affords the best example of political incompetency and profligacy, as compared with faithful endeavor and successful accomplishment.

UP NORTH.

At San Francisco the rumor is current that Flint's managers expect soon to open headquarters in that city. Color to this rumor is lent by the fact that Senator R. N. Buila is in San Francisco with Thomas Hughes and possibly several other anti-machine men, but the former went to attend the Chinese exclusion convention as a delegate, and with others probably will do some missionary work in informing Republicans in the north as to the strength of Mr. Flint in the south. It is denied by Flint's friends, however, that northern headquarters are to be opened at this time.

Speaking of "barrels" and the expenditure of campaign money, a Flint supporter yesterday said it probably will not be long before the \$100,000 appropriation for the fighting of the imaginary bubonic plague will be placed in circulation in quarters where it will do the most good for the present administration.  
Gov. Gage's failure to attend the Chinese exclusion convention at San Francisco is a matter of considerable comment in Los Angeles and other parts of the State. Not that he was needed there, but it seems strange to the friends of that movement that he should have found such pressing business at the Downey ranch as to keep him away from that representative gathering. It is suggested that Gage and Parker and some of his other fence-repairers are too busy nailing up gaps in the surroundings of their political corral to have any time to aid in strengthening the gates which bar out the Chinese.

NO LABOR POLITICS HERE.

While there is much talk in the northern part of the State as to the probable strength of the Union Labor party, little attention is paid to that question in Southern California. The fact is that the union agitators have played a losing game in every dispute to which they have been parties in this end of the commonwealth, and the poor dues who follow the leadership of Jim Gray and others of his kind are too busy paying strike assessments and the salaries of walking delegates to think of turning any of their earnings into a campaign fund.

Respecting the published report that Byron L. Oliver aspires to the position of Lieutenant Governor under Senator Flint, Mr. Oliver declares emphatically that he does not aspire to the position, and never has thought of making that race, nor would he think for one minute of making it.  
In Democratic circles there is some little activity, and "Boss" Buckley's recent visits to Los Angeles seem to have been made with a frequency which does not seem to be justified by his business interests in this section. Then, too, it is said that Mayor Snyder spent many a weary day in polishing and rewriting the speech which he delivered at the Chinese exclusion convention, with the evident expectation of calling attention to the fact that all good Democrats do not live north of the Tehachas.

RECKLESS DRIVER.

William Vickery Knocked Down and Injured on Main Street Yesterday by a Wild Bakery Wagon.

William Vickery, a business man of the city, was run over by a bakery wagon on Main street yesterday, and had to be taken to the Receiving Hospital for repairs.  
He was trying to cross the street, where it is a wide mass of traffic driven by the Plaza, when a delivery wagon of the Meek Baking Company, driven by a young fellow named C. J. Wheeler, came along, and the horse struck Vickery.

Mr. Vickery was knocked down, and one of the wheels of the wagon passed over his head. One of his ears was torn in places, and his head was bruised. His hurts were dressed at the Receiving

Hospital, and he was able to go home without assistance.

Wheeler was arrested for reckless driving, but was released on bail.

NO LEWIS INVOLVED IN DOWNEY TRAGEDY.

BUD AND ALL OTHERS CLEAR OF SUSPICION.

Strong Circumstantial Evidence Found in Another Direction, and Arrest Agreed Predicted in the Near Future—Sheriff Works Himself Sick.  
Bud Lewis has at last cleared himself of the suspicion of having murdered the Wilcox family at Downey.

Yesterday, the sheriff announced that Bud Lewis had explained his movements to the complete satisfaction of the authorities, and that all the supposed clues which had anything to do with him were dropped. This decision not only applies to Bud, but to Bert Lewis, his son, who inherits the ranch upon which the murder took place, and also to the father, D. C. Lewis. Although never actually under suspicion, the connection of the son, Bert, and the father, D. C. Lewis, was thoroughly investigated, and they had to give an explicit account of their movements during the period when the murder is supposed to have taken place.  
The Downey people almost all believe that Bud Lewis committed the murder. Some of them think it through malice, and some for money.

At the inquest, held on the ground only a few hours after the finding of the bodies, it was Bud whose conduct was gone into. It almost seemed as though Bud had come to believe him- self guilty of anything. The fact that he was let out of jail Saturday, and the murder was considered either Sunday morning, when Bud was known to have passed the place, or on Saturday night, when Bud is said to have lied about his whereabouts, strengthened the suspicion against him. And Wilcox was known to have been afraid of Bud Lewis. He told his ranch hand that he always came down to the ranch armed because of Bud.

Bud Lewis has given the officers every opportunity to look into his case. When he first learned that he was suspected of the murder, he went at once from the city to the Wilcox ranch, and has been hanging around ever since.  
Day before yesterday he went to the Sheriff's office, and told Mr. Hammel that he was going to work; he said he could be found any time he was wanted.

The officers having dropped the Lewis family out of the case, are working on two clues. Strong circumstantial evidence has been brought to light bearing on one of these.  
Those in close connection with the case have again predicted an arrest in the very near future, but it is impossible to make an accurate forecast.  
Special Officer Foster of the Bonnie Blue district, who has ferreted out several murder mysteries, is at work on this. He and the Sheriff have made another thorough investigation of the premises.  
Sheriff Hammel has worked himself sick on the case. He looks tired and worn, as though he were going to drop in his tracks.

The Newest Visiting Cards. Shaded red English lettering, face similar to "TITAN'S" latest, by the typographer, 200 for 60c. Typographers Co., 225 W. First St.

Cut in Postal Rates. In what it amounts to when you mail album gifts to your western friends. Pittsburgh Aluminum Co., 212 South Spring street.

After the theater, visit the Dol Monte, good music and choice refreshments.

### LAW BOOK PUBLISHERS.

Los Angeles Company, With Abundant Capital Inaugurates a New Industry—Ex-Judge Works, Editor-in-Chief.

Articles of incorporation have been filed by the L. D. Powell Company of Los Angeles. The company is organized with a capital of \$50,000 for the purpose of engaging in the publication of law books.  
The first board of directors is composed of R. H. F. Varrel, Bradner W. Lee, E. W. Freeman, Harry Chandler, W. S. Bartlett, R. R. Bidwell and L. D. Powell, George J. Leary, J. R. Works, Myer Lerner, R. R. Wood and D. M. Cloud of this city; H. L. Gear, James Deering and others of San Francisco.  
The first work to be published will be an Encyclopedia of Evidence, estimated to cover ten volumes. The work will be edited by Hon. John D. Works, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court of California, and author of several books. He will be assisted by a competent corps of writers, prominent among whom are Edgar W. Camp, W. Rodman, George J. Leary, J. R. Works, Myer Lerner, R. R. Wood and D. M. Cloud of this city; H. L. Gear, James Deering and others of San Francisco.

The work is now in active course of preparation and the first volume will soon be turned out from the Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House, Mr. Powell, who has charge of the sales department, is an experienced seller of law books throughout the West, and is well and favorably known to the Los Angeles bar.

SIERRA MADRE.

NOTES AND PERSONALS. SIERRA MADRE, Nov. 23.—(From The Times' Resident Correspondent.) Mrs. M. Olsen and children, who have been visiting in Norway for several months, returned on Saturday.

Tobe Thompson arrived from Buffalo on Saturday to visit his father, J. W. Thompson.  
James Hawkes, who has been in the mines in the northern part of the State for a year, arrived home Friday.

Mrs. Nelsons and two daughters arrived Friday evening from Utah for the winter.  
The bazaar held at the Town Hall Friday by the ladies of the Congregational Church was a success. The entertainment in the evening was largely attended. Miss Alice Williams, an elocutionist from Los Angeles, gave interesting selections; good musical numbers were rendered by Miss Morse, Miss Elsie Watters, Miss Lottie Humphries and the Barry Brothers.

SOLDIERS IN RAGS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—A dispatch to the London Times and New York Times from the city of Morocco, says the 3000 troops which form the expedition to punish the mountain tribes for abducting a Spanish boy and girl, left the capital in a state of absolute destitution. Many of them are in rags. The cold, rainy season is beginning, and the condition of the soldiers after their mountain marching for 400 miles will be pitiable.

EXCLUSION OF CONSUMPTIVES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—In deciding the case of Thomas Boden, the court will rule whether or not a man suffering from tuberculosis can be excluded from this country. This is the first case in which the constitutionality of the Treasury ruling that consumptives shall be prevented from landing as immigrants will be passed upon by the courts. Boden claims that the majority of physicians do not regard consumption as contagious.

By agreement of attorneys, the hearing in Chicago of the petition for an injunction to restrain Father Jeremiah Crowley, from entering the Cathedral of the Holy Name, or from worshipping there, was continued by Judge Tuely until Dec. 4.

It will be the engagement of Miss Kathleen Neilson and Reginald Vanderbilt will be announced soon.

## Terry McGovern Tommy Ryan

Champion Featherweight and Bantam of the World. Champion Middleweight of the World.



TERRY MCGOVERN.

Hotel Morrison, Chicago, Ill., Nov. 4, 1901.  
Dear Sir—For the past six months my back has troubled me more or less, caused no doubt by the excessive training that I have had occasion to go through. I tried various remedies for this trouble and received no benefit. My attention was attracted to your advertisement in the daily papers, and one of your ads in particular impressed me; it was that of Tommy Ryan. Now, our business being of the same nature, I thought if you could accomplish what your ad stated it had done for Tommy I was sure that it would do me. With this in mind I took the first opportunity of speaking to Tommy on the subject, and after hearing from his own mouth the good that your Belt had done him, it overcame all doubts in my mind as to the proper remedy for me. I immediately got one of your Belts and had only worn it one week when the results were marvellous, every sign of nervousness left my back, and my muscles seemed to get stronger and more elastic; aside from this it has made me feel so good that I think I could tackle a giant and get no worse than an even break.  
Your Belt is positively the greatest restorative I have ever been in need of. You can see the above where and how you like, as I think I am indebted to you more than words can express. Yours very truly,  
TERRY MCGOVERN,  
Champion Lightweight, Featherweight and Bantam of the World.



TOMMY RYAN.

I am now located in Kansas City permanently, and if you have any reason to again publish my testimonial, change my address to that upon this letter head. I will never fail to speak a good word for Dr. McLaughlin and his wonderful Electric Belt, as I feel that had it not been for you and your Belt I would have been forced to end my career in the green a year ago. Yours very truly,  
TERRY MCGOVERN, Champion Featherweight of the World.

Now, what does this mean to you, dear reader? Letters like these tell a story which means a great deal to a sufferer. If you are not what you ought to be, can you ask any better proof to make you try it? There is not a remedy in the world which is as simple to use, as sure to cure, and as cheap as Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt. You must try it. In justice to yourself and to those who look to you for their future happiness, try it now.

Give me a man broken down from excesses, dissipation, hard work or worry, from any cause which has sapped his vitality. Let him follow my advice for three months and I will make him as strong and vigorous as any man of his age.

It is as good for women as for men. Worn while you sleep, it causes no trouble. You feel the gentle, glowing heat from it constantly, but no sting, no burning, as in old-style belts.

Free Test Free Book I want every sufferer from Sciatica, Rheumatism, Lame Back, Kidney or Bladder Troubles, General Nervous or Vital Weakness, Indigestion, etc., to test my Belt free at my office. If you can't call, send for my book about it free. Inclose this ad.

NEVER SOLD IN DRUG STORES OR BY AGENTS.

DR. M. B. McLAUGHLIN, 129 W. Second St. LOS ANGELES, CAL.

OFFICE HOURS—9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; Sundays, 10 to 1.

### DR. BURKHARDT'S WONDERFUL OFFER:



30 DAYS' TREATMENT 25 CENTS. DR. BURKHARDT'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. The following symptoms are cured by Dr. Burkhardt's Vegetable Compound: Rheumatism, Painful Stomach, Constipated Bowels, Headache, Nervousness, Indigestion, Flatulence, Stomachic, Sick Stomach, Constipated Bowels, Night Sweats, Blisters in Lungs and Throat, Poor Appetite, etc. 10 days' treatment free. All druggists. Dr. W. B. Burkhardt, Cincinnati, O.

## Auction

Er Cows and Hiders, one Bull, One mile north La Mirada, 2 1/2 miles of Water, on the Vaughn Ranch, Friday, Nov. 23, at 10 a.m.  
We are instructed by Mr. Warner to sell his entire herd of young stock of Jersey, Durham and Holstein grades. Some of the best new springing. A good opportunity to get one young stock, as Mr. Warner is going away. Lench served.  
Take 2:30 Santa Fe train to La Mirada. BROADES & BREED, Auctioneers, Office 426-440 South Spring St. F. WARNER, Owner.

### Stylish \$15.50 Suits

Dressy Suits \$30 Pants \$4.50 My \$25.00 suits are the best in America. 25 Per Cent Saved by getting your suit made by JOE POHEIM. THE TAILOR. 143 So. Spring St., Los Angeles.







## AUCTIONS

**120 Head Cows and Horses.**



[illegible]



**F. H. Parker, Plumbing.**  
 Rooms, 403 South Spring st. Tel. red 2311.

**C. H. Whitney's Trunk Factory.**  
 Make the strongest light-weight trunks and  
 suit the cheapest. No. 223 & 214 Main street.

ce her arrival at Hotel Green. Everybody caters to her, comfort there, and so she has no occasion for a display of her peculiarities of disposition. It is too bad that we are to have no more opera; but it can't be helped. We must console ourselves with ~~the~~

Have you seen it?  
Hojax: No; but I saw some of the chorus girls minus their make-up, and they certainly looked it.  
Tomdix: Looked what?  
Hojax: Old enough to call Eve mother.—Chicago News

# Make No Mista

Send your bundle  
to the . . . . **TROY.**  
Modern Machinery, Experienced  
Help, Perfect work  
guaranteed.  
**Troy Laundry Co.**  
Main Office 209 W. 3d St.  
Telephone Main 46.







St. Joseph, Mo.







the air from every home in  
where the Mongolian is

Stamp over the neck of the bottle

you will find the best Shoes at right prices.  
MILTON & BAKER, 229 S. SPRING ST.

**Fine Stationery.** **WHEDON & SPRENG, SOCIETY STATIONERS**  
218 S. Spring Street. **Hollenbeck Hotel Building**  
GRAND ADDRESS DESK.

Tel. 530  
 Ship Everywhere.

CLEAN WATER AND THE BEST OF CARE.

**LUDWIG & MATTHEWS.**

Flott Market.



the opening line of a  
cent. From 15 cents per  
bottled pints to 50 cents per  
gallon. Even at the ad-  
justers are making it difficult  
to do.

**GENERAL BUSINESS TOPICS.**

**"CRACKS" IN BUSINESS.** The  
cause at Constantinople is a  
miserable place for creating dif-  
ficulties and surprises. A lady  
who was sending to the United  
States a doll dressed most carefully  
in costume, but it was stopped at  
the customs. The inspectors con-  
sidered it fitting that a doll  
dressed as a Turkish lady,  
London Times. Another per-  
son from Persia some lovely  
set of Persian carpets of very  
high quality. Unfortunately, the maker,  
ah, his wrong name was not  
known. This was at once noticed,  
and he informed that his car-  
pet was made in the city of the  
first syllable of the name were  
the same as "Allah," and it  
was unable to allow the set of  
carpet which would be found

**MACHINE BOOK-KEEPER.**  
I item from an educational  
magazine is well worth reading.  
It is enough about the  
opportunity for the book-  
keeper that the office man's place  
is becoming worthless.

are at the young man with a  
voice lift up his voice and  
say: "Why should I learn book-  
keeping? Why should I be a  
book-keeper out of employment?"

young man, if you expect  
to do so, do it now. The  
machinery can be made to  
why, indeed, should you learn  
book-keeping? But what other fluid  
where machinery makes ad-  
vanced a foothold? If you  
arm, machinery does the plow-  
ing, planting, the sowing, the  
planting, and the help that is  
needed to present skill, genius and  
ability. You expect to be a  
clerk. What is the worth if he  
loses his aspirations?

Science and Invention are want-  
ing. The scrubs in all departments  
in labor. If you don't want  
to be a clerk, you must be a  
book-keeper, Accounts and Fi-

**FRUIT-SHIPMENTS.** There  
shipped from Southern California  
fourteen carloads of oranges  
to Lebanon. The total weight  
of lemons. (The total weight  
of lemons, November 1, 1901,  
was 232 carloads, of which 125  
were oranges.)









# ONE-DAY SALE OF \$15 GOLD WATCHES, \$9.85

FIFTEEN JEWELLED ELGIN AND WALTHAM MOVEMENTS IN GUARANTEED CASES.

This is the most extraordinary watch sale we have ever attempted. It will revolutionize prices in Los Angeles. Exclusive jewelers will have to come down to our standard of profit or cease to sell watches. Of course our stock includes every style and quality of a watch from a cheap nickel timepiece to a handsome diamond-set gold watch. If you have watches to buy you cannot afford to overlook our assortment. We have a practical watchmaker to wait upon you and you can rely upon his guarantee because our name is back of it. These watches at \$9.85 are regular \$15 values. Styles for men and women. Men's 16 size watch with 15-jewelled Waltham

movement, fitted in an engraved or engine turned gold filled case which we warrant to wear and keep color for ten years. We guarantee the movement and keep it in repair for one year. Women's watches are in 6 size, have 15-jewelled Elgin nickel movement in engraved or engine turned gold filled cases, warranted to wear and keep their color for 10 years. Movements are fully guaranteed and will be kept in repair free for one year. The men's watches come in hunting or open face cases, the women's watches are all in hunting. Numerous styles from which to select. On sale Monday only, because the quantity is limited. Choose for \$9.85.

## Matchless Waistings \$1.00.

We place on sale tomorrow over 1000 yards of these popular tucked waistings. We want to tell you that our dress goods buyer designed this style, and after the manufacturer brought out our first lot he was so over-run with orders that it was impossible to supply the demand. It remained for a Los Angeles man to design the most popular waistings in America. New York must follow Los Angeles in this respect. No other store in Los Angeles can get these goods. They sell in other cities at \$1.39 and \$1.50 a yard. They come in two and three tone overshot stripes, with four or five rows of tucks between. All shades, including old rose, new blue, red, green, gray, brown, pink, cream, etc.; also black and white. The most popular waistings in America at \$1.00 a yard.

Black pebble cheviot for pedestrians, rainy day and outing shirts; it is the all wool kind that will not put or get shaggy; 50 inches wide; \$1.25 in the regular price; now 89c

French silk, an immense lot of remnants of fancy printed warp taffetas, lousines, fancy applique stripes, fancy overshot seed stripes, embroidered taffetas, etc. All colors among the combined lines; former \$1.25; now 12c

French mohair granule cloth; about 10 pieces in this lot. It is made of rich lustrous mohair wool, and will not muss or wrinkle however hard it is used. Reversible and 44 inches wide. Incomparable at \$1.50

All wool black cheviot which has been sponged and shrunk. The kind with a short nap for fine tailored gowns. Reversible and 44 inches wide. Our regular \$1.50 quality, for 79c

Black pebble cheviot for pedestrians, rainy day and outing shirts; it is the all wool kind that will not put or get shaggy; 50 inches wide; \$1.25 in the regular price; now 89c

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## An Exposition Of New Styles.

Our Buyer of cloaks, suits, etc., is back from the East, and with him comes a brand new assortment of brand new styles. His purchases were not confined to medium and low priced goods. On the contrary, he took unlimited pains to search New York City for the newest styles and the handsomest garments shown in the fashion centers of this country and Europe. The styles are newer and prettier than any previously shown here or by any other Los Angeles store. The entire new assortment will be displayed Monday.

New Dresses. The assortment of women's tailor dresses is a magnificent one and every garment shown is a better value than is usually found. Prices range up to \$89.00

Tailored suits made of all wool chevrons and vesting in black, navy, tan and red. Double breasted Eton jackets and flounce skirts trimmed with satin bands. Suits that would be cheap at \$15.00

Tailored suits made of fine broadcloth and pique chevrons, lined with silk and with tulle drop skirts. Double breasted jackets with vest. Price \$25.00

Flare broadcloth and cheviot suits in black, blue and brown. Eton style with flounce skirts. Attractively trimmed and all silk lined. Worth up to \$35.00

New Ulsters. We have the largest assortment of ulsters in the city. Styles appropriate for street, carriage and evening wear. Made of silk, velvet, homespun, kersey, etc. Priced at \$20.00, \$25.00, \$30.00 up to \$89.00

All wool covert ulsters made with light and dark gray, backs A. serviceable Oxford gray lined to the waist. Worth \$20.00. Sale price \$15.00

All wool covert and cravatized ulsters in Oxford gray. New light fitting backs. Lined to the waist. \$20.00 values for \$15.00

New flounce ulsters, made with yoke, back and front. Bell sleeves. Covert cloth trimmed with tulle and velvet. \$25.00 garments, on sale at \$20.00

## \$1.50 Kid Gloves \$1.10.

These are genuine French kid gloves, but there is a reason for this cut in price, viz: these gloves should have been here four months ago, and now we are obliged to reduce the price in order to sell them before Christmas. They come in black and all colors, have gussets between the fingers, are warranted and fitted. The quality is superb. Everything about these gloves is up to the regular \$1.50 standard. The shades are perfect and include every popular color. An unrivaled opportunity to buy Christmas gloves cheap. Choose at \$1.10 a pair.

## Black Cat Pillow Covers, 98c.

The very latest fad. A realistic fire place scene with a black pussy flanked with real hair. Our regular \$1.50 line for 98c.

## Japanese Matting, 19c.

This is Japanese Matting fully 30 in. wide in dainty styles. Woven of fine straw on a cotton warp. Made with a strong edge, jointless, reversible and sold all over town at 25c and 30c. Our price 19c.

## Golf Rugs at \$3.95.

About fifty golf rugs worth from \$5.00 to \$15.00. No two alike. Some are plaided on both sides; others are plain on one side. Made of the finest wool and finished with fringed ends; each \$3.95

## Slumber Robes, 69c.

Double breasted macramized cotton robes which are very silky in appearance and soft and agreeable to the touch. Popular for covers, robes, jackets, etc. \$1.00 line on sale at 69c each.

## Wool Smyrna Rugs, 89c.

These come in a good assortment of designs and colorings and are full 18x36 in. in size. Fast colors, reversible and fringed. \$1.25 line for 89c each.

## Oriental Stand Covers, 25c.

These covers are made of East India prints in Oriental styles. They are extensively used for stand covers, cushion covers, etc. 50c ones for 25c.

## \$4.00 Lace Curtains \$1.98 pr.

These pretty Irish print curtains are made of fine white net embroidered in attractive styles. They are well made and sold regularly at from \$3.00 to \$4.50 a pair; choose at \$1.98

FOURTH FLOOR.

## Royal Regent Corsets.

Erect form Royal Regent corsets have been selling so rapidly that our stock became broken and depleted. An immense shipment has just arrived, replenishing our stock and assuring all patrons of correct sizes and styles. Every Royal Regent corset is guaranteed, and if you do not know the correct size and style, will be carefully fitted. Prices range from \$1.00 to \$3.50. We also carry in stock:

P. D. imported corsets at \$5.00.  
La Premiere at \$5.00 to \$7.50.  
La Greque ribbon corsets at \$2.00 to \$3.50.  
La Greque belt corsets at \$5.00.  
C. B. a la caprice corsets at \$2.00.  
Her Majesty corsets at \$2.50 to \$5.00.  
Fertis waists for women, misses and children, 25c to \$1.00.

Second Floor.

# A. J. Hamburger & Sons

SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE

## Trade Sale of Books.

(WHAT OTHERS ADVERTISE, WE SELL FOR LESS.)

Echoes of this great book sale will be heard. Our full page announcement of last Sunday was a revelation to booksellers. Many merchants have tried to buy our books, because in many instances we are selling them for less than the regular wholesale prices. We told you how we secured this immense lot of books, a total of

## 7 Carloads, Worth \$60,000.

This the largest and best assorted stock of books on the Coast. The new book annex is filled to overflowing, the shelves run from the floor to the ceiling. The tables are filled with the largest and grandest assortment that was ever gathered in any store outside of the big Eastern book centers. It is impossible to repeat all of the items, but we have nearly everything that was advertised last Sunday, especially in



## Cloth Bound Books at

15c, 25c, 33c, 45c, 69c, 89c, and \$1.09.

This is the grandest and the greatest opportunity to buy books that has been or will be brought to your notice. In addition to the vast assortment of single books at the above prices we have all the works of

## Standard Writers in Sets.

We have given you notice of these in two previous announcements and cannot possibly take the space for them again. They are being sold at half and a third the regular published prices. In addition to the previously advertised books we offer these special items for this week and while they last:

### \$5 Shakespeare Sets \$2.98.

Handy Volume Edition: 15 volumes, English vellum cloth, polished leather, gold titles; comprising the plays and poems of Shakespeare, with foot notes and historical notices to each play; in a cloth box; 36 sets. Sale price \$2.98.

### \$1 Gilt Edge Poets 45c.

15 volumes of British and American poets, beautifully printed on high-grade paper and attractively bound in cloth, gilt edges; publisher's price \$1 each. Sale price 45c.

### 25c Webster's Dictionary 9c.

Webster's pocket edition of Webster's Dictionary, nicely bound in cloth; publisher's price 25c. Sale price 9c.

### \$1 Edition of Poets, 75c.

Complete works of Whitman, Burns, Lowell, Procter, Sage, Longfellow, Bryant, Howells, Holmes and others, printed on good paper; handsome cloth bindings with gilt tops; publisher's price \$1; sale price 75c each.

### \$2 Story of Dreyfus, 29c.

"Dreyfus, the Prisoner of Devil's Island." A full story of the most remarkable military trial and scandal of the age, by William Franklin. Cable edition, The Associated Press. Profusely illustrated with portraits of the principal actors and photographic reproductions of the scenes and scenes of Dreyfus's trial and escape; 48 pages, handsomely bound in cloth. Publisher's price \$2; sale price 29c a copy.

### Five Volume Sets, 33c.

Five volume sets nicely bound in cloth. Works of Jules Verne, Capt. Mayne Reid, Alexander Dumas, H. Rider Haggard, and Macaulay's History of England. Each set in a box. While they last at 33c a set.

## OPENING OF THE HOLIDAY BAZAAR.

Attractively Arranged on the Fourth Floor.

You will thank us for this display and arrangement of holiday novelties, because there is plenty of room, there is ample light, there is an immense assortment, and if you come early there will be no Christmas crush. It is away from the hustle and bustle of this big store. You will have ample opportunity to carefully examine the pictures and all the novelties shown. Descriptions of this display is impossible. It contains

Smoking sets for the table.  
Framed oil paintings.  
Framed oil paintings.  
Framed oil paintings.  
Framed oil paintings.  
Framed oil paintings.  
Framed oil paintings.  
Framed oil paintings.  
Framed oil paintings.  
Framed oil paintings.

Among these goods you will find bargains galore. There are some exceptional bargains in smoking sets on stands. The assortment of pictures is attractive in price as well as in subjects and frames. There are plenty of articles at 12 1/2c to 50c, all dainty novelties suitable for Christmas gifts.

## "Bother That Corn."

If you have ever expressed yourself in an emphatic manner the wear and tear on your temper is worth a whole lot more than the 25c it costs to have Dr. Ball, our chiropodist, remove the corn. You can walk away from his parlors in comfort.

## \$1.50 Neck Ruffs at 75c.

Our special offer of last Saturday will be continued for Monday. Handsome neck ruffs made of fine net trimmed with narrow satin ribbon, finished with ties to match. Black net trimmed with black or white, and white net trimmed with black. Choose for 75c.

## For Your Thanksgiving Table.

Best quality steel serving sets with celluloid handles and big fish blades. Fully guaranteed. Special at \$1.98

16 piece dinner set of white semi porcelain. Guaranteed goods. Sets which other stores sell for \$4.50 to \$6.00, our price \$3.98

Water bottles of best quality cut glass, beautiful patterns. Special while they last at \$4.95

16, 18 and 20 inch turkey platters, decorated English semi-porcelain and Austrian china; worth \$1.50 to \$2.50; choice for 98c

100 piece dinner sets in assorted decorations. Guaranteed goods. Sets which other stores sell for \$10.00 to \$15.00, special at \$8.85

Handled jelly dishes in pretty new patterns. Just the size for cranberry sauce. Regular \$1.25, style for 98c

Hager Bros' best table silverware, 1907 brand. Knives and forks at \$1.50 a set of each; tablespoons at \$1.50; dessert spoons at \$1.50 and teaspoons at \$1.50; choice for 98c

Best quality heavy cut glass celery trays in five new patterns. Worth \$5.00 to \$10.00, special at \$4.95

Cut glass wine and claret sets; heavy cut stem claret glasses with plain deep cut decanter to match. Special at \$3.95

## Thanksgiving Linens.

You will thank us for these linens because the qualities are a factory in washing and wearing. A linen that will not wither, peeled tubings is of little value. Our linens are selected with care; the flax which enters into them is as carefully chosen, weaves are fine and the patterns pretty. Special values are here for Thanksgiving week.

### Napkins.

German linen dinner napkins of good size, bleached and nicely finished; serviceable; per doz. \$1.50

Extra large size German linen dinner napkins in pretty patterns; pure white and soft quality; per doz. \$1.69

Irish and German dinner napkins of good dinner size; new patterns and a quality to wear; full bleached. \$2.00

Extra heavy Irish linen dinner napkins, rich patterns and soft finished; also German linen dinner napkins in selected patterns; per doz. \$2.50

Irish linen dinner napkins of large size; heavy, durable quality in pure white, well finished; at \$2.98

Irish linen napkins of extra size, weight and finish; dinner size and rich patterns at \$4.50

### Damask.

German linen table damask of good heavy quality; new patterns at 50c

German linen table damask of fine soft quality, soft fine weave in floral and conventional patterns; bleached 75c

German and Irish table linen, 12 in. wide, new patterns and special quality; per yard, 10c

Up-to-date patterns in Irish damask, full bleached and nicely finished; extra heavy, at 10c

75-in. table damask, made of linen thread, pure white; a beautiful quality that cannot be duplicated at the price

2 1/2 yd. square Irish linen patterned in new and pleasing designs; Napkins to match, \$1.00 dozen

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**Coming?**

H. Whitney Tew, an English baritone, gave a successful recital in New York last week. It is probable that he will come to the Coast. Rumor also has it that Lilli Lehman will be heard here in concert.

**Wagner Season Abroad.**

The Prince Regent's Theater in

which has announced the full program for its 1934-35 season. The summer, of the twenty-one singers eight will be devoted to Meisterlieder von Nussbaum, Franziska, and Schumann, and four to "Tristan und Isolde." The rumor that a cycle of the Nibelungen was being prepared is concerned, are much stronger they were last year. Miksa, Lillienfeld, and the Vienna Conservatory of Vienna are to be women singers. Other singers of names. Fremstadt, Besetti, Blum, and the Vienna Conservatory of Vienna. Anthes, Baumbacher, Bertram, Busch, Fehnel, Farschmager, Frick, Gerhauer, Heidegger, Knapp, Knecht, Knecht, Mayer, Rieger, Sieglitz and Walter.

The Berreuth festival is to begin July 20, and will comprise twenty performances. Of these, seven will be voted to "Parafid" and five to "Fliegende Holländer." There will be five prizes of the Ribbunt, which are to begin on July 1, August 1. The festival will be about August 1. The festival has been made.

—♦♦♦—

**All About a Petticoat.**

Calvé has been criticised for wearing a petticoat of crimson satin in the "Carmen" of the last year. He says, "that this satin petticoat is really, for a Spanish cigarette

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**ANNA VIRGINIA HESTON**  
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 and evening. Telephone Jefferson 8331.

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G. A. DOBSON, Principal.  
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News
 ERA OF ELECTRICITY IN THE SOUTHLAND.

Wonderful Growth in Development and Use of Electric Energy in Los Angeles and Vicinity.

A HUNDRED thousand horses all pulling together would seem to exert a force as potent as faith which is credited by Holy Writ, with power to move mountains. Practically, a string of 100,000 draught animals might not be able to drag the everlasting hills from their foundations, but their combined strength would be a force sufficient to turn every wheel in Southern California.

The horse, which is the standard unit of power, however, has less to do each succeeding year in serving the purposes of man in moving the wheels of industry and commerce. The giant, steam, relieved the useful equine of the greater portion of his burden, and in later years that invisible force and miracle-worker, electricity, has supplanted to a large extent both the horse and steam as a motive power.

PROGRESS OF TWENTY YEARS. It is interesting, nevertheless, to note the wonderful growth and development of electric energy in Los Angeles and vicinity during the last two decades, and more particularly within the last half of the score of years referred to. It is just twenty years since the first electric power house was installed in Los Angeles. That was the original plant of the Los Angeles Electric Company, located at the southeast corner

of Banning and Alameda streets. It had a capacity of 100 horse power, a mere pigmy of electric energy as compared with the apparatus of the present power plant of the company, situated on Alameda street, in the rear of the Alameda depot, not to mention the numerous other immense power houses scattered throughout the city and its environs, and representing an aggregate energy roughly estimated at 30,000 horse power.

The existing electric plants in Southern California, together with additions already contracted for, and new plants projected and reasonably certain to be completed in the near future, will make available for use in Los Angeles and vicinity within the next few years, at least 100,000 horse power electric energy. And with the building of the immense system of urban and inter-urban electric roads, the installation of countless pumping plants for irrigation, and the hundreds of other uses to which electric power is being put, it will not be surprising if the enormous quantity of 100,000 horse power of electricity will be needed and used in this vicinity, as rapidly as it can be furnished to consumers.

PIONEER PLANT. The original plant erected by the Los Angeles Electric Company in 1881 was used solely for electric lighting. Los Angeles, by the way, was the first city in the country to adopt electricity for public street lighting. Seven tall masts erected in 1881, and several low-hanging arc lamps, were at that time considered sufficient to light the entire city. The dynamo and other machinery used for the purpose of generating and distributing electricity in those days were of a crude pattern, compared with the apparatus of the present day, but people came for miles to see the plant in operation.

James W. Warren, who installed the first electric machinery in Los Angeles, and who has remained superintendent of the Los Angeles Electric Company's works ever since, tells many interesting facts about those early experiments. Mr. Warren says the coal used at the start cost \$16 a ton, and was hard to get in quantity at that. Lignite was brought up from Orange county and used as a substitute for coal, but it proved very unsatisfactory. Brock was also obtained from La Brea, and proved even more of a waste than lignite.

FIRST OIL BURNER. Oil was next tried, the Los Angeles Electric Company, by the way, claims to be the pioneer consumer of fuel oil in California. The first oil fuel burner was installed in the power house of Senator Felton's Newhall wells, as far back as 1883. It burned beautifully, but was so volatile and dangerous to handle with the crude oil burners then in vogue. Several disastrous explosions took place in the engine room of the electric works as a result of these early experiments with oil burning.

The Los Angeles Farming and Milling Company, which had in the mean time also experimented with the liquid fuel, had a bad blow-out, too. It soon became apparent that this high-grade fuel was too dangerous, as well as too valuable for use as a steam producer. It was not long before the entire product of the Newhall wells was sent to San Francisco for refining. The Los Angeles Electric Company

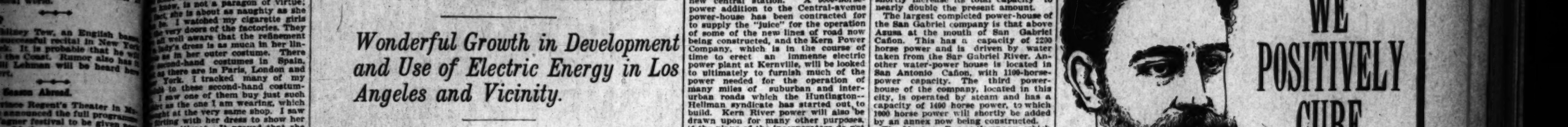
then tried the Puente oil, which was less dangerous and also cheaper at the start, but the price of this was gradually raised until it cost \$2.50 per barrel was demanded, which made it too expensive for power purposes. The company consequently resumed using coal, and the consumption of fuel oil in Los Angeles was literally abandoned until the development of oil within the city limits brought the price down to bed rock and made the liquid fuel far more economic than coal as a producer of steam or electricity.

CHEAP FUEL AND WATER POWER. Cheap fuel and water power are two things, more than any other, that have contributed to the growth of electric power in Southern California. The abundance of oil gives promise of cheap fuel for years to come, and although the waters of all the streams capable of turning a wheel have been appropriated and harnessed for the purpose of generating electric power, these streams are as yet by no means working to their full capacity.

STREET-CAR POWER. The electric railways are, of course, the greatest consumers of electric power. The amount of electricity required for propelling the cars of the Los Angeles Pacific Railroad (Clark & Sherman's Santa Monica line) has a power-house of 1500 horse power in operation at Sherman, and another of the same size nearing completion at Ocean Park.

LOS ANGELES ELECTRIC. Next to the operation of street railways, the greatest use of electricity is made in lighting. As already stated, the first electric plant in Southern California was erected solely for lighting purposes. The little 100-horse-power generator erected at Banning and Alameda streets, just west of where "Jimmy" Warren was so proud at the time that he slept in the building, was several times enlarged at its old site, and eventually a new and larger site had to be procured, in order to allow the inevitable expansion. The new power-house has been added to from time to time, and at present has a capacity of 3000 horse power.

POWER FOR RIVERSIDE. The Riverside Power Company, which is erecting a 1000-horse-power electric plant at the lower end of the Jurupa ranch, has entered into a contract with the city of Riverside to supply it with light and power for a period of thirty-one years. The company which owns the Jurupa ranch also, has in contemplation the erection of a water-power plant lower down, to supply the town of Corona with light and power. This plant would have a capacity of about five hundred horse power, but is yet an uncertainty.



WE POSITIVELY CURE MEN. Established a generation ago. Sometimes we hesitate to make so blunt an assertion, fearing that unfamiliar readers will class us with those physicians who live by making promises. We disbelieve in promises. That we positively and permanently cure men is supported by a history going back over twenty years of active practice. Not one case in that time has been dismissed uncured. Moreover, we will not accept a case for treatment unless we feel convinced that it is curable.

Dr. Meyers & Co. have become recognized as the legitimate authority on men's diseases. The leading physicians of regular practice recommend this institution to their own patients suffering with diseases of the genital system. We have perfected a system of home treatment, used in nearly every town in the south-west, by means of which our treatment is administered regularly through the mail. Write for booklet and particulars.

Contracted Disorders. In treating diseases of this nature, our methods are based on the most recent advances in medical procedure. Outside of the able specialists associated with foreign governments, we know of no single physician whose method of treatment is as painless, as speedy and as thorough as we are practicing. Not only do we employ remedies of unquestioned superiority, but in prescribing them we modify them to each patient so that the best and most satisfactory results may be obtained.

Blood Disorders. While these are the most persistent of all diseases and the most treacherous in their nature, we have had no exception in our list of cured patients going back over 20 years. Frequently we have been called into consultation by physicians who having succeeded in removing all visible traces of the disease to find that their treatment had only driven it deeper into the system. Our method strikes the disease at its root, driving it from the blood as well as the skin. After treatment no trace remains of the deadly disease and the patient is found to be sound and healthy.

A Word to Ailing Men. Before a disease can be successfully treated, it must be successfully diagnosed. The physician who attempts to cure a man without a thorough understanding of the disease, a wide experience and a knowledge of the exact remedy to employ, will not only fail in his undertaking, but he may cause his innocent patient years of suffering, or perhaps ruin him for life. Of all diseases, the ailments of men are the most susceptible to mistreatment and the most responsive to right treatment. Dr. Meyers & Co. cure because they understand. Not only have these physicians devoted their lives to the study of men's diseases, but they have added to their institution the most recent and modern appliances; they have treated thousands of cases of every possible state and condition; they are able to recognize the precise nature of the ailment, and by their long experience they are familiar with all the agencies and methods that are unknown to any other physician in the West.

If You Cannot Call. Write fully in confidence and we will send you free in a plain sealed envelope full particulars of our method of home treatment, now being used in every part of the Coast, and whatever special advice we may deem necessary, and state the cost of a cure. Free Consultation. We freely extend free consultation to all men, and will be pleased to examine, without charge, those who have misgivings about their condition. In all cases fees are moderate and payment may be arranged to suit the least inconvenience is felt.

Weakness. No ailment of man brings to its victim greater discouragement, hopelessness and terror than weakness. Fortunately nature has ordained that the functions of sex shall be the last to succumb to age. In the large majority of cases, weakness is found to be the result of an exhausted nervous condition, impoverished blood or a local derangement of the pelvic system. Our treatment restores vigor and strength not only to the local parts, but tones up the entire constitution. A clear mind, ambition and ruddy health are essential to happiness. We could refer by permission to hundreds of successful men who came to us in a state of physical and mental collapse.

DR. MEYERS & CO., 218 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Hours:—Daily, 9 to 12; 1 to 4; Evenings, 7 to 9; Sundays, 10 to 12.

Life at Stake. Somewhere in the world life is at stake every minute of the day. Right at our own doors, perhaps, is going on a struggle as grim and fierce as any fight or fight on record. You hear the blood curdling cough; see the one of blood which tells the lungs are in danger; the emaciated body and hectic cheek, and know a life is at stake.

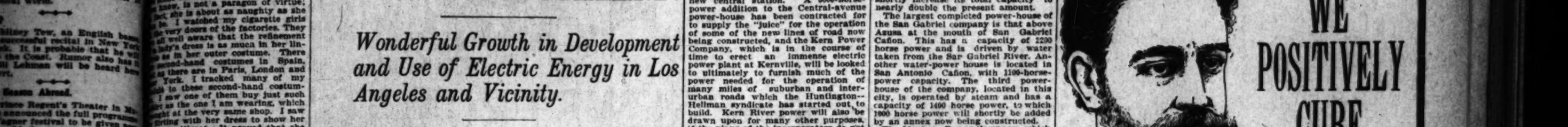
The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has saved many a life in just such cases. It cures, obviates, deep-seated coughs, stops the hemorrhage, strengthens "weak" lungs, and restores the emaciated body to its normal weight and strength. There is no alcohol in the "Discovery" and it is absolutely free from opium, cocaine, and all other narcotics.

"Our business in the city has increased 50 per cent. during the present year, and nearly 200 per cent. out of town," said Allan C. Balch, manager of the San Gabriel Electric Company, who is in charge of the present plant. "We expect to keep right on growing," continued Mr. Balch, "and the demand for electric light and power is constantly increasing and the plants now supplying the electric energy used in Southern California must expand in

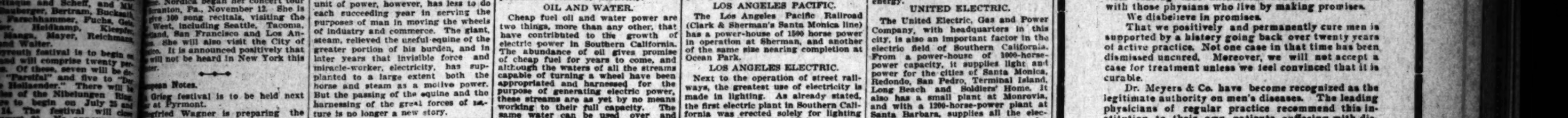
an expansion of the Los Angeles Railway Company. With a proposed tract of 46 miles of inter-urban electric roads, as called for by its articles of incorporation, provision must be made for an enormous quantity of motive power. A start has been made in the direction by the incorporation of the Kern Power Company, with a capital of \$5,000,000, subscribed by the same parties as the incorporators of the Pacific Electric Company, who are also the stockholders of the Los Angeles and Pasadena and the Los Angeles and San Gabriel Electric Companies. The same parties have also incorporated the Los Angeles Land Company, for the purpose of establishing a central station in Los Angeles for their various electric-railway enterprises. The thirty-acre tract of ground for the new shops and car barns, below Seventh street, between Alameda and Central avenue, is being cleared for the commencement of the work of construction of the new central station. A 5000-horse-power addition to the Central-avenue power-house has been contracted for to supply the "load" for the operation of some of the new lines of road now being constructed, and the Kern Power Company, which is in a course of time to erect an immense electric power plant at Kernville, will be looked to ultimately to furnish much of the power for the operation of the many miles of suburban and inter-urban roads which the Huntington-Hellman syndicate has started out to build. Kern River power will also be drawn upon for many other purposes, if the plans of the incorporators do not miscarry.

Traction Company. The Los Angeles Traction Company's power-house at Twelfth and Georgia streets has a capacity of about eighteen hundred horse power, which is more than enough for its present uses, but with suburban and city lines now projected, or building, a big increase in power will be needed. To meet this, the company has contracted for the installation of additional machinery with about twenty-four-hundred-horse-power capacity has been contracted for.

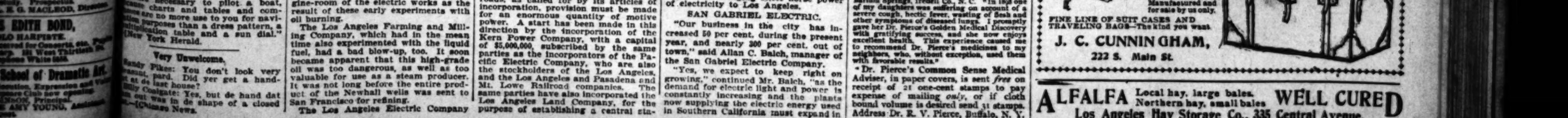
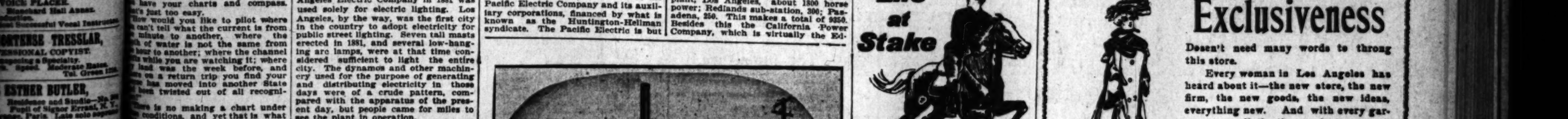
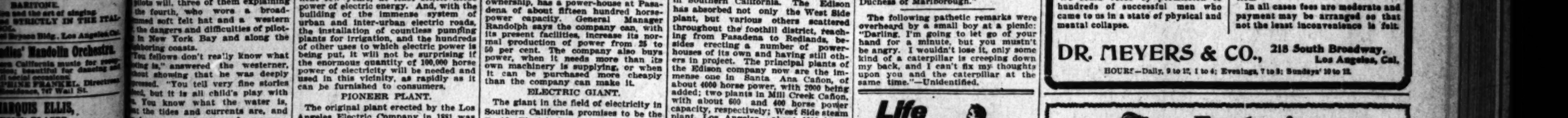
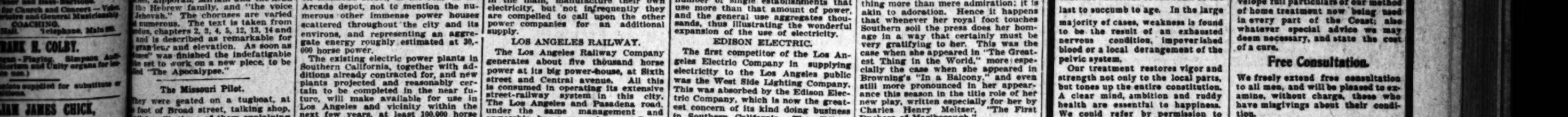
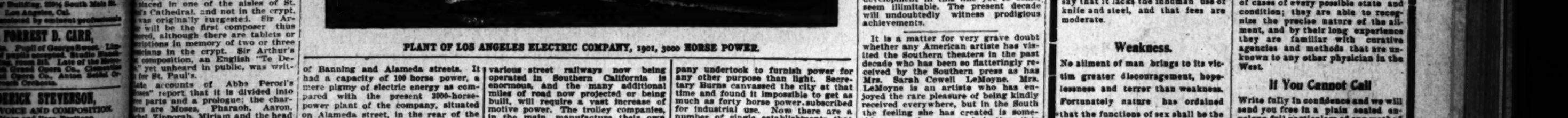
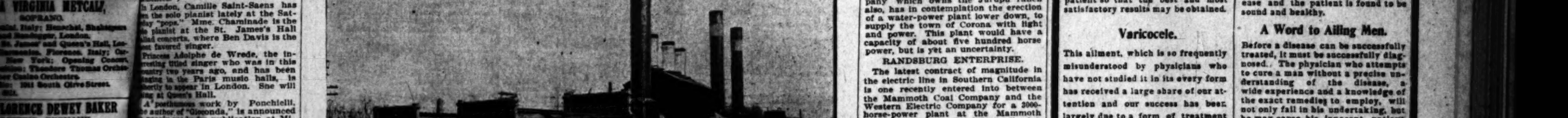
Los Angeles Pacific Railroad. The Los Angeles Pacific Railroad (Clark & Sherman's Santa Monica line) has a power-house of 1500 horse power in operation at Sherman, and another of the same size nearing completion at Ocean Park.



PLANT OF LOS ANGELES ELECTRIC COMPANY, 1901, 3000 HORSE POWER.



FIRST STATION OF LOS ANGELES ELECTRIC COMPANY, ERECTED IN 1881; CAPACITY, 100 HORSE POWER.













## WHEN ROOSEVELT WAS A RANCHMAN.

MEDORA CORRESPONDENT WRITES OF PRESIDENT'S EXPERIENCES.

He Went to Medora to Hunt Buffalo and Engaged in the Cattle Business—Quiet, Determined and Companionable, He Made Friends Everywhere.

[Medora (N. D.) Correspondence Blomack Tribune.] On a bright September day in 1883, a slender, simply dressed and active young man stepped from a transcontinental train at the Northern Pacific road at Medora, a village nestled among the shadows of the Bad Lands hills. It was a remarkable town, in the eyes of the young man of the East. About, on all sides, rose fantastic, bare clay buttes, almost perpendicularly, to a height of several hundred feet, forming a great, circular wall about the settlement. The clay cliffs were destitute of vegetation save occasional gnarled cedars which skirted an existence from the stony soil. Where the Little Missouri River dragged its sluggish and tortuous length along there was a slight fringe of scrub trees and patches of "buck brush."

Little distance from the railroad station were to be seen a number of low, log buildings, occupied as a temporary "cantonment" for the accommodation of United States troops who were guarding the construction crew of the Northern Pacific road from the attacks of predatory Indians, who roamed the fastnesses of the Bad Lands in search of the game which abounded everywhere.

Among the early settlers at the railroad crossing of the Little Missouri were three young Canadian boys, who had come out from the Canadian woods to seek fortune at hunting on the buffalo ranges. They were Joseph A. and Sylvanus M. Ferris and A. W. Merrifield. They were half young men, and at that experienced plainsmen. To the first named of the three, commonly known as "Joe," the stranger young man made his way and signified his desire to do some buffalo hunting. This was not an ordinary request, coming from one who bore the appearance of a "tenderfoot." The ordinary tourist was satisfied with a visit to some of the neighboring attractions in a buckboard, a brief ride and a few miles over steep hills and rough roads. Buffalo at that time were becoming scarce and hunting them involved a long trip from the settlement, with its attendant difficulties and privations—far beyond the endurance of the ordinary "tenderfoot." But the young man was determined, and there was something in the set of his square jaw that betokened more than ordinary resolution and courage. "Joe" Ferris, notwithstanding, was a little in doubt as to the ability of the young man to withstand the hardships of such a trip as was involved in a buffalo hunt. He admits today that he looked with much doubt upon a buffalo hunting trip in the hands of a "tenderfoot." Nevertheless, he assented to the request of the young man, made the necessary arrangements, and in a few days the two were bound for the buffalo ranges, a distance of fifty miles, over rough roads, camping out at night in the open, enduring all the discomforts and privations attendant upon the life of the plainsman in that early day.

The young man was Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States to be. He was at that time 25 years of age, only a few years out of college, of square build, medium height, modest in demeanor, quiet, resolute, and with a keen enjoyment of life in the open. His principal object in coming to Medora at that time was for the recreation that hunting affords to those who enjoy the chase of big game. He was not and has never been since, the Theodore Roosevelt who has been pictured as a wild cowboy and dare-devil plainsman. He was courageous without recklessness, firm without being stubborn, resolute without being obstinate, a keen admirer of nature, with a healthy taste for sport. There was no element of the spectacular in his make-up, but an honest nature, one that won him friends instantly among the rough frontiersmen, who do not ordinarily strike up warm friendships with "tenderfoots." To quote the words of Mr. Ferris, who still lives at Medora, and has been a warm personal friend of Roosevelt from the time he first met him on that buffalo hunting expedition eighteen years ago: "He was a slender young fellow, and I had my doubts whether he could stand the long trip. He was honest about it. I expected to have to take care of him on the trip—saddle his horse, show him the customs of the plains, see that he rode his horse regularly, and the other little things that come up on a hunting trip of the kind. I soon found that I was mistaken in my man. He was able to do for himself at every turn. Where he learned to ride horseback I don't know, but I do know that he rode as well or better than I did and could stand more knocking about than I could. What he didn't know of the ways of the West he learned by observation—and he paddled his own canoe from the start. On the first night out, our horses took fright at wolves and ran off. We had then picked up our ropes, fastened to the horns of our saddles. When the wolves frightened them, they ran, dragging the saddles, which we used as pillows, from under our heads, and when we got up we could hear only the faint hoof beats as they tore across the country. Mr. Roosevelt needed no urging to start after them. He sprang up and was off in an instant. We followed the horses for some distance, and finally recaptured them. After that we fastened the saddles together with the nickel ropes, and slept till morning. We continued our journey to the buffalo grounds and hunted them over for several days before he got his first shot at a buffalo. It was on that trip that Roosevelt formed the attachment for the wild and rough country that led to his becoming a ranchman, with cattle on many hills of the Bad Lands. The value of that broken region, as a maturing country for Texas steers, driven up across the range, was first coming to be realized. Before Roosevelt had finished his hunt, he sent for S. M. Ferris and A. W. Merrifield, then located at a ranch seven miles south

of Medora, in the shadow of an immense clay butte, surmounted with a mass of scoria, in the shape of a chimney, giving the ranch the name of "Chimney Butte ranch." This is the ranch from which Roosevelt dedicated one of the editions of his work descriptive of hunting and ranch life in the West. He asked the young men whether they would engage with him in the ranch business, and if he furnished the necessary cattle, whether they would manage them for him. An agreement was reached without delay, and when Roosevelt returned from his hunting trip he had left them a bank credit sufficient to buy 500 head of steers, as the nucleus of a ranch outfit. The animals were bought that same fall and turned upon the range.

Thus Roosevelt became a ranchman, and a business, as well as a recreational, interest drew him to the Bad Lands year after year. The Maltese Cross was adopted as his brand, and two ranches were opened, one at Chimney Butte and the other forty-five miles north of Medora, at a crossing of the Little Missouri River, in the heart of the wildest and roughest of all the rough Bad Lands region. The brush and timber of the river afforded shelter for the wary white-tailed deer. Within rifle shot of the ranch was to be found the mountain sheep, monarch of nature's wilderness of hills. Prairie chickens, ducks and geese sought the low lands, and withal the ranch was the paradise of sportsmen. This ranch Roosevelt named the Elk Horn, and it was a favorite resort when he came out on his annual visit. Here he outfitted for his hunting trips to the Rocky Mountains, and here he spent much of his time while in the West.

Additions were made to his herd until he came to own thousands of head of cattle, and the Maltese Cross brand came to be familiar all through the country. The outfit increased in size, until it was numbered among those of the first class, and boasted its own "round-up" wagon and outfit of men and horses. When Roosevelt engaged in the cattle business, he determined to learn from actual experience, and therefore he engaged himself as one of his own cowboys, and for part of a season worked with his own wagon, in the same manner as any of his men. "I want to work with the wagon as a rider," he said to his foreman, S. M. Ferris, "and I want no favors shown me. For the time being I am the same as any one of the men, and I want to do the same work as any of them." With this admission, he accompanied a round-up outfit in 1884. He had his own outfit of horses, to use the vernacular of the range, and they were as ugly and ill-tempered as the majority of round-up horses. He had his own outfit of men, and he was not a "broncho breaker" in the accepted sense of the word, and he took no reckless chances in mounting "outlaws" at steady. But his position with his men, covered the same ground, and did the same work. "He learned more and faster by observation than any man I ever saw," said his foreman, S. M. Ferris, in speaking of the year Roosevelt served as a cowboy. "He learned to rope his own horse, and to hang on when the horse endeavored to throw him. He watched the men throw and brand calves, and before long he was able to handle a calf with any of them. He never complained of his bargain, was always willing and ready, and was among the last to go to bed and the first to get up in the morning. He got one or two nasty falls while working with us, on one occasion being thrown from a horse and breaking a small bone in his shoulder. He was plucky, though, and it did not prevent his taking his trick with the rest of the outfit, and he never complained."

A history of Roosevelt as a ranchman would be in the main a denial of the many wild and fantastic tales of his career in the West that have been written and published wholesale. Uninformed writers have pictured him as impulsive and impetuous, daring and reckless. In his case, careless commentators upon his ranching career have mistaken earnestness for impetuosity. "When Roosevelt does anything he does it with all his might," is the comment of the men with whom he associated in the West, and the men who knew him as he was, and not as poorly posted newspaper writers have pictured him. The cowboys who rode the range with him set the hunters who hunted with him do not recall any instances in which recklessness or lack of caution was apparent. They recall him as a man of a simple store of patience, prudence and good hard sense. The fact that Roosevelt was a successful hunter of big game, where prudence, patience and caution are essential, is evidence of his possession of these qualities. From his Elk Horn ranch he was successful in stalking the mountain sheep, the wariest of big game, and the most difficult of bringing within rifle shot. Mounting the mountain sheep, the most precipitous and inaccessible buttes, with keen eye, sharp scent and most acute sensibility to danger, these animals defy the efforts of all but the most careful and painstaking hunter. Bue Roosevelt has stalked them inch by inch and foot by foot, crawling for hours over rocky ledges and through pathless gorges, finally obtaining the coveted opportunity to shoot that has brought down the monarch of the hills. "He was one of the best companions on a hunting expedition I ever saw," says Mr. Ferris, who has hunted with him often in the Bad Lands Hills. "Always good natured, and a clever companion, he was quick to see the best manner of stalking game. He never alarmed a quarry by too great haste or lack of caution. Nor would he shoot until there was promise that his shot would be effective. Notwithstanding that he was handicapped by his spectacles in the winter season, he was a better game shot than the average western hunter."

Roosevelt and the Marquis De Mores, the French nobleman whose beef-killing ventures in the Bad Lands have given that region most of its fame, came to Medora at about the same time. De Mores invested heavily in cattle, erected immense abattoirs and refrigerators at Medora, and named the town after his wife. The impulsive Frenchman and the young New Yorker met frequently, and were on the best of terms. Imaginative space writers and weavers of borderland romance are fond of telling how De Mores at one time spoke slightly of Roosevelt, and endeavored to sow dissension among his men, and how Roosevelt called on De Mores and compelled him to make apology. The story, like many others concerning Roosevelt in the West, is without foundation. De Mores, impulsive and erratic in many things, was at all times a gentleman, and so far as the knowledge of both men at Medora goes, there was never any misunderstanding between them. Roosevelt was not the man to approach another in the border-ruffian fashion, as has been stated to have done, and De Mores was not the man whom any other man approached in that manner without receiving all and more than the satisfaction he wanted. To no one are these romantic and highly-colored imaginings more disgusting than to Roosevelt.

Roosevelt was an indefatigable worker when on his western ranches. If not engaged in the active work of ranching, he was at his desk, writing for some one of his publishers, revising proofs of some work he had in press, or planning a profitable tour at read. With his men he was al-

## DISPEPSIA

My DYSPEPSIA CURE positively cures all forms of indigestion or stomach trouble. It rejuvenates worn-out stomachs. It builds up stomachs that have been weakened by powerful cathartics and old-fashioned nostrums.

Many's the Dyspepsia Cure directs the stomach, regulation of the heart, shortness of breath, and all ailments of the heart caused by indigestion, wind on the stomach, bloating, sour foot, bad taste, offensive breath, loss of appetite, faintness or weakness of the stomach, improper circulation, coated tongue, heart-burn or water-brash. His Headache Cure stops headaches in 3 minutes. His Asthma Cure cures all forms of asthma. His Blood Cure corrects all blood impurities. His Liver Cure corrects liver troubles. His Female Remedies are a boon to women. His Kidney Cure cures all kidney troubles. His Cough Cure cures all coughs in three minutes and cures in five days. His Catarrh Remedies never fail. His Urinary Remedies restore lost power to weak men. Price, \$1.00.

My DYSPEPSIA CURE cures every disease. The Goods to Health (see) tell of them. Cures, mostly by C. M. Murren, New York and Philadelphia.

MURREN'S INDIAN CURE CATARRH.

ways popular, friendly without familiarity, and he always occupied a first place in the respect of all with whom he came in contact. It may be interesting to know, too, that he has never been "Teddy" with his men on the range. That is another appellation for which the East is responsible. He is always spoken of as "Teddy" by the men with whom he associated in the West as "Mr. Roosevelt." And the same tough men of the West for years before he became a political star of the first magnitude, have predicted that some day he would be President of the United States. They know the stuff he was made of, and they felt sure it would tell in the long run. The West too feels that to it he owes the training that has helped him. For, say the westerners, the training and tastes he acquired on the plains led him to resign his position as assistant Secretary of the Navy, associate himself with ranchers and plainsmen and make his memorable record at Santiago. It was for a great measure, that resulted in his selection as Governor of New York, and from that the Vice-Presidency. So that there is some logic in the contention that to his western training and career he owes, in a measure, his proud position as President of the nation.

### OUR NORTHERN BOUNDARY.

Work of the United States Geological Survey to Redetermine Its Exact Location.

[Geological Survey Bulletin.] During the past summer the United States Geological Survey and the Coast and Geodetic Survey have been cooperating in a work of unusual importance and interest in redetermining the line of the international boundary between the United States and Canada, from the crest of the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Ocean.

The original treaty, signed in 1846, which established the boundary at the forty-ninth parallel, did not provide for its immediate survey over this section. It was left partly to the extreme difficulty and even danger of conducting surveys in this region at the time, and partly to the prevailing opinion that so rough and distant a region was not settled in a very remote future. This view still prevailed to a certain extent when in 1857 to 1861 surveys were actually carried out, for it was then agreed by the commissions representing both governments that it was inexpedient to incur the expense of locating and marking the boundary continuously because, as they say in their official report, the country would not be occupied for many years. These commissions did, however, determine the forty-ninth parallel by astronomical observations, and established monuments accordingly on each large stream and every important trail that crossed the boundary.

Exploration and settlement have far outstripped the expectations entertained forty odd years ago: in those sections where valuable mineral deposits are supposed to exist the location of the boundary has for several years past been a question of more or less interesting dispute. The old customs and monuments have become obscured, and in some instances rumor has with purpose circulated false reports that the monuments placed by the old commissions were incorrect. Canada and the United States are both interested in having the line precisely fixed, and steps are being taken toward the establishment of a commission whose determination shall be final. In the meantime, however, the accurate work has been done by the joint party of the Geological and Coast and Geodetic Surveys to redetermine the forty-ninth parallel in the sharply-disputed sections, while three other parties of the Geological Survey have reconnoitered the entire stretch of 410 miles from the crest of the Rockies to the Pacific Coast.

The line traversed two mountain districts, the Rocky Mountains and the Cascades, and an intermediate country which though hilly is not so high. The mountains carry heavy forests, and along the line are difficult of access because the trails, once kept open by the Indians, are now greatly obstructed by fallen timber. The surveys frequently find the trails worn by bear and deer the easiest routes to follow. The extreme eastern range of the Rockies is of alpine character, and glaciers and precipices lie across the boundary line. The work of the parties has been arduous, but has been successfully carried out, and a report will shortly be made through the Interior Department for the information of our State Department.

The officers engaged in these surveys were C. H. Sinclair of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and E. C. Harvard of the Geological Survey, and the latter carried out the astronomical and topographical work, and Messrs. Bailey Willis, F. L. Ransome and G. O. Smith, geologists who have had charge of the three parties which carried out the reconnaissance.

The Biggest Warehouse.

Liverpool has the biggest warehouse in the world. It is built beside the docks, and is intended to house the imports of tobacco which form so important a part of Liverpool's trade. The warehouse is 725½ feet in length, 165 wide and 124 feet 10 inches high. The ground area is 15,300 square yards, and the area of the several floors 174,095 square yards. There are at present in bond in Liverpool some 95,000 hogheads of tobacco, weighing 26,000 tons, which is equal, roughly estimated, to a customs duty of £18,000,000.—[London News.]

Los Angeles Flower Store.

For a catalogue bouquet, call 127 S. Spring.

# IMPERIAL SETTLEMENTS

## ON GOVERNMENT LAND

IN SAN DIEGO COUNTY.



AS IT WAS JULY FIRST, 1901.

## NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE SUCCESS

Crops planted in July, 1901, on Imperial Land, have already returned the owners sufficient to pay both land and water. This is certainly remarkable. What has been done can be done again. Thousands of acres are now being prepared for alfalfa, barley, sorghum, millet and other crops.

The accompanying half tones are made from photographs taken during the past thirty days, and give only a slight idea of the great transformation wrought by the application of water to the land.

XX

We can now offer the finest body of land yet opened for settlement. About 10,000 acres. First first served.

XX

If you want a good ranch for a small amount of money? Imperial is where it can be had.

XX



FIELD OF SORGHUM NOVEMBER FIRST, 1901.

In reference to the town sites we refer you to the Imperial Land Co., Stowell Block, Los Angeles. For full information and illustrated pamphlet, address

## OAKLEY PAULIN CO.

304 Douglas Block, Los Angeles, Cal.

Or Imperial, Cal.

### LOCAL AGENTS

BROWN BROS., San Bernardino, Cal.  
J. B. PARAZETTE, Pomona, Cal.  
F. N. CHAPLIN, Pasadena, Cal.

FAIRBANKS & ROBBINS, Santa Ana, Cal.  
FAWCETT & CHENEY, Whittier, Cal.  
RIPPY & WILSIE, Ventura, Cal.

## BILL THE

His Last Day

City of P

A Visit to Pere

on All Saints

Californians in

Capital—French

and Locomot

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

PARIS, Nov. 24, 1901.

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TALKING OF CALIFOR

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A TRIP TO SEV

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**BILL THE BO'SUN.**  
*His Last Days in the City of Paris.*  
*A Visit to Pere La Chaise on All Saints' Day.*  
*Californians in the French Capital—French Cars and Locomotives.*

**SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.**  
PARIS, Nov. 4, 1901.—Well, here I am, seated down to the last letter I shall write you from the east side of the Atlantic. With twelve days in Paris, and nine of them bright and clear, I certainly ought to be satisfied after the carnival of rain, mud and fog that we had in England, Ireland and Scotland. I do not wonder that Irishmen are content to stay in America after they once get there, nor do I wonder at absenteeism on the part of the Irish landlords. A man would have hard work to convince me that there was such a thing as a month of fair weather in the British Isles, especially about Cork and Killarney.

Here, however, all is sunshine and ease. You hire an automobile and go out at a twenty-miles-per-hour gait as soon as you get out of the city limits, and then you come back from your ride as fresh as if you had drunk a whole bottle of apollinaris water and a couple of gin cocktails on top of it. You pay 20 centimes for a ride on a steamboat down to Asnières, and come home feeling strong enough to whip old John J. Sullivan in seven rounds, according to Gooseberry rules.

**UP KIFFEL TOWER.**  
Paris is such an artistic city that it naturally commands your admiration, because everything about it shows a love for the beautiful in architecture and statuary. On Tuesday my wife and I went up to the third landing on the Eiffel Tower, the tallest monument in the world and the greatest triumph of structural work in iron. And what a view you do get of this beautiful and most classical city from that elevation! The day was bright and clear, but the wind was cold, so we did not stay up there over an hour. The elevators work by electric power, and can carry up twenty-five people at once. Just below the top of the tower, the building of the exhibition of 1889, which was utilized for exhibition purposes last year.

Well, enough of exhibitions for a while. Suppose they be given a rest for twenty years or so. The present generation seems to be tired of them. Buffalo has a big balance on the wrong side of the ledger, and Paris was no better off last year. Glasgow is about the only place I know of that has made the thing pay, and the canny Scots will clear about \$250,000 by it, but they have a happy way of financing all sorts of surprises. The mere fact that a man has made anything pay is no criterion for anybody else.

**TALKING OF CALIFORNIA TOO RISKY.**  
By the way, speaking of Scotchmen, do you remember Pagan Grant, that used to be about Redlands in the early nineties? We met him at the Glasgow exhibition and he told me about some of his experiences in Dundee (where his relatives reside) after he got back from Southern California. It seems that some of his friends persuaded him to give a lecture on California, and he hired a hall for that purpose. "How did you get on with it?" I asked. "Oh, mon, dear, you know well enough I could tell that California was the sweetest country in the world. An' then somebody upstairs threw an egg at me an' hit me atop the head. And then I told 'em that some day Dundee would be in danger if the man who had been about Redlands imported both the sugar an' the oranges while Southern California imported neither, but produced the sugar at Ocala and China and the oranges everywhere else. An' in that there was a big lad named Jack Clover that worked for a dealer (butcher) down in Montrose street, an' he got up an' put his two hands to the sides of his head and he waggit his two hands an' began to brag like a cowboy. "That's ye, mon," says I, "yer laughin' loud enow, now, but please recollect that the moon laughs best while it laughs last. But I duna care to lecture any more. It's too risky an' an' epoo's as good as a bust."

**A TRIP TO SEVRES.**  
Yesterday we got aboard of one of the little steamboats that ply upon the Seine and went down to Sevres, where they make that wonderful porcelain ware. They have a factory and a museum there, and it was to the latter that we went. We spent about three hours there, and if anyone doubts the supremacy of the French people in this line of business, let him compare the work of the present day with that of the Greeks and Romans between 600 and 400 B.C. The progress of the ceramic art was never so accurately typified as it is in this museum. I saw ten sets of eleven pieces that were priced at \$500, and as my wife is not a Carnegier nor Astor but I did not bring it away with me, but I liked it, I can assure you.

The Seine is particularly beautiful at this season with the forest bowers in the night with every martial hue. The trees that surround the city are so luxuriantly undulating and so harmonious in their outlines as to challenge admiration of the rudest of minds. In fact, the environs of Paris are of a singular type of beauty and exceptional pleasant to the eye of a man who has been over forty years in contemplating broad prairies and unbroken hills like the Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys. The woods here are beautiful than those of England and Ireland; and I certainly never saw anything like the beautiful and shapely trees these Frenchmen make out of the family and, in our land, despised yew.

This is especially true at Lyons and Geneva, where they have miles of promenades overshadowed by the "butte aux ball" tree of my boyhood's days.

**AT PERE LA CHAISE.**  
Last Friday was All Saints' Day, corresponding to our national holiday on the last of May. Every place of business was closed up, and there were services in all the churches in the city. After the meridian, however, there was a general stampede for the cemetery. My wife and I hired an automobile coupé and went out to the hillside where the great crowd was there. The cemetery of Montmartre is the most beautiful of the graves were those of Lamartine, Thiers and Odilon Redouté, among composers, Cavalcade, and Lanoriciere, among soldiers, and Marie, Oriol, Viardot and Pasta, among vocalists, and as for painters, well, you know of 'em.


We drove out by the way of the Bois de Boulogne and the Avenue

# WHY I ADVERTISE

A reason given by the most eminent clergyman of his time.

**ESTABLISHED 15 YEARS.**

The code of medical ethics is passing. No other thing has so hindered progress in the art of curing, and to ethics must be ascribed much suffering and the loss of lives. Ethics have said, thou shalt not advertise; thou shalt not tell to suffering humanity your ability to cure, to make happy and to save life. You must wait and let those who need your help discover for themselves your skill. Crust, murderous ethics! But ethics will soon have gone. They will go with the going of that lessening number of doctors who still cling to them. If a physician has devoted time and study to a specialty, thereby acquiring knowledge and skill that can bless and benefit mankind, it becomes not only his legal privilege, but his moral duty to say through the medium of the press that he can cure such diseases and does not put it in the paper, I am sorry. What a pity it would have been had this doctor, with his wealth of science and experience, left him uncured! What a pity it would have been if the afflicted man had been so prejudiced against advertising as to read the responsible certificate of the doctor and yet give him the go-by as a quack! What are the newspapers for if not to circulate information! What more valuable information can a newspaper give than to tell a sick man where he can be cured! If a man has devoted his life and labor to the study of a special class of diseases, the necessity of his saying so becomes all the more pressing. His duty to advertise becomes imperative. The remedy for the lying advertisements of the quacks is for the honest men to tell the truth. A really able man, whatever may be his gifts, makes a great mistake if he fails to use those gifts through want of advertising. —HENRY WARD BEECHER.



**O. C. JOSLEN, M. D.**

**STRICTLY RELIABLE**  
I advertise under my own name and use my own likeness in my advertisements.

**EVERY CURE A LASTING CURE.**

Early in my professional career I departed from the code of medical ethics. I advertise in a straightforward and definite manner as I know how. I tell of my ability to cure those diseases that constitute my specialty. I feel that I have a perfect right to tell, and that in telling I am rendering a deed of goodness to suffering man. To these diseases I have devoted fifteen of the best years of my life. I have spared neither time, labor nor expense in acquiring the experience, knowledge, skill and scientific equipments that enable me to cure. I have devised and put into practice original forms of treatment for those diseases peculiar to men, which make their cure an unqualified and absolute certainty. Below is a quotation from Henry Ward Beecher in which this most eminent clergyman of his time tells why it is a physician's duty to advertise.

*"I am glad that the doctor cured him, I am glad that the doctor put it in the paper that he could cure him, and if any doctor is certain he can cure such diseases and does not put it in the paper, I am sorry. What a pity it would have been had this doctor, with his wealth of science and experience, left him uncured! What a pity it would have been if the afflicted man had been so prejudiced against advertising as to read the responsible certificate of the doctor and yet give him the go-by as a quack! What are the newspapers for if not to circulate information! What more valuable information can a newspaper give than to tell a sick man where he can be cured! If a man has devoted his life and labor to the study of a special class of diseases, the necessity of his saying so becomes all the more pressing. His duty to advertise becomes imperative. The remedy for the lying advertisements of the quacks is for the honest men to tell the truth. A really able man, whatever may be his gifts, makes a great mistake if he fails to use those gifts through want of advertising."* —HENRY WARD BEECHER.

**Varicocele.**  
You can better realize the grave nature of varicocele when you understand its cause. Varicocele results from paralysis of the delicate nerve fibers that have a part in the controlling local circulation of the blood. The muscular coating of the veins, now lacking nervous communication, become, in a sense, dead. They weaken and relax and become filled with stagnant blood, and the paralysis gradually creeps to other and more vital nerves, because of the impaired circulation and lack of nourishment. But there is a still greater danger. Clots may form in the stagnant pools, and then pass out into the general circulation. The lodged clot of one in a valve of the heart would almost certainly mean instant death; should one be carried to the brain, general paralysis would follow.

I guarantee to cure varicocele in one week by a method that involves no cutting, no ligature, no caustic, no pain. I accomplish my cures by methods such as no other physician employs, and my thoroughness in my work that my patients need not have the slightest fear of a relapse into the old condition. If you have been afflicted with varicocele for years you will never know the effect it has had upon your general health until I have cured you and you feel the old-time vim and energy returning.

**"Weakness"**  
So-called weakness in men never has been and never will be cured when treated as a weakness, because no real weakness exists. The strongest and most robust of men are often lacking in sexual power as are those who appear most delicate. That this is true is not at all surprising when we understand the real cause of weakness, nor is it remarkable that stimulants, tonics and electro-medical combinations not only fail to restore health and vigor, but render worse the condition they were supposed to cure. In practically every case of premature loss of vitality, etc., a careful and scientific examination reveals a tender, swollen and chronically inflamed prostate gland, which condition is entirely responsible for the disordered function, as this gland is the vital center of the reproductive system. To treat by any of those methods that have so long, so unsuccessfully and disastrously been employed is like attempting to quench a raging fire with oil, for stimulating remedies and exciting electrical currents can but add to the inflammation in the tender prostate and thus render more marked the prominent symptom—the weakness. I employ local treatment exclusively, and as the inflammation is reduced and the gland restored to its normal state, full and complete power returns. Those who have unsuccessfully treated for a weakness should now understand the cause of failure, and realize that no method other than my own can produce complete and lasting results.

**Contagious Blood Poison.**  
On account of its frightful hideousness, contagious blood poison is commonly called the king of all venereal diseases. It may be either hereditary or contracted. Once the system is tainted with it the disease may manifest itself in the form of scrofula, eczema, rheumatic pains, stiff or swollen joints, eruptions or copper spots on the face or body, little ulcers in the mouth or on the tongue, sore throat, swollen tonsils, falling out of the hair or eyebrows, and finally a leprosy-like decay of the flesh and bone. If you have any of these or similar symptoms, you are cordially invited to consult me immediately. If I find your fears are unfounded I will quickly unburden your mind. But if your constitution is infected with virus, I will tell you so frankly and show you how to get rid of it. My special treatment for contagious blood poison is practically the only one of the kind, and is endorsed by the best physicians of America and Europe. It contains no dangerous drugs or injurious medicines of any kind. It goes to the very bottom of the disease and forces out every particle of impurity. Soon every sign and symptom of blood poison disappears completely and forever. The blood, the tissue, the flesh, bones and the whole system are cleansed, purified and restored to perfect health, and the patient prepared anew for the duties and pleasures of life.

**Contracted Disorders.**  
Under the treatment pursued before irrigations were established, six weeks was deemed the duration of an acute contracted disorder. If it continued beyond six weeks it was considered to have gone into chronic condition. From statistics compiled from my practice in the past five years, covering 6500 cases, I can show that 90 per cent. of my patients have recovered in fourteen days or less. It is, therefore, equally proper to hold that a case not entirely cured in two weeks must be considered a chronic one, and some complication has arisen for which the patient should see a specialist. I offer an experience of over fifteen years devoted to this specialty.

**Stricture.**  
It matters not how long you have suffered from stricture, nor how many different doctors have disappointed you, I will cure you just as certainly as you come to me for treatment. I will not do it by cutting or dilating. My treatment is new—entirely original with me, and perfectly painless. It completely dissolves the structure and permanently removes every obstruction from the urinary passage, allays all inflammation, reduces the prostate gland when enlarged, cures and heals the bladder and kidneys when irritated or congested and restores health and soundness to every part of the body affected by the disease.

**Reflex Diseases.**  
Many ailments are reflex, originating from other diseases. For instance, sexual weakness sometimes comes from Varicocele or Stricture; innumerable blood and bone diseases often result from blood poison taint in the system, or physical and mental decline frequently follow loss of vitality. In treating diseases of any kind I always cure the effect, as well as the cause.

# WHICH IS THE BEST (IN EVENT OF YOUR DEATH) FOR YOUR FAMILY TO BE HANDED THIS

**Equitable 5% Gold Bonds**

Are the best asset you can leave your family. They provide a regular income, are absolutely safe, and there is no expense in collecting the interest and no taxes.

Full Information if You Write or Call  
**A. M. JONES, General Agent, 416 Wilcox Block.**

Invest your savings in Gold Bonds. If you live you can enjoy the income in your old age. If you die your family will receive the bonds at once. Better to leave them a few thousand dollars in Gold Bonds than a mortgage. You can afford it.

# BE A MAN

Throw Away Your Medicine—Our **VACUUM DEVELOPER...** WILL RESTORE YOU **NO CURE NO PAY** 75,000 IN USE NOT ONE FAILURE

Our Vacuum Developer should be used by every man. If you are normally weak, undeveloped, or have drains, etc., it will restore you. Stricture and Varicocele permanently cured in 1 to 4 weeks.

**No Drugs to ruin the stomach. No Electric Bells to blister and burn.** Our Vacuum Developer is a local treatment applied directly to the weak and disordered parts. It gives strength and development wherever applied. Old men with lost or failing vitality, or the young and middle aged who are reaping the results of youthful errors, or whose work is quickly restored to health and strength.

Our marvelous appliance has astonished the entire world. Hundreds of leading physicians in the United States are now recommending our appliance in the severest cases where every other known device has failed.

You will see and feel its benefit from the first day, for it is applied directly at the seat of the disorder. It makes no difference how severe the case or how long standing, it is as sure to yield to our treatment as the sun is to rise.

The blood is the life, the factor of the human body. Our instrument forces the blood into circulation where most needed, giving strength and development to weak and diseased parts.

The Vacuum Developer was first introduced in the standard armies of Europe a few years ago by the French specialist, Dr. King & Co., and its introduction into this country led the Local Appliance Co. to secure the exclusive control of its sale on the Western Continent; and since its introduction into this country its remarkable cures have astonished the entire medical profession. It has restored thousands of cases pronounced incurable by physicians. It cures quickly, harmlessly, and without detention from business.

Remember there is no exposure, no C.O.D., or any other expense in our dealing with the public. Write for free particulars and apply in plain envelopes. **LOCAL APPLIANCE COMPANY, 161 Temple Block, Indianapolis, Indiana.**

# DR. KING & CO. SPECIALISTS.

Diseases and Weaknesses of Men

Our treatment gives vim, vigor, vitality, strength and ambition to weak and despondent men, young or old, married or single, regardless of the cause of their trouble.

**We Also Cure**  
SPECIAL AND CONTRACTED DISEASES, INCLUDING: CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, HYDROCELE, RUPTURE, PILES, DISEASE OF THE SKIN, KIDNEYS, SPINE AND BLADDER. We treat these diseases quickly and permanently.

**Home Cures**  
If you cannot visit Los Angeles, write us in confidence and we will send you, sealed, by mail, a booklet which contains a valuable treatise on all diseases and weaknesses of men. All medicines free. Payments to suit convenience of patient. **NOTES:**—4 to 5 daily; evenings 7 to 9; Sundays, 10 to 12.

**1304 SOUTH SPRING, LOS ANGELES, CAL.**

# American Grape Vines

Make Your Vineyard Permanent, Plant Phylloxera-Resisting Vines.

We have a large stock containing many varieties of **Riparia and Rupestris, Hybrids and Direct Bearers.**

Send for our descriptive Catalogue No. 4 of Phylloxera-Resisting American Vines. Address  
**CALIFORNIA NURSERY CO.**  
JOHN ROCK, Manager, Niles, Cal.

# American Dye Works

The oldest established, most reliable and best equipped for cleaning, dyeing and renovating. Our New Improved Dry Process Has No Equal. Mail and Express Orders.

Just received our new colors for fall and winter wear. Gentlemen's and ladies' suits a specialty. Receiving office, 367 S. Spring St. Tel. M. 800. Works, 629-630 Spring St. Tel. M. 101.





## \$1.50 and \$2 Dress Goods Reduced to 50c Monday

Here and there is a piece that isn't quite worth the former price but none in the lot are worth less than a dollar to any woman. Most of the pieces are well worth their full regular price—\$1.50 to \$2.00.

There will be a perfect crush on Monday to buy such dress goods at 50c a yard. We do it mostly to bring before your attention the resources of this dress goods department. The special lot consists of handsome plaids and zibeline stripes, 44 to 50 in. wide, including medium heavy weights. They are especially used for skirts, capes and children's wear. No wonder the Hale store is called headquarters for dress goods. Every item below should be carefully read. See window display.

### Fancy Dress Goods.

Wool waltings, 30 in. wide, in embroidered albatross serge, sport, etc. in plain and Persian effect, of four and five colors, all wool... **75c**  
56-inch tailor suitings, in shades of gray, tan, brown, etc., heavy enough to make without lining; regular value \$2.00 a yard... **\$1.39**  
56-inch golf cloth, fancy back, with gray face, good heavy weight, all wool, regular price \$1.39... **79c**

### Black Goods.

Black mohair serge, 46-in. wide, made of pure mohair, very bright luster, our regular \$1.50 quality... **\$1.00**  
Black thibet cloth, 58-in. wide, all wool, broadcloth finish, heavy enough to make up unlined... **\$1.50**  
Forty-six inch pebble cheviot, very bright black, medium-weight, all wool, just right for skirts... **85c**

N.B.—We have added to our dress goods department new, sparkling machinery for thoroughly springing and shrinking dress goods.

### Black Goods.

Black pebble cheviot with check line stripe, all pure wool; very swell thing for suits... **\$1.25**  
Silks.  
Black taffeta, 56 inches wide; a very soft finish, that will wear well, high luster... **\$1.25**  
Black Peau de Cygne, 51 in. wide, very fine twill effect, soft finish, one of the newest weaves... **\$1.00**  
54 in. tannet taffeta, guaranteed to wash and wear, in all the newest shades, regular \$1.25 quality... **\$1.00**  
Black Peau de Soie, the famous L. D. Brown & Sons make; very soft and lustrous, guaranteed to wear... **\$1.50**

## Want Something Real Stylish

### In Gloves?—Maggioni.



We must give you fair warning of the Christmas rush on Maggioni gloves. We've said a good deal about them of late and women have responded generously. It is not idle talk when we say that no glove begins to equal this standard make. Just see them for yourselves, we'll abide by your decision. If you need gloves, why not buy the very best, the Maggioni? In fit, finish, quality, durability, becomingness no glove approaches them. They are sold only at the Hale store. The season is creeping upon us fast and glove time is at its height. Tomorrow should bring you here.

### Women's Gloves \$1.00.

These come in the two-class Gibson style, in all colors.

### Women's Gloves \$1.00.

Two-class, Mocha gloves, in black, tan, brown, gray and mode.

### Women's Gloves \$1.25.

These come in the popular two-class pique, in all colors, with Paris point stitching.

### Women's Gloves \$1.25.

Two-class Amazon gloves, with narrow embroidered backs, fitted at the store.

## Most Exquisite Models in

### Hale's Kid-fitting Corsets.

#### You Should Rearranger.

When every store claims the best corsets in the world, how is a woman to judge? The best way we know of is to find out which store sells the most corsets, and which store is generally looked upon as the best place to buy them. Isn't it Hale's?

Kid-fitting corsets are the shapeliest, yet they are a natural healthy brace. They assure a correct form. In construction only the finest materials are used—the kid-fitting corsets are dainty and inviting. More than that, we carry every possible variation in style, so that a woman is as perfectly fitted as though her corsets were made to order.

Style 377—Made of fine corset jean, hand-sewnly trimmed with lace and ribbon ending in bows, bias straight front, low bust, long hip; comes in drab and black, at... **\$2.00**

Style 375—Made of extra good saten, daintily trimmed with lace and ribbon, bias straight front, low bust, long hip, comes in drab, white and black at... **\$1.25**

Style 212—Made of fine French saten, lace and ribbon trimmed, straight low bust, with sudden hip; comes in white, pink, blue, drab and black, at... **\$1.00**

## Hale's Editorial Page for Women.

Being a plain statement of the attractions to be found at the Hale store.

# Most Superb Novelties in Fur

## And Stunning New Suits, All So Moderate

Women can't help buying at Hale's, with values as they are.

Few words and plenty of price logic, that's our intention. We're not promising skimpy goods. Who wants them? But if it's real Paris excellence you wish—the best from among the best—and such little prices that any woman can pay, then we'll promise and you shall be faithfully rewarded. Why should any woman be led into buying at a high priced store with the best at Hale's? The suit department will be just thronged tomorrow.



### Stunning Suits \$11.75.

Ladies' all wool pebble cheviot and cloth suits in black and brown. Made with tight fitting double breasted jackets, satin lined, reverses faced with Peau de Soie silk, velvet collar and four rows of stitching around the jacket and on seams. The skirt is made with graduated flounce, neatly stitched.

### Covert Cloth Suit \$10.00.

This is a very pretty suit in oxford gray and tan, made with the new box front jacket, lined with tailor serge, six buttons down the front and turn back cuffs. The skirt is made the seven gore flare, with six rows of white stitching around the bottom.

### Cillette \$10.00.

This is a beautiful cillette, ten inch deep, yoke and collar of electric seal, with a six inch border of bear's fur, and long tabs, trimmed with eight martens tails. A nicely made cillette lined with a good quality of satin.

### Swell Suits \$22.15.

This is the swellest, most up-to-date style brought out, made of imported striped suiting. It comes in navy blue and black with very small pin stripes. Made with short jacket, ripple seams, stitched all around in white. The skirt is made the seven gore flare, with six rows of white stitching around the bottom.

### Fur Collarete \$4.25.

A new style combination collar of electric seal, with deep 10 inch yoke and collar of Astrakhan, lined with a good quality of satin.

### Colarete \$15.00.

This is a ten inch collar, with yoke of Persian lamb and collar and border of marten fur, also long tabs of black marten. They may be had in all sizes; colors blue, gray, and pink.

### Captivating Furs.

We have in stock a magnificent line of collarettes and capes, made of electric seal, marten, Persian lamb, mink, beaver, Astrakhan, etc., in a variety of pretty combinations. Prices from \$4.25 to \$40.00.

### Kersey Cape \$4.75.

Ladies' all wool Kersey cape, 25 inches long, made with a full sweep, beautifully strapped in scroll effects, one strap of Kersey and one of silk. It is made with a deep storm collar, and fastened in front with two shaped straps. Comes in black.

### Dressing Sacques \$1.00.

Ladies' dressing sacques of all wool elderdown, made with fitted back, with crocheted edge all around of black sepphy. They may be had in all sizes; colors blue, gray, and pink.

## Rich, Tempting Linens Reduced.

Of course these prices will crowd the store, but we can't think of the prices so impressed as we with the loveliness of the linen itself. Regular prices were low enough—lower than most stores would ask. You'll note how rich and soft the linen is. It's such damask as our grandmothers might be proud of. The more you wash Hale linen the more you'll appreciate it's durability.

### 45c Table Linen 35c yard

Full bleached damask, 56 in. wide, in a variety of pretty patterns.

### 75c Damask, 60c yard

Full bleached damask, 66 in. wide, pure linen.

### \$1.00 Satin Damask, 75c

Fine, full bleached, satin damask, pure linen, 66 in. wide.

### 65c Damask, 50c

Extra heavy and fine quality of German cream damask, all linen, 56 in. wide.

### \$1.25 Napkins 80c

21 by 21 in. napkins, full bleached, all linen, a good durable quality.

### \$2.50 Napkins \$1.75

21 by 21 in. napkins, full bleached, coming in a large assortment of patterns.

### \$1.75 Napkins \$1.25

Extra fine linen napkins, full bleached.

### \$1.75 Napkins \$1.25

22 by 22 in. cream linen napkins, extra heavy material.

### Bargain Towels

16 by 34 in. cotton tuck, 4c. 12 1/2 by 34 in. Herma tuck towels, 18 by 36 in., 10c each.

## Mill Ends of Fine Outing Flannels

7 1/2c. Worth 12 1/2c.

7 1/2c. Worth 12 1/2c.

A most sensational offer for Monday.

The seven Hale stores recently purchased from a big mill its entire stock of short pieces in lengths of 10 to 20 yards. The outing flannel is a heavy beautiful soft quality, especially used for dressing sacques, house robes, and a hundred and one other purposes. It resembles closely the English thistle-down, and you'll not find such flannel in the country for less than 12 1/2c per yard. While the lot lasts we will cut the pieces in any lengths desired. Sale commences Monday at 8 a.m.—7 1/2c per yard.

### 10c Shaker Flannel 7 1/2c.

Extra heavy quality, strong and durable.

### \$1.25 Embroidered Flannel \$1.00.

36-in. wide, fine embroidered flannel, dainty patterns in exquisite wool quality.

### 30c Wool Flannel 19c.

1/2 wide, wool flannel, splendid quality.

### 75c French Flannels 60c.

Beautiful all-wool embroidered French flannel in Persian and Roman effects and in dainty staple stripes, 75c and 80c quality 60c.

## 75c Blankets at 49c, and Still Others.

Every housekeeper knows that Hale Blankets are best.

See for yourselves or ask any one. We go straight to the mills when we buy blankets and we buy such quantities that a manufacturer can well afford to shave his prices. You yourself expect something off when you buy blankets enough for seven families. The buyer for Hale's gets something off when he buys for the seven Hale stores. It isn't a stingy advantage you have here. Hale blankets are immensely superior to any others. No woman should think of neglecting the opportunity of securing them.

### 75c Blankets

Comes in white, gray and tan cotton blankets, with pretty colored patterns and surprising heavy quality.

### \$5.00 Blankets \$3.75.

Size 1 1/2, weighing 4 1/2 lbs., all wool white blankets, bound with silk tape.

### Comforters 90c.

1/2 size comforters, filled with fine white cotton, covered with a good quality of comforter material.

### \$1.50 Comforter \$1.19.

Large, full-sized comforters, with fancy silk-alen on one side, and plain silk-alen on the other, filled with soft cotton.

## The Whole City Must Seek This Hosiery.



Almost Mystical Prettiness. Bewitching New Effects. Irresistible creations.

Hale hosiery has won the day. It couldn't be otherwise with our wide-awake buyers scurrying the market and snapping up every choice morsel that showed itself. You don't come to Hale's for hosiery that every store sells, but for those sparkling ideas that aren't seen elsewhere.

Almost an ocean of newness. You'll be fairly bewildered with the endless variety, and not a pattern that isn't of exclaiming prettiness.

### Children's fine dull lace hose in all sizes with double sole and knee; special three pairs for... \$1.00

Children's brilliant lace thread hose, high spliced, double knee; all sizes... **49c**

### Children's fine lace hose with extra soft silk finish, double sole and knee; all sizes... 25c

Ladies' 80c lace hose in the new shades of gray, with fine double foot; special pair... **25c**

### Ladies' 80c lace hose in the new shades of red in fancy and plain lace effects; special pair... 35c

Ladies' 80c and 40c lace hose in pretty waved effects and lace open work; price... **25c**

### Ladies' fancy lace hose, Richelieu ribbed with heavy silk clocked boot in fancy colors; special value... 49c

Ladies' cotton hose with fancy tops and wide vertical striped boot in beautiful effects; regular 75c hose... **49c**

Most folks aren't buying a penny's worth of Christmas goods—they're waiting for the surprises to come from Hale's.



## Mountains of Snowy Handkerchiefs

Bought from the mills.

Many imported exclusively for us.

Price attractions quite sensational.

A couple of the seven Hale stores.

A universe of handkerchiefs! That make one's purse open—you help buying if you catch a glimpse. More handkerchiefs than you'll see on the side of the big eastern stores, and it would be folly not to buy at Hale's.

Ladies' fancy handkerchiefs, with lace borders and insertions in very choice effects; regular price 15c, special 10c.

Ladies' fancy Swiss embroidered handkerchiefs in choice patterns, 15c.

Ladies' handkerchiefs, with fancy edge finishing in very neat effects, for 13 1/2c.

Ladies' fancy handkerchiefs, with wide footings and insertions, 30c.

Ladies' handkerchiefs, with wide lace and insertions borders, 25c.

Ladies' fine linen handkerchiefs, with hemstitched and embroidered edges, 35c.

Ladies' handkerchiefs, with insertion and lace in fine Mocha, 50c.

Children's fine ramie handkerchiefs, white silk initial, 5c.

Men's fine ramie handkerchiefs, hemstitched, silk initial, 13 1/2c.

Men's fine linen, hemstitched, initial handkerchiefs, 25c.

Men's fine, all pure linen, hemstitched handkerchiefs, 12 1/2c.

Men's very choice light weight cambric handkerchiefs, with new fancy colored borders, special 10c.

Men's very fine linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, in 1/2 and 1/4 in. hem, 25c.

## 60c Pequot Sheets at 49c

Because sheets are sold at narrow margin of profit isn't any reason why the store can't undercut the price.

Your ordinary store pays for its sheets what Hale's will retail them tomorrow.

54x70-4 genuine Pequot sheets, torn and bread ready to use.

15c Pillow Cases 10c.

43x66 inches, made of extra fine full bleached casing.

"BUY OF THE MAKER"

## Factory Prices

On Standard Shades.

We make window shades.

We are able to charge less and we do.

We put only most reliable materials in our shades.

We make them exactly as a patron wishes.

We carry three complete grades of opague—you pay as little as you choose.

You may have the very finest at factory price.

We measure your windows and make an estimate of the total cost—making no putting up.

Write, call or phone Main 541—then the worry it is when you buy shades at Hale's.

The new factory where these shades are made is new and in full blast. Almost every home is taking advantage of the chance to buy directly of the maker, as are the big business blocks, so are builders and contractors. It is a matter of doubt, but a positive, invariable rule—Hale's shades are better and cost less.

By Request We'll Again Reduce Art Squares.

Out-of-town folks complained, they hadn't a fair chance, so we'll repeat the offer.

We're justified in asking for lots of good friendship in return for a sale so expensive to us. Wool art squares are dearly bought in these days of rising prices. Low prices are even more remarkable when one knows how the wholesale prices have jumped.

The art squares are all wool, absolutely fast colors, and safely say no such beautiful designs were ever shown in Los Angeles before. It's not the size of the stock it's the quality that we would emphasize.

57 Art Squares (7 1/2x9) at \$4.90  
58 Art Squares (9x9) at \$5.90  
59 Art Squares (9x12) at \$7.90

How Little Prices Make Cozy Homes.

A \$3.50 Couch Cover at \$2.25.

Comes 60 inches wide, in handsome Persian and Bagdad effects; pretty fringed all round.

\$3.00 Portieres at \$1.90.

8 yards long, made of newest and most artistic t. pstry with 8-inch fringe at top and 10-inch fringe on bottom.

15c Matting at 11c.

A splendidly good Chinese matting imported expressly for the seven Hale stores. Comes in durable, strong quality, in neat patterns.

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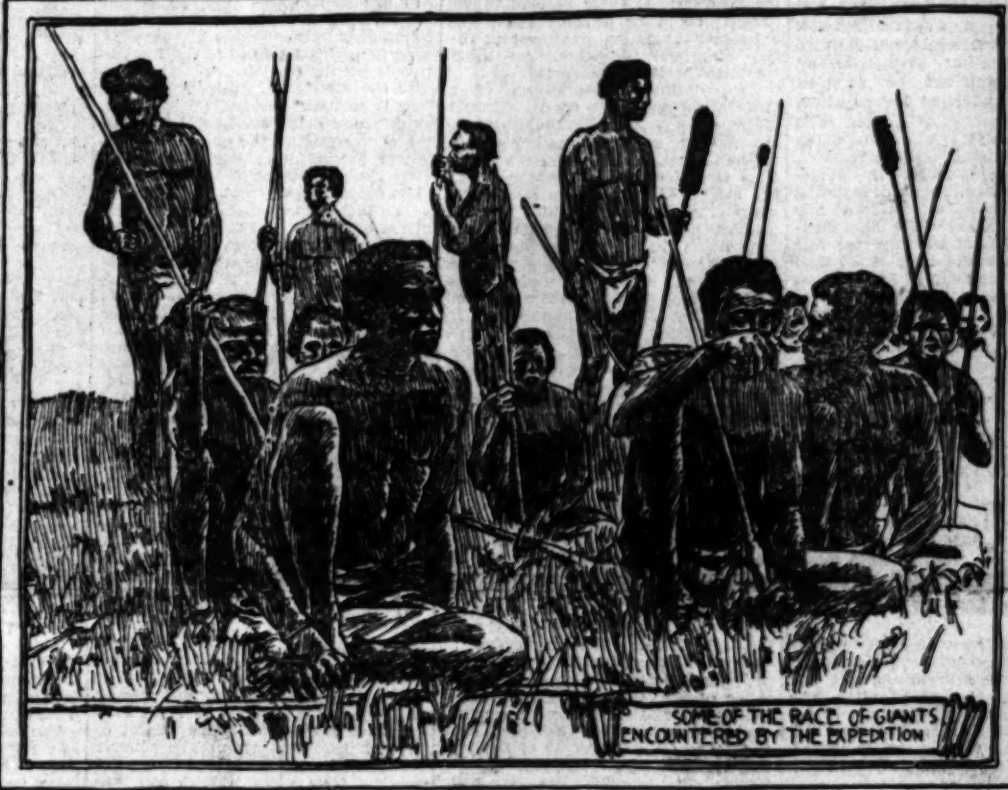
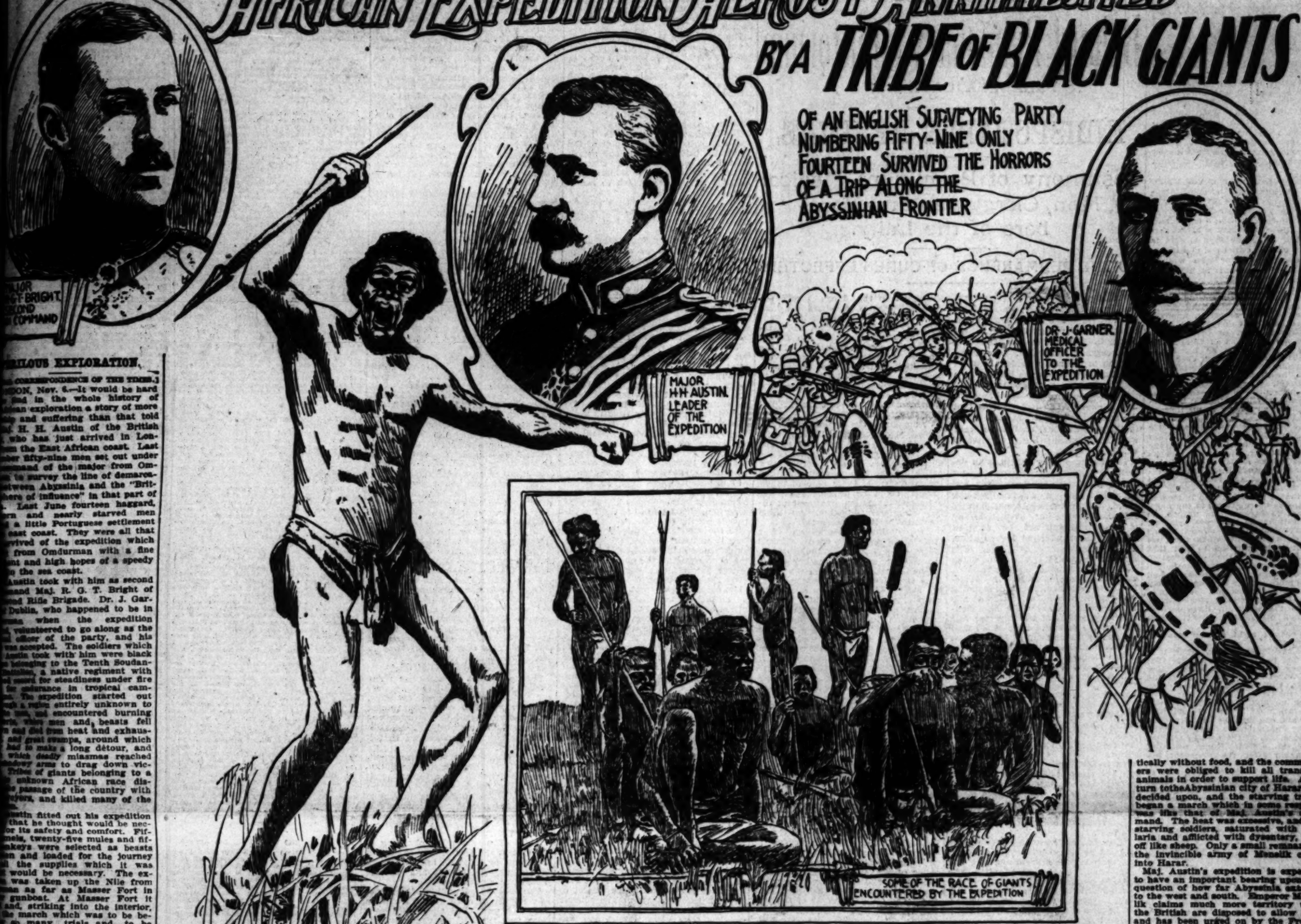
15c Matting at 11c.

A splendidly good Chinese matting imported expressly for the seven Hale stores. Comes in durable, strong quality, in neat patterns.



# AFRICAN EXPEDITION ALMOST ANNIHILATED BY A TRIBE OF BLACK GIANTS

OF AN ENGLISH SURVEYING PARTY  
NUMBERING FIFTY-NINE ONLY  
FOURTEEN SURVIVED THE HORRORS  
OF A TRIP ALONG THE  
ABYSSINIAN FRONTIER



## HAZARDOUS EXPLORATION.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES, LONDON, Nov. 6.—It would be hard to find in the whole history of exploration a story of more danger and suffering than that told of H. H. Austin of the British army, who has just arrived in London from the East African coast. Last year fifty-nine men set out under command of the major from Omdurman to survey the line of demarcation between Abyssinia and the "British sphere of influence" in that part of Africa. Last June fourteen haggard, worn and nearly starved men returned to the British settlement on the East coast. They were all that survived of the expedition which had set out from Omdurman with a fine outfit and high hopes of a speedy return to the sea coast.

Austin took with him as second in command Maj. R. G. T. Bright of the Royal Rifle Brigade. Dr. J. Garner, who happened to be in London when the expedition was organized, volunteered to go along as the official observer of the party, and his services were accepted. The soldiers which Austin took with him were black men belonging to the Tenth Soudanese, a native regiment with a reputation for steadiness under fire and endurance in tropical climates. The expedition started out with a small entirely unknown to the men, and encountered burning fevers, and men and beasts fell in and out of heat and exhaustion. The route was a long detour, and the men were forced to drag down the sides of mountains, and through a series of unknown African race districts, and the country with its rivers, and killed many of the natives.

Austin fitted out his expedition that he thought would be a safe and comfortable. Fifty-nine men, twenty-five mules and pack animals were selected as best men and loaded for the journey. The supplies which it was thought would be necessary were taken up the Nile from Khartoum as far as Massara Port in the Sudan. At Massara Port it was struck into the interior, the march which was to be so many trials and to be so much suffering and

day they were more and more enfeebled by their deprivations and hardships. Nearly six months had passed since the party under Maj. Austin had set out from Omdurman. All that long time the major and his men had been literally in the wilderness. Disease and hardships were beginning to make havoc in the ranks of the expedition, and then in May they finally came in sight of the features of Lake Rudolf nearly every one of them was in a state of almost helpless prostration. The pack animals had all been slaughtered for food, and it seemed as if starvation would be the portion of those who had not already succumbed to the hardships of the journey. For ten weeks before Lake Rudolf was reached the only food which the members of the expedition had was that which came from the slaughter of their pack animals.

On the borders of the lake a halt of some days was made; for, anxious as the leader of the expedition was to press on to the coast, his men were in such a condition that for them to march further without an interval of rest was impossible. Maj. Austin himself was seriously ill with gastritis. It seemed as if all the hard luck which could happen to the party had happened, but it had not.

The second night they were encamped on the shores of the lake and a band of naked giants. These giants belong to the Turkanna race, and are almost unknown to white men. In their first onslaught upon the camp they killed three of the Soudanese troops. The black giants were driven off with considerable loss to themselves, but next night they made a more determined attack, which was repulsed with difficulty. The Soudanese soldiers behaved with the utmost gallantry, in spite of their weak physical condition, and even made a counter attack upon the enemy. But the number of giants kept increasing and their repeated attacks became more and more determined. They generally attacked at night, and their immense forms suddenly would be seen looming through the gloom by the tired sentries, while a shower of spears and arrows would sweep over the sleeping camp.

Maj. Austin determined to make a break for the seacoast, as to stay where there was an active campaign going on not far away from their route in which the British and the Abyssinians were fighting side by side. Almost at the same time that Maj. Austin arrived in London Maj. Hanbury Tracy and Capt. Cobbold came back from Abyssinia, where they had been with the Anglo-Abyssinian expedition against the Mad Mullah. The army with which these two officers had been serving consisted when it set out of 15,000 men, the flower of Menelik's army. The Mullah's force was driven in the direction of the British force, and the giants who so harassed Maj. Austin's command may have been some stragglers from the defeated army of the Mullahs. When, after several severe defeats, the Mullah had escaped into the Midjerta country, the army found itself practically without food, and the commanders were obliged to kill all transport animals in order to support life. A return to the Abyssinian city of Harar was decided upon, and the starving troops began a march which in some respects was the death of Maj. Austin's command. The heat was excessive, and the starving soldiers, saturated with malaria and afflicted with dysentery, died off like sheep. Only a small remnant of the invincible army of Menelik came into Harar.

Maj. Austin's expedition is expected to have an important bearing upon the question of how far Abyssinia extends to the west and south. Emperor Menelik claims much more territory than the British are disposed to allow him, and has been urged on by the French to push his claims as far as possible. The expedition of Maj. Austin, however, in spite of the disasters which overtook it, has nearly overwhelmed it, made scientific observations of the country through which it passed, and when the major's full report is made out, there will be enough data upon which to base a final agreement between Menelik and the British government. Lake Rudolf, upon whose banks Maj. Austin and his men rested for a time, and where they were attacked by the black and naked giants, is of especial interest to Americans, from the fact that the second white man to see it was Dr. Smith of Philadelphia, who penetrated to its waters some years ago, with a large expedition. The doctor found the country through which he traveled well populated, but the natives were not friendly, as a rule, and he had to be constantly on his guard. He was not allowed to proceed until a passport had been sent him by Menelik. Menelik's power in the region of the lake now, however, seems not to be as great as it was, on account of the uprising of the Mad Mullah, who has drawn after him a large following.

A boycott had been enough at any time, but a boycott in an African jungle is especially so. After getting through the Roma country a large desert was encountered, barren and arid. For a whole month water was almost an unknown quantity. Even the Soudanese troops, accustomed as they are to the country and to undergoing its many hardships and privations, began to falter and fall upon the plain, where the troglodyte took the life out of the men and their leaders. The Englishmen tried their best to keep up the spirits of the men, but the Soudanese became ill and listless. The transport animals were still held by the major, though for days at a time there was no water for them and they could just stagger along across the arid waste.

It finally became a matter of life and death for both men and beasts that water should be reached. So Maj. Austin shaped his course for the little river Sachi, to the westward of the Omo River. As the pack animals fell down and died upon the weary way they were carried up and eaten, their blood serving as a substitute for water, to a certain extent, for the thirst-

maddened men. The river for which Maj. Austin was heading across the desert is a small stream which flows from Somaliland. When the men of the expedition finally saw shining in the distance the waters of the river, which was to them a veritable river of life, they were in a pitiable condition. Their parched throats could scarcely make the sounds which they intended for cheers at the sight of the blessed water, and men and beast rushed for the stream to throw themselves into it and take long and deep draughts.

As the banks of the river were approached Maj. Austin found a relic of a former expedition which had come to grief in that region. It was a silk handkerchief which had belonged to the Italian explorer Bottego, who some years ago was murdered by nearly all his men near the place where Maj. Austin picked up the memento. From the Sachi River the expedition started out across country for Lake Rudolf, which lies in that part of Somaliland that is claimed by both Emperor Menelik and the British. The members of the surveying party had been for some time on half rations, and every

with the approximate population of each, and the approximate strength of the political parties in each, as shown by the returns of the last national election. In a large city you should continue your study in this direction until you are familiar with the location, general appearance of the map, and population of each county in the State, and the salient landmarks of the ward in which you live and until you have a general knowledge of each and every city.

If living in the country, you should, in addition to learning your town, township, voting precinct, or district thoroughly, make yourself familiar with the geography of your county. In all this work you should draw maps for yourself, correct them from time to time, and note every new feature that comes under your observation. Having gained a fair knowledge of the geography of your county, you should extend your study until you are familiar with the location, general appearance of the map, and population of each county in the State, and the salient landmarks of the ward in which you live and until you have a general knowledge of each and every city.

Now this information will prove almost a necessity in the further work before the student, and not only for his own use, but to enable him to answer questions readily which will be asked him in his succeeding work. [Copyright, 1901, Lewis D. Sampson.]

**THANKSGIVING GOLFERS**  
Try a Kous High Ball.

## PRACTICAL POLITICS.

BY W. E. H. RICHARDS.  
Contributed to THE TIMES.  
THE CIVIL GOVERNMENT.  
The study of civil government is carried on through means of many text-books, but in the book stores, but in the hands of the people, the study of the practical workings of the laws, every primary election, and every caucus or convention of every party, and should watch carefully how they are carried on. If you get an opportunity to serve as an officer of election, do so. The experience will be valuable to you.

**ELECTION LAWS.**  
The study of the election laws is the next thing to be taken up. These laws are usually issued in pamphlet form, and may be obtained from the county officer having supervision of the elections. The same officer will furnish information that will make clear any points left dark by the books. And the chairman or other member of your local committee will always furnish you information as to the practical workings of the laws.

You should attend every local election, every primary election, and every caucus or convention of every party, and should watch carefully how they are carried on. If you get an opportunity to serve as an officer of election, do so. The experience will be valuable to you.

**POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY.**  
You may have studied geography very thoroughly at school and much of what you have learned there will prove useful to you, but you will find much more to learn before you have acquired the information you require in political matters.

You should procure a good map of your city, if you live in one, or if there is a city in your county. You should also procure a map of your county and one of your State. If you can find city and county maps showing the civil divisions, each county contains the best, and maps of the State showing the legislative, Congressional and judicial districts or counties will make your work somewhat easier. If not you can mark off the divisions with a pen on ordinary maps, which will serve your purpose.

Where the records of these appointments are not printed in book form they may be found in the records of the city, county and State officers. They may also be found in any good political almanac provided it be printed in your State.

You should fix the political geography of your locality firmly in your mind. First, take your voting district or precinct, whether in the city or county. Fix its boundaries firmly in your mind and walk or ride over it until you are thoroughly familiar with its streets and roads, as the case may be. You should draw a map of it on a convenient piece of paper, noting thereon all objects that attract your attention, such as public buildings, churches, schoolhouses, large factories, etc. If in the country, of course every village, ship, village, or city in your county

should also be noted. Every street, al-



enact wholesome legislation  
in the place of the  
and oppressive law  
cost of the State.  
California, fill our cou




*What Must Be Done in Order to Obtain It—Unity of Purpose and Action Needed.*

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Address Dr. Ray & Co., 336 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass. Free medical advice given. Write





**Six Silver Plated Knives 69c.**  
Sterling silver plated table knives; a standard grade that sell regularly at \$1.50 per set. Special Monday and Tuesday, per set of six, 69c.

**Seven Piece China Sets 69c.**  
Decorated china salad or cranberry sets, seven pieces; sell regularly at \$1.50. Special Monday and Tuesday, per set, 69c.

# The Broadway Department Store

**GILT EDGE SHOE POLISH 12 1-2c.**  
One of the best known polishes on the market; sold by nearly all dealers at 25c. On sale Monday and Tuesday in our shoe dept.

**CANDIES FOR THANKSGIVING.**  
Broken Taffy Lumps, per lb. 10c.  
Fancy Ribbon, mixed, per lb. 10c.  
Jelly Beans and Plain Candies, per lb. 10c.  
Nut Taffies and Chocolate Creams, per lb. 10c.  
Original Gum Drops and Peppermints, per lb. 10c.  
Mint Chocolate and Sugar-coated Peppermints, per lb. 10c.  
Imported Oriental Fruit Paste, per lb. 10c.  
Fancy Brownie Mixed Candies, per lb. 10c.  
Adam's Popcorn Chewing Gum, per lb. 10c.  
All Candies fresh every day from the factory.

## Thanksgiving Specials.

Sumptuous offerings of seasonable goods from every department. Goods that are particularly adapted to your Thanksgiving needs. Not an item mentioned but will interest every prudent, thrifty buyer within the reach of this paper. Every price quoted a mighty and convincing argument. Whether your purses be scanty or well-filled the Broadway holds out inducements that cannot be equaled by any establishment in this great southwest. Read on, and on.

**Standard Grade Gingham 3 1/2c.**  
40 pieces of good grade gingham; in checks, stripes and plaids; splendid assortment of colors; all sizes; sell regularly at 5c. On sale Monday and Tuesday, in limited quantities, at per yard, 3 1/2c.

**75c Bleached Table Damask 55c.**

A splendid grade of pure linen table damask, extra heavy weight; in particularly attractive patterns, full 58 inches wide. Splendid value at 75c. Special Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 55c.

**40c Table Damask 27 1/2c.**  
Full 58 inches wide, handsome floral patterns, a good strong table linen that sell regularly at 40c. Special Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 27 1/2c.

**500 Yards Double Faced Linings at 11c.**  
Fancy double faced velvet linings, full 58 inches wide, good color and grades that sell regularly at 12c. Special Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 11c.

**100 Yards Silk Moreen at 57c.**  
Handsome silk moreen for petticoats and linings, splendid variety of colors, well worth 75c. Special Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 57c.

**Japanese Tea Sets 69c.**  
Handsome tea sets of Japanese ware, consisting of teapot, cream pitcher, sugar bowl, and two cups and saucers to match. On sale Monday and Tuesday, only, per set, 69c.

**32 Inch Fancy Percales 5 1/2c.**  
A small lot of good grade fancy percales, full 32 inches wide, stripes and figures. Only 80 pieces in the lot, splendid value at 9c. Special Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 5 1/2c.

**20c Leghorn Zephyrs 14c.**

Handsome new colorings, full 38 in. wide, fine quality in neat stripes. Regular 90c value. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 14c.

**White India Linon 7c.**

28 pieces, white India Linon, 38 in. wide, splendid grade for children's wear—would be cheap at 10c. On sale Monday and Tuesday, per yard, 7c.

**Jewelry**

**Specials.**

Money saving chances on all grades of jewelry.

**Jewelry Specials**

Men's and boys' nickel case stem wind watches, excellent movements, guaranteed to keep good time for one year; manufacturer's price \$1.25. Broadway special, each, 50c.

Ladies' rings, three-stone opal gold filled rings; diamond set in the lot; regular \$1.50 value. Broadway special, each, 1.00.

Ladies' and misses' cluster and hoop rings, gold filled, set with turquoise, garnets, amethysts and rubies; really a \$1.50 value. Broadway special, each, 1.00.

Ladies' and misses' gold filled rings, plain or ornate, all sizes, gold value at \$1. Broadway special, each, 50c.

Ladies' and misses' solid gold chased band set in jewelry stores at \$2.50. Broadway special, each, 1.69.

Children's rings, solid gold, plain or chased bands, sizes up to 10 years. Worth \$1. Broadway special, each, 69c.

Misses' sterling silver friendship rings with heart incisions; regular \$1.00. Broadway special, each, 25c.

Ladies' and misses' solid gold bracelets, guaranteed not to tarnish. Worth \$1. Broadway special, each, 69c.

**December Patterns.**

Standard patterns for December are now on sale; they show many new ideas for winter costumes, also for raglans and outer garments. These patterns are reliable and accurate—have been approved.

**Dec. Designer 10c.**

**Trinket Boxes 25c.**

Satin lined, hand painted, celluloid tops, all colors; handsome for holiday gifts.

**Handkerchief Boxes 20c.**

Handkerchief and glove boxes to match, very pretty designs, all colors, each 20c or set of two, 39c.

**Child's Work Box 35c.**

Good size, well made, pretty for a Christmas gift.

**Collar and Cuff Box 39c.**

Combination collar and cuff box; full size, strong, neat design, large variety of styles.

**Manicure Set 49c.**

Contains five articles, good strong box, well lined, good steel instruments, would be cheap at 75c. Broadway special, 49c.

**Smoker's Set 49c.**

Pipe and cigar holder, neat fancy box.

**Boys' Overcoats \$1.90**

A line of boys' overcoats and overalls that have sold regularly at \$2.50 and \$3.00. Some of the overcoats have capes. A complete range of sizes. On sale Monday only, each, \$1.90.

**The material is a fine wool elidown;**

a large variety of handsome patterns; some plain, others trimmed with stitched bands of silk or satin; a complete range of sizes. These are sample garments, made by a noted manufacturer, and represent good values up to \$10.00. Here's a splendid opportunity to make a huge saving on a Christmas gift. Your choice, each, \$5.00.

**Boys' \$3.00 Suits \$2.00.**

Three-piece vest suits for boys from 3 to 15 years of age; double breasted two-piece suits in ages 8 to 15. Good, strong materials, neat patterns of desirable colorings, well lined and substantially made. Stylish appearing suits that sell regularly up to \$3.00; Broadway special, Monday and Tuesday, per suit, \$2.00.

**Boys' 75c Underwear, 48c**

Close woven cotton with all-wool seams inside, ages 8 to 15 years, shirts to match, well finished and comfortable. A regular 75c garment. Broadway special, per garment, 48c.

**Boys' 75c Waists, 45c**

Boys' white laundered waists, good quality material, pleated front, to be worn with suspenders. Sizes for boys from 8 to 14 years. Well worth 75c. Broadway special, each, 45c.

**Bath Robes \$5.00.**

The material is a fine wool elidown;

a large variety of handsome patterns; some plain, others trimmed with stitched bands of silk or satin; a complete range of sizes. These are sample garments, made by a noted manufacturer, and represent good values up to \$10.00. Here's a splendid opportunity to make a huge saving on a Christmas gift. Your choice, each, \$5.00.

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**100 Piece Dinner Set \$7.98**

Handsomely decorated semi-porcelain, three different patterns to choose from. Dishes to be set at \$1.00. Thanksgiving special, per set, \$7.98.

**Crystal Bowls 14c.**

Handsome crystal glass bowls, 4-inch diam., sell regularly for 25c. Special Monday and Tuesday, each, 14c.

**1-inch glass mugs, to match crystal bowls, Special Monday and Tuesday, each, 3c.**

**Women's Union Suits 48c.**

Flannel lined, Oneita style, high neck, long sleeves, silk tape neck; all sizes. Really a 75c value. Broadway special, per suit, 48c.

**Women's Flannel Gowns 49c.**

Outing flannel nightgowns, good length and width, made with French seams, all sizes; good assortment of colors, worth 75c. Broadway special, each, 49c.

**Women's Flannel Gowns, plain colors, trimmed with hemstitching around neck and sleeves, good quality materials, all sizes; worth \$1.50. Broadway special, each, \$1.19.**

**Women's heavy weight Flannellette Nightgowns, extra wide cut, trimmed around neck and sleeves with embroidery, all sizes, worth \$2.00. Broadway special, each, \$1.49.**

**Women's Union Suits, wool mixed, white or gray, Oneita style, silk taped neck, finely finished; worth \$1.98. Broadway special, per suit, \$1.35.**

**Flannel Skirts \$1.15**

Women's skirts made of good grade flannel, trimmed with lace and insertion, extra wide, yoke band; Broadway special, \$1.15.

**Flannel Skirts \$1.25**

Women's short skirts of outing flannel, extra fine quality, made with umbrella ruffle. Trimmed with lace, insertion and lace on bottom; good value at \$1.50. Broadway special, \$1.25.

**Flannel Skirts \$1.98**

Women's white flannellette gowns, trimmed with all-over lace in neck and sleeves, full length and width; all sizes; good value at \$2; Broadway special, \$1.98.

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**Cottage Dinner Set for six persons \$5.98**

Three pieces, good English semi-porcelain, handsomely decorated in blue, complete for six persons. Cheap at \$8.00. Thanksgiving special, per set, \$5.98.

**Set Tumblers 29c.**

This blown glass table set, set of six, three tumblers, choose from. Special Monday and Tuesday, per set, 29c.

**13c Candy or Nut Trays 8c.**

Handsome glass candy or nut trays, 13c. Special Monday and Tuesday, each, 8c.

**Women's Union Suits 48c.**

Flannel lined, Oneita style, high neck, long sleeves, silk tape neck;



WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

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PAGES.

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The Sultan of Turkey's constant nightmare.



## OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

## SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

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ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
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## AMERICA THE SCHOOLMASTER OF THE NATIONS.

ONE of the great needs of this and of every nation is the need of men, men who have the courage of their convictions, who dare to face the wrong with the mighty engine of the right, and to wipe out, through united individual effort, the evils which exist in community.

Our public schools have a great work to do in this direction, for there, no less than in the home, should the young mind be impressed with the priceless value of American manhood, a manhood that cannot be corrupted by bribes, that will not sell itself for power, but that takes, not only in relation to its own individual interests, but in all its relation to the affairs of national life, Duty for its watchword, and the highest good of the race for its controlling motive.

There never was a time like the present in the history of the American nation, never a time when the demand for noble, conscientious manhood was so great as it is today. The eyes of the whole wide world are fixed upon us, watching our policy, seeking to discover what it shall be in relation to those who have become our wards, and to determine if we are indeed governed by those principles which we profess, which recognize every man's right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We stand today upon an eminence from which we are visible to the entire world. The dead levels of the old past are behind us, and individualism is recognized as a responsible force when it embodies the sovereign citizen. As we have heretofore asserted, this doctrine of individualism, born of republican liberty, has been the great molding factor of modern life. It has confronted us with the value of the man, and the responsibility and the rights of the individual in civil affairs; and the transformation of modern life, so different in its civil polity from that of the ancients, may be directly traced to this irresistible spirit of individualism which has been so largely accepted by us.

America, as the most powerful republic in the world, and as one of the great leading powers of civilization, may well become the schoolmaster of the nations. Our government has passed beyond the period of mere experiment, and we are today the freest, the most powerful, and the most contented people on the face of the globe, without class distinctions, and with the door to political preferment open to every self-respecting man who honestly makes the most of his golden opportunities. The life begun in the lowly log cabin may close at the White House; the humble tanner may become the honored leader of mighty armies; the patient rail-splitter the glorious emancipator of a race, and the unpretending, conscientious lawyer the well-beloved President of 70,000,000 of freemen.

America is illustrating in this way the grandeur of unfettered manhood. She is opening the golden doors of opportunity to each sovereign citizen and is virtually proclaiming to the world that there is no place too high, no place too honored for the humblest citizen to aspire to if he but possess the necessary requisite of true manhood. We are teaching the world that the royalty of humanity is not found alone upon thrones, but in every path of life where walks the freeman, inspired by a noble manhood.

The world sees that in free America there are no barriers to such a man's advancement, and that he is the carver of his own destiny, and that he may shape it as he will.

But it is true that the individual, no less than the state, must recognize the laws that govern him, or he will make a travesty of human freedom. It has been truly said that "the free state, the free church, the free school are the triple armor of American nationality—of American security—" and having this strong armor, we need not fear the destruction of our free government, even in the face of the occasional disturbances that assail us. A supreme measure of wisdom must control the direction of civil affairs, and enlightened statesmanship must be at the helm. Through these the troublesome elements in civil life will gradually be eliminated or con-

trolled and we shall keep onward in the path of progress. Providence has yet more and grander work for the American people to accomplish for freedom and the race. America, true to the high ideals of republican liberty and the highest type of manhood that it has and may continue to produce, may teach all nations the grandeur of sovereign citizenship and the possibilities which lie within it for the production of the best and noblest type of genuine manhood, and Christian America may yet become, in the largest sense, the schoolmaster of the nations.

## OUR THANKSGIVING FESTIVAL.

THE student of our national social life and customs has a significant study in the traditions of Thanksgiving, as unfolded under the American flag. The vista includes many climes and races. In New England, where the observance of Thanksgiving was first instituted, the motive was the reverent expression of gratitude for the gifts of the harvest, the sanctities of home life and the liberty to worship God. In fancy one sees the assembling of households. The guests were transported in snow sledges over dreary expanses of wintry wastes. There were wind-swept hills to cross. There were snow-filled gullies and frozen streams, hushed and buried in winter gloom. But the glowing fires that were lighted still shine in many paths of Christendom. In a dim way it was felt that the primal molecule uniting the personal atoms of a great nation was the home.

The vast republic today is indebted to those New England hearthfires. The ethereal essence is exhaled on the altars of loyalty and religion, like the God-filled breath from the burning bush. That ancestral radiance held beautiful living agents which sent out warmth and vital force to the world. The young scions of the nation were nurtured by fires of oak and pine, and the strength of the monarchs of the wilderness. The transformed life of the forest gave heroic vigor and balsamic breath to physical power in ways impossible to gauge in the estimates of balance between the vegetable and human life. But greater still were the spiritual forces of the family hearth. They were the very fires of the soul which lead men to do and dare and strive for righteousness, and made the home the substance of the shadow of the law, and a sovereign power of permanent and Edenic sway in the federated nation.

If one looks where the flag waves on Thanksgiving Day the thought is an inspiring one that, from these primitive beginnings, the national day has grown to so vast an observance. From the pine lands of the Arctic to the palm lands of the summer zones, from Maine to the islands of the Pacific, and in many a mission of foreign lands, the day has a noble spiritual significance.

In the Southern States of our Union, the fruits and flowers placed on the altars of the churches are afterward distributed to the needy. On that day the widow and the orphan, the sick and suffering, the aged and helpless in hospitals and prisons, are remembered. This is true of many other States. When the presence of the donor is added, with words of hope and cheer, the meaning of the "cup of water in His Name" is understood, and the lesson of the gospel of a Master who was "no respecter of persons."

In the far North childhood is being taught compassion and finding a beautiful exercise for its best ingenuity and capacity by placing food for the harmless creatures of the animal creation in their familiar haunts. Bird and beast are seen to have their right in the festival. However limited may be the power to humanize animal nature, the simple act may help to spiritualize human nature.

Who can forget Jack Tar's Thanksgiving song, which may have been sung a hundred years by the homesick mariner:

"On salt beef and biscuit  
My hunger I stay,  
For I'm on the wide ocean  
On Thanksgiving day!"

There is another stanza in which he tells of keeping his mother's Bible and his faith in One who stilled the waves. With the tall stars for his candles, and the voice of the tides for his Thanksgiving anthem, the sailor dreams of home. The strength of the love which holds him to duty and keeps him from temptation is part of the Thanksgiving light which shines for him in the home ashore.

Away in the camps of the boys in blue, wide is the network of sympathies which are the processes of grace in the human heart. The brave men of the Philippines are striving in peril and devotion to uphold the honor of the flag. They are not forgotten in many loyal homes on the festival days which open to bygone of unbroken numbers.

It is a time when the meaning of hospitality has its finest flavor. The very name of the Kingdom of Heaven has been likened to "the leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened."

This is enough to show the power of woman's presence, and that the homeliest things of the world may symbolize the divine. God gives not only the spiritual manna which descends from sources above the earthly, but the coin of material growth for which he must labor, willing to be a co-worker with Providence.

Many are debarred from the pleasure of feast-giving. But there are none so poor but that they may extend the leaven and manna which lie in the hand-grasp, the gracious word, or the breath of encouragement, and so extend the hospitality of the spirit, for it is written that "man does not live by bread alone."

California from her mountain altars looks on symbols

of permanence beyond the comprehension of human existence. The Sequoia alone, which calls "the greatest of living things," was in its youth long before the days of the Puritans, before the star stood over the cradle of Bethlehem, beautiful gifts which have been prepared for our generation by the hand of the Creator should be most devout sense of obligation.

Undreamed-of forces are parts of the future development of this State. The advance may be as rapid as that of the progress of science and the art of transportation, communication and discovery since the days of the Puritan forefathers. To each life of the State has been confided some gift which is part of its individuality to help in the good of the world. Stand ye here idle," was asked in the words of scripture. Every earnest soul should thank God for his gift. Only eternity can tell its measure, and great are seen in their true light.

At the Thanksgiving table of every loyal State there will be felt the vacant chair, for the late martyred Chief Executive. In a beautiful and noble sense he will be a guest of every home of this State, the presence will be an influence for religion and truth.

Other shadows of bereavement have entered the life of the nation. Some of the noblest of her sons for the flag. Broken households linger in memory, other festivals when other voices joined in the song of Thanksgiving.

Deeper than the gratitude for the fruits of the harvest and the abundance of the harvest should be the remembrance of "all Thy servants departed in Thy faith and fear."

## NOVEMBER DAYS.

The golden air is with bright sunshine  
And countless flowers have richest fragrance  
Wherever the soft-footed breezes creep;  
All angry winds are hushed and lie asleep.  
Within the cradle of our tropic calm,  
Birds build their nests with never fear of harm.  
From tempest's wrath; the palm tree drops its  
The pepper tree a canopy hath made  
Of emerald boughs, with clusters thickly set  
Of rich red berries, like an amulet;  
The lily lifts its white and timid face,  
And countless roses bloom, while a place  
Is found for every flower that summer burns.  
No chilling winds around them ever burn.  
No dream of winter ever frets the home.  
Jeweled with light and with November dew,  
The mossy blades are pushing through the  
And to the passing breezes gaily nod,  
While the tall trees with leaf-clad branches  
Beckoning the birds whose songs fill all the  
The bees' hum, like an undertone of song,  
Sweeps gaily round us, and flies buzz along.  
On rainbow wings, and deep the cloudless  
As if they held time's vast infinitude.  
O grand the mounts that lift their sun  
Above the beauty of the valley's breast.  
They catch the glory of the sunset's glow  
And sometimes wrap themselves in robes of  
But Summer ever sitteth at their feet,  
Forever gives to them her incense sweet,  
And here November smiles in robes of green,  
And woe sweet Summer for his gracious  
And treads her flower-paved ways with  
And unto hers his scepter giveth place,  
And so our year is one long summer time,  
Nor groweth old; 'tis June in its fair prime.

## CURRENT EDITORIAL COMMENT.

The recent London fog was no joke—every bred Britisher could see it.—(Omaha Bee.)

The United States now has a shell that will ship armor afloat and then make the inside of the shell look like a junk heap. Strange as it may seem, the shell is likely to prove a powerful argument for national peace.—(Chicago Post.)

A man summoned as a juror in St. Louis, Mo., who a negro woman was complainant, said: "I do not believe a negro is a human being, believe he has the same rights as a white man." This the feeling that prompted the "Booker Washington incident?"—(Buffalo Post.)

The industrial commission has been trying to find out what is the matter with eastern farmers. The principal trouble with them seems to be that they are out-of-date. The West has outgrown the old body is good enough to be a farmer and a politician is good enough to run a farm.—(Minneapolis Tribune.)

The President's expressed preference for tall men in horses will probably give a setback to the barbarous practice of docking. Both a sense of the principle of humanity have united in their prejudice against the senseless mutilation of the animal, and the approval of this sentiment in high places hasten a much-needed reform in the treatment of the devoted friend.—(Baltimore American.)

Columbia University now has more than 100 students; in fact, more than forty-four hundred prospects that a total exceeding five thousand will be reached in a few years at most are highly probable. The expansion which this magnificent institution of learning and the humanities has attained at Low became its president affords a happy augury for progress which this city is likely to make in the future as Mayor.—(New York Tribune.)

## VERY COOL HEADED.

Left Half-Back: That man Punter, he never lost his head in a game of football yet.  
Right Half-Back (a joker): No. I think he lost an ear, part of his nose, five teeth, but I never member ever hearing of him losing his head.

November 24, 1901.]



## The World

CRATER AND MIGHTY S  
JAVA HAS TWENTY-FIVE MOUN  
WAYS VOMITING STEAM, MUD

From Our Own Corre

IN THE heart of the Tenggur Mo a mile above the level of the sea, rounded by some of the mightiest earth. I write these notes for my Am in the town of Tosari, in the wild Java. I can hear the rumbling and mighty volcano of Smoro, and by see it sending vast volumes of steam just returned from a visit of exploration volcano of Bromo, which has sprung crater of the Tenggur, the greatest earth.

## In the Land of Fire.

This island has been called the most more volcanoes in proportion to its part of the globe, and almost every great archipelago from the Philippines its mountains which spout forth steam mud. In crossing Java I was in eight the way. The island, as I have said, New York State, but it has more peaks which end in craters, some slo and some still breathing forth volume steam. It has ten volcanoes each of clouds at over 12,000 feet. There are canoes which are more than 3000 feet each of which is 700 feet and upward. I could see the volcanoes of Salak, Batavia, and in coming eastward I investigate the great tea and coffee plant slopes. Gedeh is twice as high as Salak and Salak kisses the clouds at a mile, the sea. A little farther on I came

## The Battak Volcano—

## Bromo for the Day



# The World's Greatest Volcano. By F. G. Carpenter.

## CRATER AND MIGHTY SEA OF SAND JAVA HAS TWENTY-FIVE MOUNTAIN PEAKS ALWAYS VOMITING STEAM, MUD AND FLAMES.

From Our Own Correspondent.

IN THE heart of the Tengger Mountains, more than a mile above the level of the Indian Ocean, surrounded by some of the mightiest volcanoes upon earth, I write these notes for my American readers. I am in the town of Tosari, in the wildest section of East Java. I can hear the rumbling and grumbling of the mighty volcano of Smeroe, and by going outside can see it sending vast volumes of steam into the air. I have just returned from a visit of exploration to the active volcano of Bromo, which has sprung up in the mighty crater of the Tengger, the greatest volcanic crater on earth.

### In the Land of Fire.

This island has been called the land of fire. It has more volcanoes in proportion to its area than any other part of the globe, and almost every other island of this great archipelago from the Philippines to Australia has its mountains which spout forth steam, fire and volcanic mud. In crossing Java I was in sight of volcanoes all the way. The island, as I have said, is about as big as New York State, but it has more than fifty mountain peaks which end in craters, some sleeping, some dead, and some still breathing forth volumes of sulphur and steam. It has ten volcanoes each of which pierces the clouds at over 12,000 feet. There are five other volcanoes which are more than 9000 feet high, and ten, each of which is 7000 feet and upward.

I could see the volcanoes of Salak and Gedeh at Batavia, and in coming eastward I stopped off to investigate the great tea and coffee plantations upon their slopes. Gedeh is twice as high as Mount Washington, and Salak kisses the clouds at a mile and a half above the sea. A little farther on I came to an enormous

mountain which the natives call The Forge. The Javanese name is Papandayang. It is an active volcano which is always grumbling, a mighty anvil upon which Vulcan is always striking his hammer. There is a health resort near it, and you can drive almost to the crater in a carriage, and by a short walk look down into the pools of mud and sulphur which boil and spit.

Further still is Mount Galunggung, which has had some terrible eruptions in the present century. About the time that Monroe was President it vomited a deluge of hot water and mud, sweeping away trees, houses, beasts and human beings. It sent up so many stones that they fell like rain and within three hours the rivers of boiling mud which came forth destroyed everything within a radius of twenty miles. Then there was a rest of four days. At the close of that time an earthquake came and the whole top of the mountain shot into the air. The mud flowed for weeks, burying 114 villages, killing 4000 people, and covering the whole country about with a layer of greenish blue mud which in places was fifty feet deep.

These rivers of mud are a characteristic of the Java volcanoes. The whole island is covered with the spit thrown out by them. It comes forth boiling hot, but dries into a kind of ash and eventually forms the richest land upon earth. With the mud come stones and ashes and steam. Papandayang covered the earth about it for seven miles with five feet of mud in one of its eruptions and drowned 3000 people.

Near Bandung I saw the volcano of the upturned boat, a mountain whose top looks just like a boat turned upside down. You make your way to the volcano through quinine plantations, and in the peak find two craters, each about 600 feet deep, both seething and boiling and spitting out mud, steam and gas. In the sides of the craters are sulphuric crystals and flowers. Near Djokjakarta I saw the volcano of Merapi, down which the lava is still running, and further on saw a half dozen other great peaks each sending forth its column of steam.

### The Greatest Volcano of the World.

I have come here to describe the Tengger, and I send

you the notes as they were written right on the ground, part of them with a handkerchief over my mouth to keep out the fumes of the brimstone which were coming up from the hell pit below. The Tengger volcano is older than the records of history. Its crater is so large that other volcanoes have burst forth in it, and of these one, the Bromo, is still alive. The Tengger itself is covered with a sea of sand, and the Sand Sea, or, as the Dutch call it, Zand Zee, forming the bed of this mightiest crater, is one of the wonders of the world.

### Traveling Among the Clouds.

This town of Tosari is the starting point for the volcano. It is situated in the Tengger Mountains, higher above the sea than the top of Mount Washington, in a region covered with luxuriant vegetation. The town is one of thatched huts, with a Dutch sanitarium on the hill over it. The inhabitants are Javanese mountaineers, some of them nature worshipers, who live on the edge of the volcano and who sacrifice to it. It is at the sanitarium I am staying, and it was from here that I started yesterday morning with my guide for the Bromo. We had two ratty Javanese ponies and three mountain coolies to take care of the horses and carry the lunch.

We left Tosari in the ghastly light of the early morning, when the world below us was hidden in clouds. We seemed to be traveling over a sea of clouds and there were other clouds above us nestling here and there in the mountains. As the sun broke forth it painted these masses of vapor with different tints and shades of gold, and as it rose higher the mountains to the eastward leaned as it were against the walls of molten gold, the rich dark blue of their sides backed by this gorgeous yellow. A moment later a black sheet of clouds came right in the face of the sun, which shot its rays through a place in the center where the sheet was thinnest. In a few moments it bored a hole, as it were, through this sheet and made a funnel-like road of blue through the golden wall of the sky. It seemed a very road to heaven itself. Our ponies dragged us through clouds



The Ballak Volcano - The Smeroe in the distance

The Mountain Town of Tosari

Bromo from the Sand Sea

The lava flow from Bromo Volcano



like these, climbing up the steep hills. We wound this way and that, now crawling up steps of corduroy and now hanging over the edges of ravines down which we could look for a thousand feet into beds of snowy lavender clouds, while above us were the mountains piercing the blue.

#### Java's Mountain Farms.

The scenes of the earth were quite as wonderful as those of the heavens. Some of the cañons were a thousand feet deep and so steep that you would think the crops would fall out of the ground. Still these cañons were cultivated clear to the roadway and on high above it. The crops were Indian corn, cabbages and potatoes. The mountains are cut up with drains and the cabbage and potato patches are spaded and hoed. You could not possibly plow them without tying your horse to a tree to keep him from falling down the mountain. The cabbages and potatoes are carried down to the lowlands to market. The potatoes are delicious, as are also the cabbage, but the latter grow on trees, as it were. Each cabbage has a stem two, three or four feet long, and my guide told me that when you cut off the head from a stem another cabbage head will grow upon it. I don't think he lied.

The vegetation grew scantier as we climbed on up the mountains. At the start we rode a long distance through fern trees. The road itself is walled with ferns, and these and the orchids hanging in the trees made the country a garden more wonderful than the Hanging Gardens of Semiramis at Babylon.

#### A Look at the Smeroe.

About an hour before coming to the Sand Sea I got a fine view of the highest volcano of Java. This is the Smeroe, whose crater kisses the sky at two miles and a half above the level of the Indian Ocean. I saw the volcano on rounding a bend in the mountain path. It lay behind green hills, a great navy blue cone painted as it were upon the lighter wall of the clouds. There were other mountains at its feet also blue in the distance, and out of its top as I looked came a pillar of steam. This pillar came forth in thin wreaths. I stopped my pony and watched it. As I look it thickened and darkened, the volume increased and at last a great mass of smoke of black clouds shaped like two human heads back to back shot forth and rested against the blue—a two-headed Janus, a guardian of the gates of heaven born of Smeroe. As the smoke rose it grew thicker, until at last it formed a great cloud over the crater, rising high above it. In a few moments it separated from the mountain and Smeroe itself looked dead. It seemed to me a little eruption gotten up by the great volcano for my especial benefit and I thanked Vulcan for it. As I still looked, another cloud came out and took the form of Punch, a big-headed, fat-bellied man of the clouds rising into the heavens and there losing his shape.

Passing on, I had to descend about a half mile through fern forests loaded with orchids and then climb another mountain, going up, up, up until I pierced the very clouds. The country was wilder, the vegetation scantier and the earth was all rock and volcanic ash.

#### The Wonderful Sand Sea.

My pony slid backward as he climbed, but at last we came to a break in the top of the wall of the mountains, a little crack on what seemed to me to be the edge of the roof of the world. I rode my pony into the crack and looked down. Below me was the Sand Sea, one of the most wonderful formations nature has ever made. I was in the Moengai Pass, on the rim of the mighty crater of the Tengger. About me as far as eye could reach volcano piled itself upon volcano, and below me, surrounded by an almost circular wall of volcanoes, lay a vast expanse of dark brown sand as level as the floor you are sitting on as you read this letter. Yes, level, but only so where it was free from volcanoes, for out of the sand rose other volcanoes, volcanoes which have burst forth from age to age since the days of the far-gone-by, when this mighty fengger shot its deluge of fire and stone and steam and mud into the air, making the richest of the lowlands of Eastern Java.

Right in front of me in the center of the Sand Sea I could see the Batok. This is a symmetrical volcano or mighty cone of dark brown, which looks as though it had been plowed from peak to foot by the god of fire. Its sides are in perfect ridges, mighty gutters down which flowed the molten lava at the time of its eruption.

Beyond the Batok I could see a dense smoke rising out of the top of another mountain. That was the Bromo, which is still active and which I visited a little later on. At the right of this there was a third volcano, the Widodaren, and farther on the Girl. As I looked I saw two of the natives kneel down and pray to the mountains. They had made holes in the walls of the Moengai Pass in which I was standing and in them had placed their offerings of coffee and corn. They were on their knees praying and, with the convulsions of nature about them and the wonderful grandeur of all the surroundings, it did not seem strange.

#### In the Crater of the Tengger.

The way down to the Sand Sea was almost precipitous. It was, I judge, at least a thousand feet, and there was a winding path with railings here and there to the foot. This path is cut out of the side of the crater, and as I slipped and slid and crawled down, leading my pony, I could see the different layers of volcanic sand showing the several deposits. Some were as fine as the finest sea sand, some strata were of pebbles the size of a lima bean, and above all lay a mass of cold lava of a rich copper color. The pebbles were of ashy gray, dark brown and sulphur yellow.

I could not appreciate the size of the crater until I got to the bottom and began to cross the sea of sand, which is, perhaps, the greatest amphitheater on earth. The walls are precipitous. They are covered with vegetation, and they seemed to be roofed with the clouds. The men at the top of the path looked like pygmies when I was in the crater and as I rode on and on over the sand they grew smaller until they were almost lost to view.

I skirted the Batok volcano. There was this grass

upon its brown sides near the foot of the mountain and the sun shining upon this gave it a carpet of green velvet to a height of several hundred feet.

#### The Fiery Bromo.

Riding around Batok, a distance of several miles, I suddenly came in sight of the Bromo, which is still spitting forth fire and steam and volcanic stones. The mountain is of bare gray lava; its foot and sides corrugated with lava streams and the wrinkles of the neck filled with volcanic sand. The crater is like an irregular bowl and the whole looks like a mighty bowl as you stand at the foot and look at the volumes of vapor rising from it.

It was far too steep for my pony, so I left him with the guide and, staff in hand, I climbed my way over the lava up to a great ladder which was built from the peak of the crater hundreds of feet down the mountain to aid the climb of the Dutch Governor-General, who was recently here. I found my breath growing shorter and shorter as I made my way up the volcano. There were fumes of sulphur in the air and I coughed repeatedly.

Resting from time to time I at last reached the very edge of the crater, and stood there upon volcanic ash looking down into a mighty caldron, which bubbled and steamed and sent up geysers of steam and flame. All about and below me was the hardened lava once molten, but now black and rusty and cold. I walked carefully for a mile, perhaps, along the edge of the crater, trying to get to the windward of the sulphur fumes and looking down as I did so into the great brown funnel in which the steaming yellow sulphur was bubbling forth blue flames. I took a stone and rolled it down. I could see it jumping from level to level until at last it made a splash in the sea of sulphur at the bottom.

#### In the Ruins of the World.

I despair of giving an adequate conception of these mighty volcanic wonders. As I stood there on the edge of the Bromo crater I seemed to be among the ruins of the world. I had left my guide at the bottom of the mountain and I was all alone on this great volcano in the midst of the Sand Sea looking down upon the seething, boiling, flaming mass, which bubbled and hissed in that great funnel 1500 feet below me. The silence was death-like and I could almost feel the lakes of fire which were boiling beneath, and wondered if the day of total destruction might not be at hand.

I picked my way around the narrow rim of the crater, now through walls of lava ash, so precipitous that had I missed my footing I should have rolled down into that steaming pit beneath me. As I stood there the wind came up. It roared as it wound its way around the funnel of the crater and whirled itself about its sides. At the same time the steam increased. It burst forth in a roaring, hissing sound like the blowing off of a thousand engines at once. It soon filled the crater and burst forth in great volumes, enveloping the mountain top, including myself, and rolling on up into clouds.

A few moments later it had passed away and I could again see the vast crater filled with sand and the mighty volcanic wonders about me on every side. I could imagine the day when the vast amphitheater was one great mass of lava, when the air for miles above me was filled with fire, steam, stones and volcanic ash, when over those great walls were flowing perhaps the greatest rivers of lava and mud the world has ever known. I could see the great volcano of the Batok opposite me now dead, ridged with streams of flame, and the other volcanoes near-by spouting forth their terrible fires. As I thought thus I felt something upon my hand. I looked down—a bug as big as the head of a pin was crawling over it, and below I could see a white butterfly sitting upon a lump of sulphur on the very edge of the crater. The contrast was impressive. It was God's greatest and His smallest work side by side, and as I looked I reverently raised my hat.

Tosari, Java.

(Copyright, 1901, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

#### WORLD'S MISSING GOLD.

FIVE BILLION DOLLARS' WORTH SAID TO BE HIDDEN AWAY IN RUSSIA.

By a Special Contributor.

Whenever an attempt is made to foot up the known production of gold from what records are available, it is found that, after counting all coin and bullion and including estimates of gold used in various manufactures, and there is still missing some five billions of dollars worth of the yellow metal, an amount equal to the present world's supply of coin and bullion. Now it has been estimated that owing to the laws of different countries which put a tax on the product of gold mining and the consequent failure of mine owners to report their full product together with other causes, fully as much more gold is in the world as that missing from the reports of gold production. The first five billions mentioned is generally charged up to loss by accident or abrasion, but where is the second five billions of the world's gold which has been produced but not reported on?

According to a well-known Russian official, with whom the writer has acted in a confidential capacity, the world's missing gold is hid away in the coffers of Russia's war fund, and her purpose in secreting this wealth is not that she may be prepared for war, but that, when she has control of the world's money, she may dictate terms to all nations of the earth.

"When this time is ripe," said he, "there will come a day when a financial earthquake that will shake to their foundations all superstructures, and all nations, industries and commerce and all that have been built upon credit and every country lacking in natural foundations of the strongest will go to the wall. I know but two countries strong enough in resources to stand under it—Russia and the United States. Russia will be ready for it, because she has billions of gold stored away, and the United States is too young and vigorous to go down under the system of credit established for purposes of development."

There are many who will doubt this state-

ment, or at least many will doubt that Russia has a large secret war fund, but the official quoted here for many years in a position which would involve him of all finance plans of his government. Indeed, he himself the grandson of one of Alexander the Great's ministers, and he claims that it was this grandfather who formulated the plan which Russia has been working on secretly for more than three-quarters of a century.

It may seem strange that an American should know of these things, but the writer enjoyed the confidence of the official to the fullest extent. The acquaintance began some thirty years ago, when a Russian friend of the Grand Duke Alexis and many distinguished officials on a visit to this country, and in recent years it has been strengthened by a long period of residence in Russia. For years this gentleman had studied the events very closely and had watched everything that was going on in the finances and commerce of the world. On his visit to this country he became particularly interested in the land grant system, which was then so prevalent in the West with railways and filling the country with homesteaders. He often discussed the possibility of developing these under similar land conditions. From time to time I tried to learn his views of Russian credit and whether he thought that Russia could secure from Germany, England and France loans as we were then obtaining for our development. To all this he had one answer—that the United States and most of the countries of Europe were building up an enormous superstructure of industry and commerce on a foundation of credit as treacherous as quicksand. He felt that the system of credit was certain to result in the wrecking of all the countries of Western Europe because they had no adequate and real foundation under it. He thought that the United States might pull through by reason of its great resources of undeveloped wealth. At the same time, however, he thought that our present system of credit was such a concentration of wealth in the hands of a very few that our form of government would ultimately be subverted. "You are paying too dear for your whistle," he often quoted.

"Russia, however, is proceeding on much safer ground. Her progress may seem slow, but it will sooner or later pass that of any other country. It is like the movement of a glacier, which, for many years, moves but until suddenly it sweeps everything before it. He is fortunate in having a government which can be hurried or called to account year by year. Russia has been governed along these strict lines since the days of Peter the Great, and her war fund policy adopted at the close of the Napoleonic wars has never been varied since this day. She is advancing toward financial, industrial, commercial and military supremacy."

One night we fell to talking about the days of his grandfather, and we spoke of his ministry to Alexander the First. Thus the story of the war-fund policy came out:

"My grandfather lived through the wars of Napoleon which devastated Russia, where her share in the disaster was in his downfall. The tremendous events of those days made it plain in my grandfather's mind that, in the future, Russia's real power and stability must depend on her wealth, or the extent of her industrial resources, but on the actual money she could count on. He decided that gold alone would become the recognized redemption medium, and recent history has proved the wisdom of that thought. England alone, of all countries, was wise enough to profit from the possession of gold at the close of the Napoleonic wars, and she has her industrial and commercial lead because of her money, while the continental powers lacked it. It was that this shrewd minister of Alexander's formulated the present financial policy of Russia."

"First, she was to take one-half the product of Russian mines in gold, silver and platinum and convert it into gold and store it away. This half has never been placed in Russian mint or other reports of production. As Russia was, for many years, the great gold-producing power of the world, it is easy to see what effect this policy would have and what its results."

"Second, she was to lay away one-half of all church revenues after converting them into gold. The Greek church, of which the Czar is the head, is the state, is the custodian of this fund. Not a cent of this money has ever been appropriated for any purpose, no matter what demands there might be for it, steadily accumulated for over eighty years."

"Gold, gold and nothing but gold, is what she wants, and what she is getting. This secret wealth, of course, drawing no interest. The time is drawing near when the world must realize what Russia has been doing, and when it does Russia's power will be manifest and her supremacy acknowledged in the Eastern Hemisphere. The crash will come in its greatest form in Western Europe. Your own country will be one of its natural resources yet undeveloped."

In reply to the question, "What will it all come to for Russia as Russia is concerned?" he replied:

"Russia's dominion over Asia and Europe."

"By war?"

"No. Without war. With money!"

W. F. McCARTHY.

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#### USEFULNESS OF THE BAT.

The cruel practice of capturing a number of bats and crucifying them on the doors of barns, stables, or other places of houses, has been somewhat abandoned, even in this country. But due credit is not yet given to the services which these ugly creatures render. It is said that, after the birds, it is the most useful animal in agriculture. It makes a war of extermination on the innumerable insects and caterpillars which devour crops. It devours flies by millions and millions. Figures based on the authority of learned naturalists are remarkable.

For one of his reports a bat does not eat less than thirteen caterpillars, and in twenty-four hours the smallest specimen will easily eat eighty flies or more. Besides, this ugly thing is extremely clean; it is so as the most refined cat.

#### COLOMBIA'S W

ATTITUDE OF OTHER REP  
POSSIBILITY OF INTERF

By a Special Contributor.

DURING the official sojourn in Colombia, the British Minister there hung on his colors—one showing a coffee plantation, the happy faces of the black people, their peace and contentment; the other, the same field in the afternoon, the sky dark with smoke of burning buildings and the hands scattered among the coffee shrubs. The American revolution had supplanted the morning with fire and tragedy. The world has come to regard most of the world with contempt or indifference. More than shed marks the course of many of the social ambition or private malice is the much of this belligerence. In these Latin republics where active volcanoes make the landscape, we have come to regard the government as too frequent for notice. Once over, these conflicts have been precipitated that needed righting, by misgovernment to be borne. The present war in Colombia these occasions.

The causes of this civil war can be referred to here. Colombia has two intense political parties. The Clerical or "Conservative" advocates a centralized government, despotic power which it shares with the other words, a government copied after the model. The Liberal party, on the other hand, advocates a democratic form of government after that of the United States. Though numerically, are equal, the Clericals have preme power since 1838, when President the government and overthrew the Liberals by a coup d'etat as drastic as that of Napoleon.

From that day till he was poisoned by his own party in 1894 Nunez lacked nothing but an absolute sovereign. The federal government, abolished, the right of suffrage was taken from the people, and nine autonomous provinces, came merely so many districts governed by the liberty of the press and all private enterprise and education centered in the hands of the Jesuits. It is impossible here to detail the history of Colombia under the despotic rule of his successors. It will suffice to say that having repudiated its debts, has no public debt, exports have been so heavily taxed that not vie with its neighbors in foreign commerce. Its population a third larger than that of Venezuela, its ports are much smaller; and the opposition has been treated as public enemy.

This, in brief, was the situation that confronted the Liberal party in October, 1894. In a revolt of the Liberal party in October, 1894, one-fourth of Colombia has been in a more or less desultory fighting that has attracted public attention. It would not, however, the present interest if the conflict had not ended to involve two or more other republics, either to protect the commercial world, on the Isthmus of Panama, or to whole of the northern South America as part of Central America from engaging in a struggle. Imperial ambitions of Castro, President, began to be discussed, and the United States of South America has intervened in our own country, but Europe as well.

It is a curious fact, worth mentioning, that the regime, since the beginning of the present century, has been worth nothing to Colombia purposes of taxation. Its railroad, owned by a foreign company, is merely a means of transportation for (duty free) of other nations. The government neglected to connect the Isthmus by routes with the other parts of the country. Panama are nothing but way stations for traffic across the isthmus.

The present insurrection, which promises several governments, began among the leaders, the inland, eastern department, where a large part of the superior coffee of Colombia is produced. The government has no convenient outlet for its coffee, the ports of its own country, it sends the mule trains to Manacabo, Venezuela, for export. Thus it happens that the people of Colombia and Venezuela are particularly well situated to profit from this fact. This fact probably had something to do with the plot hatched by the Clerical party on the border in July for the invasion of Venezuela, greatly excited President Castro.

But the insurrection has now spread to the limits of Santander. It has extended over plains where cattle raising is the chief industry of the insurgent army command the lowlands and have closed the river route to Bogota. The hold points along the coast, but have not been capturing the little port of Riohacha; it is in the department of Bolivar, most of which is in the hands, excepting the seaports of Cartagena and Barranquilla. The river port of Barranquilla, destroyed the railroad from Cartagena to the cutting off that port from the interior. The Pacific Coast in the department have invaded the isthmus and many of the there are said to have given their allegiance to the Liberal cause. The largest force in any one district is with Gen. Uribe-Uribe, who is said to have 6000 men in Santander. No data yet received clear idea as to the number of the revolutionaries, but they are scattered in small detachments over a vast territory and that the government is



November 24, 1901.]

## COLOMBIA'S WAR.

ATTITUDE OF OTHER REPUBLICS AND  
POSSIBILITY OF INTERFERENCE.

By a Special Contributor.

**D**URING the official sojourn in Caracas of a former British Minister there hung on his walls two water colors—one showing a coffee plantation in the morning, the happy faces of the black laborers revealing their peace and contentment; the other depicting the same field in the afternoon, the sky darkened with the smoke of burning buildings and the bodies of the field hands scattered among the coffee shrubs. Another South American revolution had supplanted the orderly quiet of the morning with fire and tragedy before sundown. The world has come to regard most of these ebullitions with contempt or indifference. More bluster than bloodshed marks the course of many of them. Merely personal ambition or private malice is the mainspring of much of this belligerence. In these Latin-American republics where active volcanoes make rapid changes in the landscape, we have come to regard upheavals of government as too frequent for notice. On occasions, however, these conflicts have been precipitated by wrongs that needed righting, by misgovernment too atrocious to be borne. The present war in Colombia is one of these occasions.

The causes of this civil war can be only briefly referred to here. Colombia has two intensely antagonistic political parties. The Clerical or "Conservative" party advocates a centralized government wielding really despotic power which it shares with the Church; in other words, a government copied after the old Spanish model. The Liberal party, on the other hand, favors a progressive, democratic form of government modeled after that of the United States. Though these parties, numerically, are equal, the Clericals have held the supreme power since 1886, when President Nunez subverted the government and overthrew the Liberal constitution by a coup d'état as drastic as that of Napoleon III. in France.

From that day till he was poisoned by enemies in his own party in 1894 Nunez lacked nothing but the title of an absolute sovereign. The federal government was abolished, the right of suffrage was taken from nine-tenths of the people, and nine autonomous States became merely so many districts governed from Bogotá, the liberty of the press and all private teachings were suppressed and education centered in the hands of the Jesuits. It is impossible here to detail the miseries that have befallen Colombia under the despotic rule of Nunez and his successors. It will suffice to say that Colombia, having repudiated its debts, has no public credit, and her exports have been so heavily taxed that the country can not vie with its neighbors in foreign commerce; with a population a third larger than that of Venezuela, the imports are much smaller; and the opponents of the government have been treated as public enemies.

This, in brief, was the situation that caused the armed revolt of the Liberal party in October, 1899. The northern one-fourth of Colombia has been the scene of the more or less desultory fighting that has claimed some public attention. It would not, however, have excited the present interest if the conflict had not recently threatened to involve two or more other republics, and to compel the arbitration or the intervention of the United States, either to protect the commercial interests of the world, on the Isthmus of Panama, or to prevent the whole of the northern South America and perhaps a part of Central America from engaging in a ruinous struggle. Imperial ambitions of Castro, Venezuela's President, began to be discussed, and the possibility of a United States of South America has interested not only our own country, but Europe as well.

It is a curious fact, worth mentioning, that the Isthmus of Panama, since the beginning of the Nunez regime, has been worth nothing to Colombia except for purposes of taxation. Its railroad, owned by foreigners, is merely a means of transportation for the commerce (duty free) of other nations. The government having neglected to connect the isthmus by transportation routes with the other parts of the country, Colon and Panama are nothing but way stations for the foreign traffic across the Isthmus.

The present insurrection, which promises to involve several governments, began among the hills of Santander, the inland, eastern department, which raises a large part of the superior coffee of Colombia. As Santander has no convenient outlet for its coffee through the ports of its own country, it sends the product by mule trains to Maracalibo, Venezuela, for shipment to Europe. Thus it happens that the people of Santander and Western Venezuela are particularly well acquainted; this fact probably had something to do with the little plot hatched by the Clerical party on both sides of the border in July for the invasion of Venezuela which so greatly excited President Castro.

But the insurrection has now spread far beyond the limits of Santander. It has extended over the northern plains where cattle raising is the chief industry; parts of the insurgent army command the lower Magdalena and have closed the river route to Bogotá; other forces hold points along the coast, but have not yet succeeded in capturing the little port of Riohachia; they have overrun the department of Bolivar, most of which is in their hands, excepting the seaports of Cartagena and Sabana; and the river port of Barranquilla; they have destroyed the railroad from Cartagena to the Magdalena, cutting off that port from the interior; they have reached the Pacific Coast in the department of Cauca, have invaded the isthmus and many of the merchants there are said to have given their allegiance to the revolution. The largest force in any one district is supposed to be with Gen. Uribe-Uribe, who is said to command 6000 men in Santander. No data yet received give any clear idea as to the number of the revolutionists. The fact that they are scattered in small detachments over a vast territory and that the government troops, number-

ing about 40,000, are also widely dispersed probably accounts for the desultory nature of the fighting. The fragmentary information received, coming mostly from government sources, shows at least that no engagements between large forces have occurred.

The struggle is thus confined to the north. Bogotá, the capital, high on the mountain plateau in the south, seems to be safely out of reach. The insurgents could not muster sufficient river boats to transport an army and supplies up the Magdalena; and to attempt to carry the war south along the mountain mule paths would be an effort to emulate Hannibal's crossing of the Alps. On the whole, the insurgents, fairly well equipped with munitions, have never been more confident of final success than they are today. If they win, does the power inhere in them to give Colombia a stable government based upon liberal democratic principles? The eyes of the world will be upon them if they have an opportunity to try the experiment.

Since July last the attitude of the neighboring republics, and particularly of Venezuela, has attracted far more attention than the internal troubles of Colombia. The fact that Venezuelans and the Ecuadorians are watching the conflict with intense interest may easily

States. The volunteers and supplies they must smuggle into Colombia do not, from the present outlook, however, seem likely to involve their governments in embarrassment.

Sympathizers with the insurrection having undoubtedly been sending some supplies to the revolutionary forces from Ecuador, the President of Ecuador was accused by Gen. Cordova, Governor of Cauca, and others with sending aid to the enemy; but the government of Colombia itself has scouted this idea, and so has the Colombian Minister at Washington. Whatever the feeble Liberal party of Ecuador might be disposed to do, there is no reason to believe that the Clerical government of that country will for a moment countenance an attack from their republic upon the Clerical government of Colombia.

Neither is there any reason to infer, from the present conditions of affairs, that the government of Venezuela will overtly interfere in behalf of the insurrection. If some of the reports with regard to the recent doing of President Castro are true, his actions as the head of a neutral state have been neither discreet nor dignified. But an official who only last year had an unpleasantness with a disaffected faction of his own party that involved considerable bloodshed, who knows that the opposi-



In front of the President's House



Colombian troops in Fort Felipe

be explained. Their territories are contiguous, and, politically, the three nations are divided on exactly the same lines. Each has a Liberal and a Clerical party, whose ideals are identical. The Liberals and Clericals of Venezuela, after appealing to arms most vigorously for a number of years, have recently been taking a breathing spell with the Liberals in power under the Presidency of Gen. Castro. The present government of Venezuela naturally sympathizes with the insurrectionary movement across the border and apparently takes no pains to conceal the fact.

The church party in Ecuador is so firmly entrenched that it is impossible to foresee a time when it will cease to control the state; but Ecuador has had boundary and other disputes with Colombia, and the relations between the two governments have not been wholly amicable.

There is excitement and strong feeling over the situation in Colombia, and the question has arisen whether these neighboring States will undertake, by overt action, hostile to the Colombian government, to help settle the troubles in that country. There are other complications of less importance. The sympathies of Costa Rica, Nicaragua and Honduras are said to be wholly with the revolutionists who have received assistance, in one way and another, from the people of these Central American

party on whose defeat he rose to power is numerically strong, and that the prevailing sentiment of his country, worn out by war, is for rest and peace, is not very likely to embroil his people in a war across the frontier. Castro is also well aware that the civilized world would view with the greatest disfavor any interference that might spread the horrors of the war over all the northern part of South America. No prophecy is worth much at this juncture, but the probabilities seem to be that the people of Colombia will be left to settle their own troubles. The insurgents will act wisely in their own behalf, if they let foreign interests on the Isthmus severely alone.

Cyrus C. Adams.

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## A FORGOTTEN CRAFT.

It was probably known to nearly every Roman citizen how the mortar which cemented the stones of his country, worn out by war, is for rest and peace, is not very likely to embroil his people in a war across the frontier. Castro is also well aware that the civilized world would view with the greatest disfavor any interference that might spread the horrors of the war over all the northern part of South America. No prophecy is worth much at this juncture, but the probabilities seem to be that the people of Colombia will be left to settle their own troubles. The insurgents will act wisely in their own behalf, if they let foreign interests on the Isthmus severely alone.



*By a Special Contributor.*

The apparatus for dealing with this class of difficulties consists chiefly of a remarkably large outfit of books of reference—directories of cities, gazetteers, directories of every trade and occupation, the army list, the navy list, the register of lighthouses, registers of persons specially interested in various artistic and scientific pursuits, (such as the Naturalists' Directory,) and, not least, the Social Register. It needs a trained judgment, almost equal to an instinct in its effect, to guess in which one of these books a name is most likely to be found. It may have been easy, for instance, to decide on general appearances that "Miss Mary Murphy, America," to whom this unstamped envelope is addressed, need not be looked for in the Social Register, but many

**XARQUE FROM ARGENTINA.**  
The manufacture of xarque, or dried beef, the bilto of the Boers, forms one of the most important industries of the Argentine Republic, whence it is shipped in large quantities to Brazil and other South American States. A shipment of xarque is about to be made to the Italian colony of Erythraea, in Africa. According to a Brazilian paper, this dried beef is not at all bad when properly cooked, while it is far more nutritive than tinned beef at a quarter of the latter's cost. Indeed, some foreigners not to the manner born, get to like it so much that they insist on its appearing at the tables once or twice a week.—[Bell's Commercial Intelligence.

*By a Special Contributor.*

After many unsuccessful experiments and trials alloy of aluminum has been made with which staples and tacks can be made to compete with iron. Among other advantages claimed for the new metal is that it is not affected by the weather and will not deteriorate, as in laying roofs, lining tanks, etc. The alloy is non-corrosive and non-poisonous, so the nails ought to find favor among makers of refrigerators and other articles used for food storage. When the difference in point of number and weight is taken into consideration, it is seen that aluminum nails are about one-half as heavy as iron nails and cost about one-half as much. A pound of aluminum nails contains a pound cheaper than copper nails. It is expected to put them in competition with ordinary iron nails.—Hardware.

*By a Special Contributor*

## The Last Change.

**The Original Ration.**

It is an ordinary

After many unsuccessful experiments and the alloy of aluminum has been made with which staples and tacks can be made to compete with iron. Among other advantages claimed for the new metal is that it is not affected by the weather and will not deteriorate, as in laying roofs, lining tanks, etc. The alloy is non-corrosive and non-poisonous, the nails ought to find favor among makers of refrigerators and other articles used for food storage. When the difference in point of number and weight is taken into consideration, it is seen that aluminum nails are about one-half as much as copper nails. It is estimated to put them in competition with ordinary nails.—[Hardware.







A nice experience in diplomatic etiquette of the official entrusted with the correspondence of and sister States. When President McKinley's demise was made the subject of correspondence to all nations of the world. Each foreign State notified, formally, of the sad event, by the President, and each letter of condolence received to be acknowledged. Every month of an administration brings several formal letters framed in the style of speech which represent the survivals of the etiquette of European and Asiatic diplomacy. Unvariably signed by the actual autograph of the reigning monarchs. Those of royalty commendation of their divine right to rule, embrace several hundred words. Next follows, in the form of a circular, sufficient to send an editor's house in a day, the social business at hand, such as a birth or a death or a succession to a throne. Letters are addressed to the President, although never see them. The President's formal letters are written according to prescribed forms according to circumstances. The exact words are often dictated by Mr. Adey, who is turned expert in chirography, who pens them in a hand upon a special quality of paper, largely cut in. During the month succeeding McKinley's death, this stationery was bordered since then the edges have been gilt, and the President's signature is afterward attested by the countersignature of Secretary Hay, and the



November 24, 1901.]

## OFFICIAL ETIQUETTE.

WHITE HOUSE PROBLEMS THAT ARE REFERRED TO MR. ADEE

From a Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) Nov. 18.—Hon. Alvey Augustus Adee, Second Assistant Secretary of State, will serve as tutor in etiquette to President Roosevelt. Probably you do not know that such a functionary has been an essential factor in each Presidential establishment since to these many years.

"Tutor in etiquette to the President," is a dubbing frequently applied, of course. There is no such title in the blue book, and needless to state, there never will be. But thus have the wags named the dignified Mr. Adee. The term will no doubt be offensive to our democratic executive, when it reaches his ears. There is too much of the flavor of the court dancing master about it, to be sure. Nevertheless, and seriously speaking, problems of etiquette arising in the Presidential household will be referred to Mr. Adee as a court of last resort. They were during Mr. Harrison's, Mr. Cleveland's and Mr. McKinley's administrations.

These problems of etiquette are not those arising in the President's personal conduct. Mr. Adee will not, for example, instruct the Chief Magistrate in the art of handling the knife, fork and spoon at table, nor will he make bold to warn him that the finger bowl is not a vessel from which to quaff the ambrosial wines of the steward's cellar. There are more knotty problems in department to be solved. This official etiquette business is more serious than the uninitiated suppose. The President's escorting the wrong lady to his state banquet board might throw our pacific nation into international complications, or cause a hubbub among the powers that be at home. Social functions prescribed for Federal officials are stereotyped dramas in which each actor has his rank and position. He must appear upon the stage according to his number and when the stage manager gives the cue.

Mr. Adee is the right man in the right place. After having been graduated at Yale, he became secretary of our legation at Madrid and afterward chargé d'affaires at the Spanish court. Having thus served his apprenticeship, touching elbows with the most ceremonious princes of Europe, he became chief of the diplomatic bureau of the State Department in 1878. He was Third Assistant Secretary of State during the Arthur administration and since then has served as Second Assistant Secretary. Of all home officials, he has had the longest continuous career in diplomacy. Hence it is that recent executives have employed him as their advisers in the art of official etiquette.

## New Problems Arise.

Things drift along uniformly in the social swim for seasons at a time and conservative Presidents may, under these circumstances, allow history to repeat itself. But now and then new problems are bound to arise. New offices in the home establishment are created or new ranks appear among the diplomats accredited to our capital. Congress changes the order of succession or perhaps a rank which has remained unfilled for many years is given an incumbent. Thus, even a conservative executive may be suddenly brought to face the perils of a tempestuous social storm. Upon the other hand, a Chief Magistrate with original notions may choose to rearrange and reclassify social ranks to suit himself. President Roosevelt is primarily a man of originality. He has already substituted "White House" for "Executive Mansion" upon the letter heads of his official home and office. Perhaps he will inaugurate other innovations during the social season to begin with New Year. But no President within a century has gone into the White House with better pedigree or training for social success than his.

Yet none but a specialist of long training can be invaluable in the fine art of official etiquette. What new problems, excepting those who have previously served as Secretaries of State, have known the proper form for a letter of condolence to a contemporaneous sovereign who has been bereaved, or for a missive of congratulation to another whose hearthstone has been visited by the stork?

## Etiquette of Correspondence.

A nice experience in diplomatic etiquette is demanded of the official intrusted with the correspondence between our sister States. When President McKinley died his demise was made the subject of correspondence with all nations of the world. Each foreign State had to be notified, formally, of the sad event, by the new President, and each letter of condolence received in reply had to be acknowledged. Every month of an administration brings several formal letters framed in the quaint forms of speech which represent the survivals of antique etiquette of European and Asiatic diplomacy. These are invariably signed by the actual autographs of the foreign monarchs. Those of royalty commence with an assertion of their divine right to rule, embracing perhaps several hundred words. Next follows, invariably with a circumlocution sufficient to send an editor to the madhouse in a day, the social business at hand, whether it be a birth or a death or a succession to a throne. These letters are addressed to the President, although he will never see them. The President's formal letters of reply are written according to prescribed formulae, varying according to circumstances. The exact wording having been dictated by Mr. Adee, they are turned over to an expert in chirography, who pens them in a copper-plate hand upon a special quality of paper, larger than foolscap in cut. During the month succeeding President McKinley's death, this stationery was bordered with black. Since then the edges have been gilt, as customarily. The President's signature is afterward attached, as is the countersignature of Secretary Hay, and the great seal of

the United States, stamped on a circular disk of paper, is pasted over the flap of the envelope.

The scrupulous fine art of international etiquette demands that President Roosevelt address each fellow-ruler as "Great and Good Friend," and that he close with the words, "Your good friend." But the text of his letters, in accordance with long-standing precedent, are conspicuously terse and democratic in comparison with those received. "May God have you in His wise keeping," is the usual form of closing a formal missive.

## Awarding Social Ranks.

The awarding of social ranks according to the scale of precedence descending with few alterations since Washington's administration, also demands a scrupulous hand. Seats of honor at White House dinners must be filled by certain personages, and no others. Such care must be exercised in the proper seating of dinner guests that necessity has become mother to a unique invention now intrusted to the hands of the assistant secretary to the President. This might be mistaken for a puzzle or game-board. It is an oblong piece of pasteboard, cut in the shape of the White House banquet board. Along its edges are slits, corresponding to the plates to be set. Into these slits can be thrust narrow cards, bearing on both sides of each the name of a guest. After the seating has been approved, the next problem is the assignment of a woman to be escorted to the board by each man. Much shifting and reshifting of these cards is necessary before an approximately harmonious combination can be obtained. At his diplomatic dinners the President will seat himself in the middle of the north side of the table with the wife of the dean of the diplomatic corps on his right, while Mrs. Roosevelt will sit opposite with Sir Julian Pauncefote, the dean, on her right. A quarter century ago, at a private dinner at the White House, peace between Spain and the United States was threatened by the then President's determination to escort to his board the wife of the British Minister, whereas the Spanish Minister was dean of the Diplomatic Corps by virtue of his being the envoy of longest service in this country. But the intervention of the Secretary of State resulted in the substitution of the Spanish Minister's wife for the lady from Great Britain. Thus were diplomatic relations fully restored. At another time a Senator's wife made a loud uproar because her host escorted the wife of a foreign Minister to the dining-room and thereby deprived her of the seat of honor. During Jackson's administration there was a squabble between the French Minister, Count Serrurier, and a member of the Cabinet over the honor seat at a state dinner. Jackson decided in favor of the Cabinet member, whereupon the count absented himself. Jefferson's refusal to escort the wife of the British Minister to one of his dinners, at a time when the envoy of England had precedence, was made the subject of grave correspondence between that diplomat and his Foreign Office. During recent years Mrs. Dewey and Mrs. Miles have contended for precedence, while Speaker Henderson has objected to the social rank given him at executive functions. Thus have wars over social precedence ever been waged, and thus is seen the grave necessity for the referring of such problems to a functionary learned in the complicated usages of diplomacy and etiquette.

## Master of Ceremonies.

When George Washington sought the advice of those nearest him as to the proper conduct of social affairs at the White House, John Adams advised that the President should keep up a certain state by the appointment of chamberlains and masters of ceremonies. No such functionaries have ever appeared in the blue book under the titles suggested, but during recent administrations the engineer officer of the regular army, intrusted with the care and finances of the White House, has come to be known by either of these titles. His social duties are important and delicate, demanding experience and training in diplomatic etiquette. He is nearer to the Chief Executive than any other official outside the Cabinet. He introduces to the Chief Magistrate distinguished guests outside the Diplomatic Corps and has the personal direction of the arrangements for all White House functions whatsoever. He is to all intents and purposes both the master of ceremonies and the chamberlain to the President, and corresponds in function to the lord chamberlains of foreign courts. During Mr. Harrison's and Mr. Cleveland's administrations this picturesque office was filled by Col. (now Brig.-Gen.) John M. Wilson, U.S.A. Upon the latter's promotion to be Chief of Engineers about the time of Mr. McKinley's assumption of office, the Engineer Corps was sifted for an officer whose social experience would qualify him for the important office. Col. Theodore A. Bingham, for many years military attaché at the German court, was eventually selected. He has been retained by the new President.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

## THE CHELIDONISTAL

SOMETHING ABOUT THE GREEK FESTIVAL WHICH CORRESPONDED TO OUR THANKSGIVING.

By a Special Contributor.

Do many of my young readers know, when they noted the pretty little swallows twittering in the parks or flying in and out of their dainty little nests, that they have built in the ivy growing on the side of some old church or house, that a great many years ago, yes, more than two thousand years ago, there was a Greek festival called "The Chelidonistal" or "Swallow Festival," in which these birds played an important part? This festival corresponded with our American Thanksgiving Day and was celebrated in the early autumn or harvest season, in the city of Rhodes, known as "The City of Roses." The island on which the town was built was the most beautiful in the Egean Sea, and second only to Athens in the beauty of its temples and statues. It was so radiant with sunlight that it was also called the "City of the Sun," and so covered with roses that the poetic Greeks said that Apollo brought it up out of the sea for his own terrestrial abode. They dedicated it to him, and here, in after years, they built that seventh wonder

of the world known as the "Colossus of Rhodes," a great bronze statue of the sun god, Apollo.

At this festival of the "Chelidonistal," or Greek Thanksgiving, the gay, laughing boys would gather in crowds, bearing festoons of roses, the emblem of their city, the flower of poetry and beautiful Greek similes and metaphors, and with a horn in their right hands, with which they made just as much discordant noise as our boys do at Christmas, and a gentle little swallow in their left hands, they would proceed to the doors of the rich men of their town, and salute them with "Call Emers"—may this be a happy year to you! They would imitate the twittering of the swallows, and in their name demand bread and wine and other gifts. The "Chelidones," as the Greeks called the swallow, were considered birds of good omen, and it was thought unlucky to refuse the requests made in their name, so these clever boys never went away empty handed.

Much attention was paid to music among the Greeks, so we can imagine that their choral song was rendered with admirable effect. This "Swallow Song" has been preserved to us in a wonderful book called "The Delphic Mosophist," and consists of fifteen books of miscellaneous writings preserved by Athenians. This is the song:

"Oh! the swallows have come;  
Yes the swallows are here!  
Bringing good luck and a beautiful year;  
Like the foam of the ocean, their bodies are white,  
Their backs and their wings as dark as the night.

"Come open your doors,  
And from your rich stores  
Bring fruit, cake and wine,  
Grapes fresh from the vine,  
Figs, olives and cheese,  
Whatever you please,  
And a measure of wheat  
For the swallows to eat.

"You'd better make haste  
We've no time to waste.  
Give to the swallow  
Or ill luck will follow;  
We'll break down your door,  
You'll ne'er see it more,  
Nor the sweet young wife  
Who blesses your life;  
She's so little and light we can steal her with ease,  
Old men we are not, but boys if you please!"

MARIAN CALVERT WILSON.

## SNOW MUSHROOMS.

Vaughan Cornish, F.R.G.S., who has recently made a journey across Canada and British Columbia to study there the surface forms of snow, describes in the December number of Pearson's Magazine the great snow mushrooms that he discovered in the upper valleys of the Selkirk Mountains.

Mushrooms of great variety in shape and size, he says, are produced by the large flakes of sticky snow falling on the flat tops of tree stumps. Some of the mushrooms have long stems—I noticed one on a tree trunk twenty-five feet in height—others are little more than bosses showing above the snow on the ground. Mushrooms on short stalks always have hollows beneath them—into which one may easily fall—for their caps shelter the ground beneath from its proper share of snow. The mushroom that formed on the twenty-five-foot trunk measured twelve feet six inches in diameter. The diameter of the tree itself at the top was but four feet, so that the snow projected beyond the trunk for four feet three inches. Its depth was about the same as the depth of snow on the ground—some five feet. On a short tree trunk, having a diameter of two feet, the snow cap measured nine feet across and four feet in thickness.

The district where we found the mushrooms in perfection was very narrow from east to west, but they are probably equally fine southwards in the Selkirk; indeed, I heard of them from miners, who came from the Kootenay district, as occurring there, about one hundred and twenty miles south of Glacier House.

I took some pains to determine the weight of the mushroom snow-caps. For this purpose, after measuring up the mushrooms, I determined the density of the snow at different depths. Calculating from these data, I find that one ton may be taken as approximately the weight of an ordinary mushroom. In years of exceptionally heavy snowfall, such as that of 1898-99, mushroom caps weighing as much as two tons would be formed upon the largest stumps.

## SKIING BEHIND HORSES.

Not content with ordinary ski-running and jumping, the officers in the Swedish army, keen and good sportsmen as they are, have recently introduced several novel ideas. They have taken up ardently a form of skiing in which they slide on ski behind trained horses that pull them at full gallop over the snow.

Skiing behind horses is a very pretty accomplishment. The driver holds a long pair of reins, and a long whip in his hands, and harnesses himself to his horse with the help of a long cord, or leather thong, which passes across the horse's chest, and behind the driver's back. The horse is put to full gallop over the snow, and the driver slides easily behind, the snow offering so slight a resistance, that the horse has practically no weight to pull.

A forty-mile race between twelve officers mounted on ski, drawn by their cavalry horses, recently took place in Sweden between the University of Town, Upsala, and Djursholm, near Stockholm. The finish to this race was a magnificent sight, for the winning post was on the top of a steep hill, and the racers had a hard struggle as they came in; uphill going on ski, even behind horses, is hard work, and it is a difficult matter to keep balance. The horses strained and plunged through the snow, their breath like steam; the drivers were half-frozen, and their moustaches had icicles hanging from them. It will give one an idea of how easily a horse can drag a man on ski over snow—when the snow is deep enough for fast skiing, and not too deep for the horses—when I state that the winner of this race, a famous cross-country rider, accomplished the forty miles in two and a half hours.—(December Pearson's.)



## EL MOLINO.

THE STORY OF THE FIRST GRIST MILL  
BUILT IN CALIFORNIA.

By a Special Contributor.

OUT over the oak-dotted hills and through grass-grown hollows that lie about three miles southeast of Pasadena is found the first grist mill built in California. It is situated near Alhambra, and was erected in 1812, or shortly before, under the administration of Padre José María Zalvidea, one of the mission fathers noted for his energetic work and great accomplishments.

When he took charge of the San Gabriel Mission in 1805 very little grain had been raised on the mission lands, and the meager amount of wheat, corn and barley produced was converted into meal by the patient Indian women with their queer old mealing stones and metates.

But this was all changed with the advent of Father Zalvidea. He was a thrifty old monk, and believed in teaching thrift to his people, so it was not long till luxuriant vineyards and waving grain fields covered the fertile valley. Young groves of orange and lemon trees were planted, and the gray, arid wastes of sage brush and cacti, gave place to thrifty crops and budding orchards. But with the harvesting of the crops, another need presented itself, that of a mill, and the padre accordingly set about building one on the slope of a little hill about two miles from the mission, where it still stands, crumbling to ruins, the mecca of picnic parties, the adoration of artists and admirers of picturesque antiquity. The quaint old building is 55x24 feet, with walls of solid masonry from three to four and three-fourths feet thick. On the east side are two great arched openings, where the water wheel was placed; while in the upper story, or grinding-room, are two small windows, formerly protected by iron bars and heavy shutters. The west main wall is also the wall of two large sloping cisterns which furnished the water head.

The mill was finally abandoned, however, because of a



THE OLD MILL.

very serious defect. The wheel chamber was so low that the powerful stream of water striking the horizontal wheel splashed over the walls and seeped through the shaft hole to the mill stones on the upper floor, where the meal was wont to be stored. Damp meal afforded no profit, and the Indians were under the necessity of carrying the freshly-ground grain to dry storerooms at the mission, two miles distant, where it was sifted by hand by the Indian women. So much trouble was it to convey the meal so far that finally the mill was abandoned, save for occasional grinding for Los Angeles or other places, when the meal was taken away immediately; so the Indian women again went to work with meal-stone and metate.

When the mill was running, the Indians were portioned into thirty classes of workers, Claudio Lopez being placed over them as major-domo, while others, as taskmasters, or overseers, were placed in charge of each class. It was their duty to see that each man and woman worked daily according to rule. Each overseer was armed with a formidable rawhide, which he was not at all bashful about using, and when the Indians became obdurate, they were imprisoned in the mill or mission for punishment. Indeed, many times has this old Molino served as a jail, for the Indians often were in revolt against their hard taskmasters, and without rigid guarding would sometimes flee to the mountains. There was always the chance that the hostile or unconverted Indians might attack the mission settlement, and the thick, impenetrable walls of the mill were evidently built with a view to forming a stronghold from the enemy.

At the southeast and northeast corners are huge buttresses of masonry, and from beneath the latter used to bubble a little spring. Had it ever been necessary for the priests and Spanish soldiers to take refuge in the mill chambers, this spring could have easily been reached by excavation from within, thus insuring an abundant water supply; so its existence was kept as much of a secret as possible. On the east side is a small wooden balcony, communicating with the upper windows, and a rickety flight of steps and crooked, hump-backed piazza lead to the upper rooms. The roof was originally of tiling.

The old grinding stones are two and one-half feet in diameter and seven to eight inches thick, of volcanic tufa, found some distance up the San Gabriel Cañon. These stones were afterward placed as a horse block in

front of "San Marino," the picturesque home of the late Hon. J. de Barth Shorb, on the San Marino ranch.

The water from Los Robles (the oaks) Cañon, or Mills Spring Creek, was conveyed to the upper side of the mill in a ditch following the bluff on the Richardson and Stoneman ranches. It flowed into the cisterns, funnel-shaped, and about twelve feet deep, at the west side of the mill. From the bottom of this double cistern a narrow flume extended through the wall to the brick-arched wheel-room, and the water spouted horizontally against the buckets of the wheel. From the water wheel to the second story extended a vertical shaft, bearing on its upper end the millstones for grinding. Water was also brought from Mill Cañon, a picturesque spot at the rear of the mill.

But a short distance to the east of the mill is situated Wilson's Lake, and here, sometime between 1810 and 1812, Father Zalvidea caused to be built a stone dam, heavy cobble stones or boulders being hauled in ox-carts from the vicinity of what is now Lincoln Park on the brink of the Arroyo Seco (dry river.) This, it is said, was the nearest place where stones of sufficient size could be found in any quantity. A kind of water lime dug out of the hills and burned was utilized as cement. A swamp or cienega lay by the lake, and by the building of the dam, the area of the lake was more than doubled, while the depth was increased four or five times. The lake is considerably lower than the mill, so that after being used for mill power, the mill stream flowed through a cement gutter into the adjacent lake, still further increasing the water supply. The wall of the dam was six or seven feet thick, with buttressed flumes on the lower side. The length on top by the dam was over 200 feet, it being ten to twelve feet high at the outlet.

Below the dam was established a sawmill, a tannery and place for washing wool, for thousands of sheep were raised in this region in the days of the mission fathers. Water was conveyed in troughs of wood for the Indian workers. What a blessing would Padre Zalvidea have been to a modern community!

But aside from being a thrifty, bustling old chap, Father Zalvidea—peace to his ashes—was a cautious man. "In time of peace prepare for war" must have been one of the mottoes framed and hung above his ancient couch of childhood, for aside from planning the mill as a possible stronghold against invaders, he planted hedges of tunas, or broad-leaved prickly pear cacti, around three sides of the fields so that the priests and soldiers could easily intrench themselves, in time of attack, behind this prickly fortress, and brave, indeed, would be the Indian who attempted to scale it. Remnants of this old hedge may still be seen near the East San Gabriel Hotel, and many an eastern tourist has had his picture taken in the shelter of this thorny hedge.

A few years later, another mill was built, almost opposite the San Gabriel Mission, but it has long since sunk into ruins, having been formed of adobe.

Some of the native Mexicans still relate traditions of buried and forgotten treasure in Mill Cañon, but the first chest of gold has yet to be found. It is a well-known fact, however, that the Mexicans looked askance at paper currency and hoarded huge chests of shining gold and silver pieces. The rebellion of Los Angeles against Gov. Micheltorena, who was driven back across the Mexican border, occurred in 1844-5, while in 1846-7, was the Mexican-American war. Those were times without law and order. Marauders were everywhere, seeking what they might destroy or steal, and it was a very common thing for the wealthy classes to bury their coin and jewels in some remote place known only to one or two persons. It often happened that death or sudden enforced departure prevented these people from securing their buried treasure, or sometimes they were so unfortunate as to forget the exact spot, so that he of a fertile imagination and relish for romance has an ample field in which to exercise his errant fancy. The old Gov. Stoneman ranch has been frequently searched for interred gold, but so far as the writer knows, the only buried money pot ever unearthed in this vicinity was in North Pasadena two years ago, by the brother of a woman who hoarded and buried her gold in recent years, in a common, every-day prosaic tomato can!

In more recent years, the old mill, from which, by the way, Molino avenue takes its name, it being at the end, was used as a private residence; Col. E. J. C. Kewen, a veteran of the Mexican War and Ex-Attorney-General of California, purchased the property in 1859. Although a family had been living in it for some time previous to this date, no alterations had been made. Col. Kewen, however, made many, and fitted it as a comfortable, and at that time, fashionably-appointed dwelling, and about twenty-five years ago when Pasadena was a wild and woolly sheep pasture, the family at the mill were among the most hospitable entertainers in the region. Many a gay dance has been held in the room where once the grain was stored, and the music of women's laughter and the swish of silken gowns drowned the memory of the whirling wheel and grinding stones.

A low, rambling adobe building, at the rear of the mill, deserted and cobweb-hung, was erected as a billiard-room for the son of the family, all of whom resided at the mill till Col. Kewen's death, Nov. 25, 1879. Afterward it was utilized as a wine cellar below and storehouse above for the ranch products. Now it is used as a bunk-house for the men employed upon the Mayberry ranch, of which its site is now a part.

An old cement fountain, crumbling and dilapidated, and overgrown with a tangle of myrtle, adorns the "front yard," now but a relic of former pretentiousness. Tall, black walnut trees stand sentinel over the mill and challenge your approach to the cisterns with tough blows from their giant limbs, while the ripening nuts fall unheeded into the old stone tanks, so long dry.

Groves of orange and walnut stretch away on either side, and unless you well know the road, with its arduous turns and twistings, you may become hopelessly confused ere you find the mill. But it is north the trail. To the east lies Wilson's Lake, placid and calm in its reed-lined bed, reflecting in deep, dark shadows, the branching oaks, whose gaunt arms reach out and beckon to one another across the water. Away out beyond, Old

Baldy's white head rises in the distance, the verdant hillside and hoary old Grayback loom up in the blue-gray indistinctness. In the distance are the softly undulating hills, which blends the fresh green of the vineyards into the green of the orange orchards. Groves of eucalyptus attract the eye, standing out in contrast against the tender turquoise sky. Looking out from the oak-crowned slopes toward the north rise the peaks of Sierra Madres, rugged and strong and grand, and in the late afternoon, as the sun drops behind the hills in a golden haze, the purpling shadows of the pink, and the effect is wonderfully beautiful.

The property is now owned by E. L. Mayberry, whose residence surmounts the hill.

On the east side of the old Molino is a small cave where the masonry is broken away, and for many years this hole has been inhabited by swarms of bats. As they go, adding to their store of sweetmeats, one can estimate how many gallons of honey have been secreted in the walls of "El Molino."

GRACE HORTENSE

## MAGICIAN'S TRICK COAT.

WORN BY HERRMANN'S MANAGER, IT CAME TO CLOSING A PERFORMANCE AT THE ACADEMY.

[New York Times:] Remembrance of Herrmann have a variety, for the magician was a tical joker and didn't hesitate to practice his art anywhere with friends who were close to him. Many cases the victims of cigars loaded with poison that was substituted for others, and the disappearances of scarfpins and trinkets awaited Herrmann's pleasure as to reappear to their rightful owners, and a bottle of wine was Herrmann's apology.

All these tricks were good things, in a show where Herrmann, and he made it his boast that he was "bothered" by any circumstances. He had a once, during his first appearance at the Academy, side in this city, and his business manager was a witty cause.

An afternoon had been spent at Ballerina where, at the instance of big "Tom" Brown, performance had been given for the amusement of patients. Herrmann had played all kinds of some of them in the wards, where, as he studied surgery in France, he found much of the poor little fellow who had been severely burned, claimed his attention, and the medicine he take and whimperingly demurred at had been hidden in an orange, after Herrmann had thrown the bottle out of the window. He had some of the convalescents by his tricks up to the dollars, packs of cards, closely packed balls of and lots of other things in his pockets had in them save his own possessions—and he went back to the academy for the evening's performance.

Herrmann was a stickler for etiquette in the and the dress suit was deemed a necessary attire for manager and magician, the dress suits of Herrmann's dressing-room.

There was a big house and a big program, and before its beginning the manager had put on a street, with a nod to the bookkeeper of the Academy—there was a quick demand for his room. Academy—a boy from the scene room, in tones simply said: "Herrmann wants you" and gone, like one of the magician's spirits when they were turned away from the mirror in which they shown.

Everything seemed all right at the Academy, mann had evidently broken into his program mixed it up. His feather trick and his hat not been given, and he was, and had been, cards since the curtain rose.

Everywhere in the Academy cards were away up in the gallery, across the orchestra and the balcony, and upon the table on the enough packs of cards to start a stationery mann was nervous; he was unlike himself, once in a while wiped the perspiration from his Even his turned-back cuffs were awry, and a fuss manager started to go to the back of a fusillade of cards directly at him, and he unneringly thrown, that it was quite a matter to dodge them.

He put up his hands toward Herrmann's head, cards, and thrown with all the magician's audience applauded again and again, and he the key to the side door in his hands toward ward the front of the house.

"No! no! Come on! come on! Quick, quick!" Herrmann, still throwing cards. "Your hat is safe till you get back here to me! Don't make me appear, eh?"

He pointed frantically toward the rear of the box, and his voice suddenly became calm, as he whispered, confidentially to the audience: "You look, the more you don't see nothing!" Once out of view and at the prompt side of the there was rough handling of the innocent Herrmann's dresser. With no gentle motion he was taken from his back and held up so that he could see it as he came up the platform leading stage from the aisle in the parquet, and with of a dancing master Herrmann made a dash to the house, stepped aside into the wings, and his coat was torn from his shoulders, ruining the while a moment after, wearing the other one, again at work.

This time it was the feathers and the dress of flags, and the man seemed to be changed. All was gone, his voice had come back to him, and the speed of his action was remarkable. He kept the intermission, and then to the business man the explanation.

"That's what comes from one man's coat and other man like a glove! You had my coat with things in it, and I didn't know it till the next day. But that trunk full of cards helped me out. I you to supper and a new dress suit, but don't boys the story, for the public don't know what can hold sometimes."

## THE TOOTHAKER.

JOSHUA AND JERUSAH  
ASCENT OF MOUNT LOWE.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN Joshua Toothaker come mornin' an' announced that his goin' to go kitting up that the Mount Lowe (though for my part I called Mount High.) I wiped the ends of my gingham apron an' sot down in rockin' chair.

"For the mercy sakes, Joshua Toothaker a-lookin' at him through my spec. 'I jest got around to sowin' your crop of w to me you're jest a-gettin' gay an' goin' age,' says I. An' says I, 'You go, Pa, goin', but as fer me, please to excuse me real graceful sweep of my hand. (I used a sight when I was a girl, an' somehow for me to be kind o' dramatic. To tell wa'n't no dramaticker girl in our villain ain't goin' to brag!)

Well, Joshua he fixed his mouth that got, an' says he, 'Best pack up a good, to take along with us, for you know, Je pertite is amazin' good on all common won't be surprised if you et considerable there on top of that mountain.'

Says I, with gatherin' scorn, 'Well, hee says I, 'If I had sech a awful appetit Joshua Toothaker, I guess I'd keep at people's.' I was riled, an' I got up an' again with great energy. But land! I a-goin'—fer don't I know Joshua's wa mouth? I ain't lived with that mouth a five year without findin' out a few things.

Well, I fixed up a pretty good lunch an shoe box—one of Joshua's, an' he wear takin' a tearful farewell of the next-doo honest, I wa'n't sure we'd ever git do got up there—we got on the street car a

The ride over to Pasadena is an awful would have been perfectly satisfied to come home again, but I knowed Joshua a tip top of that hill or bust. My! a-crawlin' up that slidin'-down place I Joshua jest-like I did over to Catalina—on!

"Open your eyes!" says Joshua. "Gee ain't gettin' your money's worth, a-set your eyes shut!"

"Joshua," says I faintly, "please to o shortcomin' of the past an' forgive me word. I feel as if my heart was a-l poundin' its way out of my dress waist was a-departin' from this earthly spear. Joshua laughed right out awful loud.

"Pshaw, Jerushy, you ain't a-dyin'—that's what ails you! Why, there ain't afeard of. Ain't I along to pect y know?"

An' will you believe it, that silly old put his arm around me, right before that an' he didn't care a bit if they did look. up an' whispered to him to take his arm would think we was a weddin' couple, a would, I'd keep my eyes open. I do hate sech foolish things outside of our own kite room. I always did hate to act green o though he can put his arm around me j he wants to when there ain't no specked to

Well, finally we clim out of that que hickle, an' I drew a deep sigh of relief ness. But land! I didn't know what was

We stopped an' viewed the prospect hymn book says—an' looked way down ac an' beautiful valley, a-stretchin' clear to smilin' like a sleepin' child under the kin sun. My! but what a entrancin' scene that I'll always see it in my mind's eye, it made press on me! Somehow I didn't want Joshua talk, I felt so lifted up an' near to them tourists from back in Kansas an' lo flat countries, my! how they did gabble!

"Beautiful!" an' "Magnificent!" an' "Perfectly lovely!" an' I guess most every o that could be used was used by that pass But all I could say was, "Oh, my!" an' I pered that to myself, for the view was the awed an' overcome. If I could jest feel above the petty cares of this world, an' as when I'm a-standin' over the wash tub a on Joshua's dirty wristbands, how nice it w that ain't possible. Feelin' an' emotions I suppose, by our surroundin's, an' it doe that folks that live upon Echo Mountain o wings an' be real angels.

I felt all this, but though Joshua's line brushin' against my alpacky dress, I kept to myself. Joshua is an awful good hus that—but he's awful practical, an' there a poetry in him. But, poor man! he can't the way the good Lord saw fit to make him

"Fine farmin' country," says Joshua to Kansas; an' them two men jest-talked crotion an' sech, till I felt as if my newly-w was moutin' an' fallin' all to pieces. But we got in another car, an' away we went a-buzzin' up around curves an' over treas an' things till, my soul an' body! I really was climbin' to the tip-top jumpin'-off place world.

Scared? Well, I don't know as I was a



# THE TOOTHAKERS.

JOSHUA AND JERUSHA MAKE THE ASCENT OF MOUNT LOWE.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN Joshua Toothaker come in last Monday mornin' an' announced that him an' me was a-goin' to go kiting up that there hill they call Mount Lowe (though for my part I think it orter be called Mount High.) I wiped the suds off my hands onto my gingham apron an' sot down in my red-covered rockin' chair.

"For the mercy sakes, Joshua Toothaker," says I, a-lookin' at him through my specs, "I do believe you've jest got around to sowin' your crop of wild oats! Seems to me you're jest a-gettin' gay an' giddy in your old age," says I. An' says I, "You go, Pa, if you're sot on goin', but as fer me, please to excuse me." says I, with a real graceful sweep of my hand. (I used to speak pieces a sight when I was a girl, an' somehow it comes natural for me to be kind o' dramatic. To tell the truth there wa'n't no dramatical girl in our village, but there, I ain't goin' to brag!)

Well, Joshua he fixed his mouth that firm way he's got, an' says he, "Best pack up a good, substantial lunch to take along with us, for you know, Jerushy, your appetite is amazin' good on all common occasions, an' I won't be surprised if you eat considerable more hefty up there on top of that mountain."

Says I, with gatherin' scorn, "Well, heavens to Betsy!" says I, "If I had sech a awful appetite as you've got, Joshua Toothaker, I guess I'd keep still about other people's." I was riled, an' I got up an' went to washin' again with great energy. But land! I knowed we was a-goin'-fer don't I know Joshua's way of fixin' his mouth? I ain't lived with that mouth an' chin twenty-five year without findin' out a few things.

Well, I fixed up a pretty good lunch an' packed it in a shoe box—one of Joshua's, an' he wears a No. 10—an' takin' a tearful farewell of the next-door neighbors fer, honest, I wa'n't sure we'd ever git down again if we got up there—we got on the street car an' started.

The ride over to Pasadena is an awful nice one—an' I would have been perfectly satisfied to turn around an' come home again, but I knowed Joshua would go to the tip top of that hill or bust. My! My! When we was a-crawlin' up that slidin'-down place I grabbed hold of Joshua jest like I did over to Catalina—an' didn't I hang on!

"Open your eyes!" says Joshua. "Great punkins, you ain't gettin' your money's worth, a-settin' there with your eyes shut!"

"Joshua," says I faintly, "please to overlook all the shortcomings of the past an' forgive me every unkind word. I feel as if my heart was a-throbbin' an' a-poundin' its way out of my dress waist. I feel as if I was a-departin' from this earthly sphere."

Joshua laughed right out awful loud.

"Pshaw, Jerushy, you ain't a-dyin'—you're skeered, that's what ails you! Why, there ain't nothin' to be afraid of. Ain't I along to protect you, I'd like to know!"

An' will you believe it, that silly old thing actually put his arm around me, right before that passel of folks, an' he didn't care a bit if they did look. Well, I braced up an' whispered to him to take his arm away or folks would think we was a weddin' couple, an' I said if he would, I'd keep my eyes open. I do hate to have him do sech foolish things outside of our own kitchen or settin'-room. I always did hate to act green out in company, though he can put his arm around me jest as often as he wants to when there ain't no specked taters around.

Well, finally we clim out of that queer-lookin' vehicle, an' I drew a deep sigh of relief an' thankful-ness. But land! I didn't know what was before me!

We stopped an' viewed the prospect o'er—as the hymn book says—an' looked way down across that lovely an' beautiful valley, a-stretchin' clear to the ocean an' smillin' like a sleepin' child under the kind rays of the sun. My! but what a entrancin' scene that was! I guess I'll always see it in my mind's eye, it made sech an impression on me! Somehow I didn't want to talk or hear Joshua talk, I felt so lifted up an' near to heaven, but them tourists from back in Kansas an' lowy an' other fat countries, my! how they did gabble!

"Beautiful!" an' "Magnificent!" an' "Grand!" an' "Perfectly lovely!" an' I guess most every other adjective that could be used was used by that passel of tourists. But all I could say was, "Oh, my!" an' I kind o' whispered that to myself, for the view was that purty I was awed an' overcome. If I could jest feel as lifted up above the petty cares of this world, an' as free an' happy when I'm a-standin' over the wash tub a-rubb'n' away on Joshua's dirty wristbands, how nice it would be! But that ain't possible. Feelin' an' emotions is influenced, I suppose, by our surroundin's, an' it does seem to me that folks that live upon Echo Mountain ought to sprout wings an' be real angels.

I felt all this, but though Joshua's linen duster was brushin' against my alpacky dress, I kept sech thoughts to myself. Joshua is an awful good husband—I'll own that—but he's awful practical, an' there ain't a mite of poetry in him. But, poor man! he can't help that. It's the way the good Lord saw fit to make him!

"Fine farmin' country," says Joshua to a man from Kansas; an' them two men jest talked crops, an' irrigation an' sech, till I felt as if my newly-sprouted wings was moultin' an' fallin' all to pieces. But after a little we got in another car, an' away we went a-splinnin' an' a-buzzin' up around curves an' over trestles an' bridges an' things till, my soul an' body! I really believed we was climbin' to the tiptop jumpin'-off place of the hull world.

Scared! Well, I don't know as I was scared exactly,

but I got kind o' reconciled to a terrible death a-plungin' an' a-tearin' down through them awful chasms. I remember I hoped I wouldn't land in the top of one of them tall trees hundreds of feet below an' hang by my alpacky skirt. I always thought I'd like to die a dignified death.

Joshua an' the Kansas an' lowy fellers they jest kept up their farmin' talk an' took everything in, an' the women folks didn't act afeard. I looked at the motor feller, an' he wa'n't a bit pale. He looked real natural, an' even laughed when a silly girl from lowy giggled an' screamed as we went sailin' around a curve.

Well, we all got there at last, an' wasn't I thankful! But I couldn't forget that we'd got to go down again. Says I, "Joshua Toothaker, you listen to me. When we git ready to go down to the world again, you can ride if you want to, but I'm a-goin' to foot it! I don't know as I hang on to life stronger'n most people, but I ain't goin' to commit suicide by keelin' off a mountain side an' gettin' ketched by my alpacky skirt in the top of a tree."

Joshua laughed like he always does when I get real earnest an' excited. "Well, Jerushy," says he consolingly, "mebbe they've got some chloroform up here, an' we can fix you up comfortable an' git you down all right."

Says I, "Joshua Toothaker, I beg of you, do not jest in sech a time as this," says I; an' again I was somewhat dramatic in my manner.

"Well," says he, to change the subject, "what you got in this shoe box? It's good an' heavy," says he; "been makin' some of your sponge cake?"

I did not reply to sech mean remarks, but we went off an' found a nice place under the whisperin' trees, an' I opened the shoe box. When Joshua saw them egg sandwiches an' that potato salad an' them homemade sweet tomaters pickles (which he does jest love,) an' the pink ham, sliced thin, an' the bottle of cold tea; an' the pieces of apple pie—Well, he did look real happy, an' I believe he was sorry for his remarks about the sponge cake.

I'll own that I ain't no great sponge cake maker, though I can cook well enough when it comes to other vittles. Once I made a sponge cake when we was first married, an' Joshua Toothaker he actually had the impudence to set it down on the floor to hold the door back same's people use a brick. Dear me, that was long years ago, but I'll bet he recollects yet how I bust out a-cryin' an' pretty nigh cried myself into historicals.

Well, we enjoyed that lunch first rate, an' there wa'n't hardly a crumb left to throw to the pretty, sassy little squirrels that kept hangin' around. I do believe Joshua could have et twice as much, but he said he was sorry I hadn't brought more along, so my appetite would be reely satisfied. I'm used to his peculiar way of jokin' by this time, but I do hate to have him get off them remarks before strangers. Them lowy an' Kansas people looked at me when Joshua said that, an' I heard one sassy young snip say, "She don't look very spindlin'!"

After we got through eatin', we went into that tavern up there, an' sot down in front of that great, beautiful fireplace. My! but wouldn't it be nice to be made of money an' come up here in the dead of winter an' set a-toastin' your feet before that beautiful fireplace, while the soft, white, feathery snow is fallin' outside! It's been so long since Joshua an' me saw snow near enough to feel of it that I don't know how we'd act. We've always been so head over heels in love with California that we don't hanker to go back to the howlin' snow-storms in the State of Maine. But I own I'd like to go up to that Alpine Tavern an' board a spell in the winter, an' set down after dinner an' knit in front of that big fireplace, an' not have to wash a dish! Dear me, I wonder if rich folks do know how to enjoy their money!

Well, Joshua Toothaker would persist in goin' to the tip-top jumpin'-off place on top of a mule's back. You'd oughter seen Joshua when the guide told him that his mule was the identical mule that Chancy Depew rid on when he was up there! Well, it made him real high an' mighty, an' I couldn't help smilin'. You know all men is some childish, but some is more than others. I knowed well enough that Joshua Toothaker would brag about that mule to all the men in our neighborhood. Joshua an' old Israel Doolittle, they've got a sort of braggin' society an' both try to beat each other. I guess it's which an' t'other, most of the time.

Well, now I know this ain't so interestin' to most folks as it is to me, an' I must hurry up a little. When we got down that terrible windin' pathway an' was on the top of Echo Mountain, an' I felt all my bones hull an' sound, do you know I would jest as soon have went up again! That's a queer statement to make, but it's true. I own I was some scared, but somehow, when I got down, it didn't seem a bit dangerous.

We stayed to supper in a big buildin' they call a "shally," but I couldn't see as it looked anything like the shally they make dresses of. Howsomever we had a real good supper. Joshua et till, I declare, I was ashamed of him. Says I, "Pa, for mercy's sake, stop eatin'! You'll have a stroke of apple-plex!"

Says he, kind o' innocent, "Apple! Yes, I wish they would give a feller an apple—it's all I need to top off with."

Of course anyone can see that the high mountain air had kind o' went to his head an' made him silly. I said nothin', but hoped the Kansas folks at the next table wouldn't think there was anything in that bottle but cold tea. Joshua never drank a drop in his life, but when he tries to be funny you'd be willin' to believe 'most anything.

After supper we went out on the front stoop of the shally, an' set down to watch the sunset. "Oh, Joshua," says I, a-claspin' my hands, "ain't it gorgeous? Ain't it grand an' beautiful! Ain't it a pictur' to take along with us all through life?"

Joshua used his toothpick thoughtfully, an' I hoped he was goin' to say somethin' kind o' poetical.

"Looks like the sun was a-drawin' water," says he. "Great punkins, why didn't I kiver up that bale of bar-

ley out in the barnyard? Mebbe it'll up an' rain before we git home."

I looked at him an' sighed. As I said before, Joshua is a good husband—good an' true!—but he ain't got a speck of romance or poetry in him.

Well, he did have once, to tell the truth, an' that was long years ago, when he was courtin' me. He writ some poetry to me once, an' I've laughed over it a thousand times when he wa'n't around. There was nine verses, an' the first one was like this:

"Jerusha, Jerusha, my darlin' Jerusha,  
You're nicer an' sweeter than a rose or a fuschia;  
You're the light of my life, an' I can't live without you,  
An' when I'm a-slumberin' I'm dreamin' about you."

I won't write down the other eight verses, but they was even foolisher than this one. Once when Joshua had been gettin' off what he called a joke about my sponge cake, I up an' spoke the hull piece in my most thrillin' an' dramatic style. My, but he did look sheepish! "Tain't so!" he bellered out: "I never writ no such fool stuff as that! It must have been Silas Weaver, that was a-tryin' to cut me out! Don't tell me I ever writ sech a mess as that!"

"You did, Joshua Toothaker," says I, "an' I prize it very high, as bein' the only poetry you ever writ." An' I rolled my eyes up like an actress, an' says, "Heaven be praised for that!"

It was kind o' mean, but I don't care—he'd pestered me to death about that sponge cake, usin' it to hold the door back an' for a weight on the front gate. I've had a good deal to put up with, first an' last, but when it comes right down to facts, Joshua has been an awful good husband, an' I do think a lot of him in spite of his peculiar style of jokin'.

Well, we stayed an' looked through the big spyglasses at the stars, an' the Kansas an' lowy folks used up all their collection of adjectives. I says to Joshua, "Oh, Joshua, think of it—them far-away planets is mebbe inhabited by souls like you an' me. They read an' study an' think—mebbe they're way beyond us in intellect."

Says Joshua, "Mebbe they know how to make sponge cake as good as your'n, Jerushy," says he.

"Yes," says I sweetly, "an' mebbe some one of 'em—the brightest an' intellectualist of 'em all, is smart enough to write poetry like you writ once." An' I begun to repeat: "Jerusha, Jerusha, my darlin' Jerusha—"

"For heaven's sake, quit!" whispered Joshua; "them tenderfeet is a-takin' it all in! Go ahead an' talk about them stars!"

Poor Joshua! But ain't it a good thing I can repeat his poetry to him when he gets funny about my sponge cake?

HARRIET CROCKER LE ROY.

## IRISH WIT ON THE BENCH.

We regret to announce the death in his seventy-fourth year of Lord Morris, the famous Irish Law Lord and wit. In the year 1889 he was withdrawn from the Irish bench and appointed one of the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, resigning in May, 1900, when he was created a peer of the United Kingdom. But "Judge Morris," to call him by the name by which he was best known in Ireland, owed his reputation at least as much to his good sayings as to his learning. Long before his translation to the English bench his obiter dicta, forensic or political, had attained so general a circulation that it was a common practice of minor Irish wits to gain currency for their good sayings by ascribing them to Judge Morris. But of the genuine Morrisiana enough are extant to warrant the statement that none of his contemporaries excelled him as a malleus stultorum. He used the bludgeon in preference to the rapier, eschewed all subtlety of expression, and delighted in telling home truths in the most homely language, reinforced by a deliberately exaggerated and stentorian brogue. Lord Morris, as a strong though somewhat scornful Unionist, shone in his comments on the Home Rule agitation. When the wife of a Gladstonian Viceroy asked him at a party in Dublin, "Are there many Home Rulers here today?" he is alleged to have replied: "My lady, the only Home Rulers present are yourself, His Excellency, and the lackeys." Another time, when trying some young farmers for illegal drilling, he said, "here you go on making fools of yourselves marching and countermarching, when you ought to be out in the fields carting dung." And again, in reply to the argument of an eloquent advocate that "the people" were in sympathy with certain offenders, he said, quite in the style of Dr. Johnson, "I never knew a small town in Ireland that hadn't a blackguard in it who called himself 'the people.'" Lastly, as an instance of his inability to bear with what he considered meddlesome interference, there is the story of his reception of a distinguished treasury official sent over to Dublin to inquire into the expenditure of fuel in the courts. He was received politely by the Chief Justice, who said he would put him in communication with the proper person, and rang the bell. When the elderly female who acted as courtkeeper appeared, he remarked, as he left the room: "Mary, this is the young man that's come about the coals."—[Spectator.

## A CENTURY OF SPECIALISTS.

The young man who would attain success in this century must be prepared for it by special training and such practical education as has never before been demanded in the history of the world. The tendency in every line of endeavor is toward centralization, toward great combinations of interests, and the men who would climb up to the head of affairs, or to responsible positions, must be specialists. There will be little hope in this century for the jack-of-all trades. A young man must know how to do some one thing effectually or he will not rise. On the other hand, the prizes were never before so great, nor the opportunities so promising, for the men who have been trained to do one thing well. Those who know a little of everything, but have not been trained to do one thing effectually, will be relegated to mediocre positions.—[O. S. Marden, in Success.





## Stories of the Firing Line \* Animal Stories.

### Quick Work on a Bridge.

THE bridge builder with Stonewall Jackson's army was a rare character. If the following story be true: The Union soldiers, retreating from the valley of Virginia, burned a bridge over the Shenandoah. Jackson, who wanted to pursue, sent for his old bridge builder. "Sir," he said, "you must keep men at work all day and all night, and finish that bridge by tomorrow morning. My engineer shall give you a plan." Old Miles saluted and withdrew. Early the next morning the general sent for Miles again. "Well, sir," said Jackson, "did the engineer give you the plan for the bridge?" "General," said the old man, slowly, "the bridge is done; I don't know whether the picture is or not."—[Herald and Presbyterian.]

### "Bobs" and the Bun Boy.

A PRETTY story is told of Earl Roberts and a bun boy in the employ of the refreshment contractors at Basingstoke station. As the train conveying Earl Roberts drew up in Basingstoke station the little bun boy rushed eagerly forward to see the distinguished general, but was roughly repulsed by one of the railway officials. The incident, however, did not escape the kindly eyes of "Bobs." Noticing the look of deep disappointment on the lad's face Earl Roberts called him to him, bought one of the buns and gave him a penny for himself.—[London Mail.]

### Flag Nearly Caused a Riot.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S mother was a daughter of the South, and her sympathies were with that section in its struggle for existence.

It was just previous to the firing of the first gun at Sumter that Theodore Roosevelt, the elder, decided to give a great social function at his New York home. The Roosevelt mansion was accordingly decked in bunting and with United States flags. From every window, save one, flew the Stars and Stripes. That exception was Mrs. Roosevelt's boudoir window. Her husband had not desired to omit it from the decorative scheme, but she had a decorative plan of her own.

Stopping not to consider the peril in which it might place her and her husband, she drew from among her cherished treasures the stars and bars of the Confederacy. Going to the window, she firmly fixed its staff and allowed its folds to flutter to the breeze.

On the instant, almost, the hostile sign was noted, in hot indignation one observer pointed it out to another, and a crowd speedily grew, as crowds will. Soon the street was choked with angry people, who shook threatening fists at the Confederate flag and inveighed most bitterly.

Alarmed by the gathering, Mr. Roosevelt sought the cause that had stirred the people to anger. He was not long in finding it. Pierce acclaim directed his gaze, which rested upon the fluttering emblem of the South. With a word to the crowd he entered the house to find his wife. He told her what she already knew—that the anger of the crowd had been excited by her indiscreet display of the Southern colors, and said that it would be well for her to take in the flag.

"I shall not do so," said the mother of the President. "The flag is mine; the boudoir is mine. I love the flag, for it represents my native land. Explain to them that I am a Southern woman; that I love the South. Do anything you like except touch the flag. It shall not come down."

And it did not. Theodore Roosevelt went again to face the crowd. He dwelt with finesse upon his wife's love for her native land and molded the gathering to his will, and to an indulgence of Mrs. Roosevelt in her desire to fly the flag of her beloved South.

The crowd dispersed. The story remains to show a maternal quality that has made a President.—[Atlanta Constitution.]

### Sheridan not Twenty Miles Away.

THERE is in the possession of a man less than ten miles from Syracuse what is probably the first autograph letter of Gen. Sheridan's, in which the legend on which Thomas Buchanan Reed's famous poem is founded is proved to be based upon an error. Col. Mortimer Birdseye of Fayetteville is the man to whom the letter was written, and he preserves it as one of his most precious relics. It runs as follows:

Chicago, Feb. 3, 1872.—My Dear Col. Birdseye: I have your letter of January 29. I stayed at Winchester on the night of October 18, 1864. I arrived on the battlefield on the 19th about 10 o'clock—perhaps a little earlier. I immediately ordered Gen. Custer from the left to the right. Then went to work to reform the infantry on the right of Getty's division of the Sixth corps. After this had been done and about half past 12 or 1 o'clock I rode down the line. As many of the troops did not see me until this time, some of them may have fallen into the error that this was my first arrival on the battlefield. Yours truly,

P. H. SHERIDAN, Lieutenant General.

"I had gotten into an argument with some old cavalry comrades," said Col. Birdseye, in explanation of the circumstances under which he received this important document, "as to Sheridan's whereabouts on the night of October 18, 1864. As a result of the argument I wagered the finest game supper that could be gotten up in Titusville, Pa., where we were stopping at the time, that Gen. Sheridan stayed in Winchester on the night of October 18, and was on the battlefield before noon of the 19th. To settle the wager I wrote to Gen. Sheridan,

and this letter was his reply. The others claimed that the general was at Harper's Ferry, forty miles away from the battlefield of Cedar Creek, having halted there on his return from Washington the day before, but I thought that they were mistaken, and the event proved that I was right."—[Syracuse Herald.]

### The Song of the Shirt.

THE shirts made by the patriotic ladies of America," wrote a soldier feelingly from the front, "are noble articles as far down as the collar, but would not do to use as an only garment."

"Capt. Mortimer de Montague of the skirmish guard put on one when he went to the general's reception, and the collar stood up so high that he couldn't put his cap on, while the other department didn't quite reach to his waist. As he entered the drawing-room, Gen. Scott remarked very feelingly, 'Ah, here comes another of the wounded heroes!'"

"He's not wounded, general," remarked an officer standing by.

"Then, why is his head bandaged up so?" asked the venerable veteran.

"Oh," said the officer, "that's only one of the shirts made by the patriotic women of America."

"In about five minutes after this conversation, I saw the venerable veteran and the bandaged hero at the office taking the oath—with sugar in it—together."—[Unidentified.]

### Gives Toes for Epaulets.

WALTER H. JOHNSON, of this city, has just been commissioned a lieutenant in the regular army, and behind that fact is an interesting story of heroism, military and personal.

Lieut. Johnson began his career as a private in Company F, First Minnesota National Guard, in which capacity he served in the war with Spain. Subsequently he went to the Philippines and became a corporal and then a lieutenant of volunteers. Recently he was mustered out at San Francisco, but applied for an examination for a commission in the regular army.

Unfortunately for the young man's ambition, he was burdened with two deformed toes. On this the army surgeons debarred him. "Gentlemen," said Johnson, "would you reject a man with eight perfect toes instead of ten?"

They told him that no toes were better than crooked ones. The applicant at once had the deformed members cut off, and when the wounds healed presented himself to the examiners who forthwith accepted him. He now wears the epaulets of Uncle Sam.—[Minneapolis Correspondence Chicago Record-Herald.]

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### Home and Life Saved By a Dog.

THE following story of a brave and faithful dog is sent by a Santa Barbara contributor:

Hard by us lives an honorable, hard-working mechanic. Economical and prudent, he has amassed a little money, bought a well-situated bit of land on the outskirts of Santa Barbara, and built thereon a roomy, attractive cottage with never so much as a splinter of gingerbread about it. His thrifty, tasteful wife has set it about with a bloom until it glows like a Turner canvas.

Not long since, having put their two younger children to bed, they left the two older ones, a boy of ten and a girl of thirteen, together with a fine collie dog, in charge of the household, and went out for an evening's entertainment.

Bed time came, the two children went to bed, leaving the lamp burning upon the sitting-room table. Sleep had well overtaken them when the dog, approaching the open door of the girl's bedroom, barked low but insistently. The girl stirred uneasily but did not waken; tossing her arms above her head, she slept on. Again the dog barked, this time entering her chamber and whining anxiously. With the thoughtlessness of childhood, she bade him "Be still and go away." Obedient, though it might be unto death, he went out. Once more she slept, how long she does not know, certainly not more than twice sixty seconds—then, close to her head, into her very ears, his hot breath upon her cheek, the dog barked furiously. This time she leapt from the bed and went to the dining-room doorway. The lamp still stood upon the table, but thick, black smoke was pouring from its chimney, the flame within leapt furiously. She tried in her ignorance to turn down the wick, but the screw was fortunately too hot to touch. Then, bending her head, she blew with all her might across the top of the chimney to extinguish the flame, and this, by some merciful miracle, she accomplished.

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### A Dog Hero.

JOHN REEGAN, a farmer of Gulf Summit, went out upon a hill near his house Thursday to cut down trees, taking with him his dog Tiger. He cut a tall oak, which fell in such a way that it knocked him down and imprisoned him in a little depression. Had it not been for the depression his life would have been crushed out, but as it was he was held a prisoner, and struggle as he would he could not free himself.

He shouted and his dog appeared. Tiger apparently realized at once the dangerous predicament in which his master was placed, and also the fact that he could do no good on the spot. He tugged awhile at the im-

prisoned man and then started off for home on a mad dash.

Arriving at the farmhouse, he set up such a howl that the attention of every one on the place was attracted to him. All wondered what could be the matter with him, never suspecting the true cause of his trouble. Attention was paid to his noise, except to send him back to the dog house.

The dog now made off back to where his master was and a few moments later was again heard howling at the farmhouse door. The first person who appeared to him saw that he had one of his master's bones in his mouth, and it was at once surmised that something was wrong with Reagan, and that the intelligent brute was trying to convey a message.

The dog barked with delight when several of the hands set off with him to see what was up. They found Reagan almost unconscious and suffering from a wound on his head. The unfortunate man was released, and was found to have suffered no serious injury.

Tiger is now a great hero.—[Bosqueville News Correspondence New York World.]

### These Kittens Well Cared for.

A RESIDENT of Brooklyn heights is telling a story of a peculiar friendship between a stable cat and an old hen.

He had a hen that had tried again and again to hatch a china egg. Recently a cat entered the adjoining barn and began housekeeping with six kittens. The first the old cat went out the hen entered the barn and began to nestle the kittens. When the old cat returned she was a dispute over the ownership of the nest and the kittens, which resulted in the cat being perched about the nose and in the hen losing some feathers.

The groom took a hand and settled the dispute. He removed the partition between the barn and the cat and the hen have cared for the kittens jointly. When the kittens are hungry they go to their mother, and when cold nestle under the wing and feathers of the old hen.—[New York Times.]

### An Embazzling Dog.

A SAD story of animal depravity comes from a western coal district. For some years a well-known liary region has been blessed with the services of a brown retriever, who, with a collecting bag and saddle-bag across his back, was accustomed to go from pit to pit begging coppers, or even higher contributions, on behalf of a sick and benevolent fund. This way he has sometimes obtained as much as a single week, and the fund itself has been the result of doing an enormous amount of good. Of late the miners themselves have been contributing and the weekly earnings, but the dog excited so much interest among them by the faithful performance of his duty that they readily put their spare coppers into his bag.

Some time ago the dog happened to call at a pit house, where he knew a good many of his pitmen were assembled. Besides dropping pennies into his bag and regaling him with biscuits, some of them would take a sip or two out of their mugs of beer. In this way the unfortunate animal acquired a liking for the most deplorable results. It was not long that he occasionally became intoxicated and was thereby to pursue his errand of mercy, but his whole nature became depraved. To such an extent had his deterioration gone that some days ago he was driven by the side of the road in a perfectly helpless condition with nothing remaining of his box except the lid. He was taken care of, and eventually got sober when his conduct became such as to excite the wonder.

He whined piteously and tried to escape. If he became very violent, and the miners thought he was mad. They would not let him go, but tethered him to a long string, and then he led them to a place on the side of a rocky hill, where they discovered fragments of a collecting box and also the hiding place of his money.

It seemed that after going his usual round on the preceding Saturday the dog had gone to the pit by some means—probably by rolling over and over on his back—broken the box to splinters and scattered the money. He had then concealed the coins, and hid himself to them as his degenerate craving for beer had spent more than half of his money in beer at the public houses in the neighborhood. Great indignation is felt with the publicans who supplied him, he knew the dog well and ought to have noticed the absence of his collecting box. And, moreover, the first four or five drinks his condition must have been a matter for remark. The dog is now under great strain, and it is hoped that he may yet again be his useful laborer.—[London Express.]

### Saved His Dog.

SOME time ago there was a shipwreck at St. Margaret's Bay, England, and the life-line brought after sailor to shore amid the cheers of the rescue. Last only the captain remained on board. The signal, ready, the signal was given, but the answering signal did not come. Again and again, for a quarter of an hour the question passed along the rope without reply. At last, when hope was nearly dead, the signal came. The captain was hauled dripping ashore. He pulled himself up, drew a small, wet, quivering dog from his breast pocket and set it tenderly down. Then he turned round and said in simple apology: "I couldn't leave little fellow anywhere."—[Our Daily Animals.]

November 24, 1901.]

## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The

### Story of Lincoln.

A NEW story of Lincoln was told at the semi-annual dinner of the Lincoln Society of the State of New York during most of the Civil War was that of Edwin M. Stanton, the famous day Lincoln sent for Jayne to come. "My boy," said he, "there is a letter have you look at." Jayne picked it up and found it was from Gen. Dix. It contained that several Federal prisoners in Libby Prison with the aid of Abbie Green, famous during the war. The letter stated that Abbie's assistance was well obliged to see from Richmond and her way to Washington on the steamboat. "Now, my boy," said the President, "I should say to any man who would have a bill passed through Congress to the relief of Abbie Green."

Mr. Jayne "stole the letter" and the branches of Congress passed the bill for Abbie Green. The following morning sent for Jayne again. "I told you I should say," he said, with a twinkle, "the man who would steal that letter act on it. Now, I've made up my mind to go down to No. — street, get her down to Chase at the Treasury and go till she gets that money." "That was President Lincoln's way and a wise one."—[New York Press.]

### Forestalled.

A RETIRED sea captain and a lawyer always at loggerheads, lived next door to each other. One very windy night the lawyer was in his study when a terrible crash was heard. Upon investigating he found that the retired captain had fallen through his roof, doing age, and soon discovered that it was his chimney. Hastening down to his law books and hunted up similar cases, scheming how he could secure satisfaction from the captain.

While thus engaged a note arrived that read as follows:

"If you don't return those bricks and matter in the hands of the law."—[London Punch.]

### He Understood the Situation.

NOT long ago, in Perthshire, Scotland, driving her husband down a narrow turning a sharp corner, they encountered a cart. Neither had room to pass, and the woman said: "He must go back, for I shall not be seen as before entering the lane." "But, my dear," replied the husband, "with this sudden turn in the road?" "I don't care," said the woman, "stay here all night before I shall give the driver of the cart overboard." And said, resignedly: "A' right, sir; I'll gang back"—and, "I've got just such another one identified."

### He Couldn't Spend it All.

NOT so very long ago a director of a company, who was unknown to me, came to Kansas City to look over the place. He would speak to some of the men to like the treatment they were getting. Accordingly he got on a cable car and the gripman.

"How do you like to work for the company?" asked.

"Pretty well," answered the man, "How much do you make a month?" "About \$55."

"What do you do with it all?" "Oh, I pay grocery bills, butcher's bill, and family."

"What do you do with the rest?" "I buy shoes for the children and go to school."

"What do you do with the rest?" "Well, I have to pay rent, of course."

"What do you do with the rest?" "I pay doctors' bills because, you see, I'm sick sometimes."

"But surely," ventured the director, "take all your salary. What do you do with the rest?" "Well, I'll tell you," whispered confidentially, "the rest I pack in barrels in the cellar."

The director got off at the next car and took the man on the seat behind, who, he said, only winked at the gripman pathetically.—[Kansas City Star.]

### He Wacked All Night.

THE little Princess Yolanda of Italy, her first frown and affirmed her royal status as a royal princess should. An old



GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

Story of Lincoln.

A NEW story of Lincoln was told on Saturday evening at the semi-annual dinner of the Delaware Valley Society of the State of New York. The author of the story was the venerable Benajah G. Jayne, who during most of the Civil War was the personal assistant of Edwin M. Stanton, the famous war secretary. One day Lincoln sent for Jayne to come to the White House. "My boy," said he, "there is a letter I would like to have you look at." Jayne picked up the letter and found it was from Gen. Dix. It conveyed the information that several Federal prisoners had escaped from Libby Prison with the aid of Abbie Green, a woman famous during the war. The letter also said that as the fact of Abbie's assistance was well known, she had been obliged to flee from Richmond and even then was on her way to Washington on the flag of truce boat. "Now, my boy," said the President, "I don't know what I should say to any rascal who would steal that letter and have a bill passed through Congress to grant \$10,000 to the relief of Abbie Green."

Mr. Jayne "stole the letter" and the next day both branches of Congress passed the bill to grant \$10,000 to Abbie Green. The following morning "Honest Abe" sent for Jayne again. "I told you I didn't know what I should say," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "to the rascal who would steal that letter and have Congress act on it. Now, I've made up my mind what to say. You go down to No. — street, get Abbie Green, take her down to Chase at the Treasury and don't you let her go till she gets that money." "That," said Mr. Jayne, "was President Lincoln's way and a mighty good way it was."—[New York Press.

Retired. A RETIRED sea captain and a lawyer, who were always at loggerheads, lived next door to each other. One very windy night the lawyer was reading a book in his study when a terrible crash upstairs startled him. Upon investigating he found that a chimney had buried itself through his roof, doing considerable damage, and soon discovered that it was the sea captain's chimney. Hastening down to his library he pulled out his law books and hunted up similar cases, devising and scheming how he could secure satisfaction from the detestable captain. While thus engaged a note arrived from his enemy that read as follows: "If you don't return those bricks at once I will put the matter in the hands of the law."—[London Tit Bits.

He Understood the Situation. NOT long ago, in Perthshire, Scotland, a woman was driving her husband down a narrow lane, when, on turning a sharp corner, they encountered a brewer's cart. Neither had room to pass, and in most disagreeable tones the woman said: "He must go back for I shall not. He ought to have seen us before entering the lane."

"But, my dear," replied the husband, "how could he, with this sudden turn in the road?" "I don't care," said the woman haughtily; "I shall stay here all night before I shall give way to him." The driver of the cart overheard all the conversation, and said, resignedly: "A' richt, sir; I'll gang back"—adding, sympathetically, "I've got just such another one at home."—[Unidentified.

He Couldn't Spend it All. NOT so very long ago a director of the street railway company, who was unknown to most of the employees, came to Kansas City to look over the roads. He thought he would speak to some of the men to find out how they liked the treatment they were getting from the company. Accordingly he got on a cable car and began to question the gripman.

"How do you like to work for the company?" he asked. "Pretty well," answered the man at the lever. "How much do you make a month?"

"About \$55." "What do you do with it all?" "Oh, I pay grocery bills, butcher's bills and support myself and family."

officer, who has for years bothered chamberlains, ministers, deputies, and even King Humbert himself to obtain more money for her late husband's services, was struck recently by a capital idea. She wrote a petition which she directed to "Her Royal Highness, the Princess Yolanda, Quirinal."

The document fell, of course, into the hands of the King, who read it, and, with imperturbable seriousness, said to his chamberlain: "Take this to the princess, please, and make her acquainted with the contents." The marquis, on arriving before the cradle of the royal baby, bowed deeply, and, to the surprise of the nurses, gravely read aloud the petition to her. Then he returned to the King. "Well, what did the princess say?" asked Victor Emmanuel. "Nothing at all, Your Majesty."

"All right. Silence gives consent. See that the old lady gets her wishes attended to."—[Chicago Journal.

He Paid the Debt. PATRICK CLARK and W. T. McCaskey have been warm friends from boyhood. Prior to last Wednesday they had not met in eight years. Mr. Clark is a rich mine owner and lives in Spokane. Mr. McCaskey is connected with an electrical company and travels all over the world in its interest. He sailed on the Campania yesterday. Mr. Clark was chatting with friends in one of the Waldorf-Astoria corridors when a tall, handsome, full-bearded man approached and grasping him by the hand, said:

"God bless you, Patsy, but I am right glad to see you. Have missed you by about five minutes on several occasions at different points on the continent." Mr. Clark, with eyes wide open and parted lips, gazed at the person addressing him and finally remarked: "I can't mistake that voice. Why, Mac, how are you? But what are you doing with that beard?"

After a few minutes' conversation Mr. McCaskey pulled from his pocket a wallet from which he took a check dated several years back, and handed it to Mr. Clark with the remark: "When I saw you in Spokane eight years ago I was broke and you advanced me some money. I told you I would hand it to you when I next saw you. I could have sent it by mail, but decided to give it to you in person. Here it is. That money was a godsend, for it put me on my feet." Mr. Clark smiled. So did every one else in the cafe.—[New York Times.

A Weak Proposition. A WRINKLED Italian jerked a monkey from his hind legs from the sidewalk to the top of his organ with a scowl.

"Coma backa," he called. The monkey rapidly removed and replaced a jaunty cap with a feather thereon and blinked his beady eyes with rapidity. "Twenty cents to see the monka clima de tree," said the Italian to the assembled children. "Clima way high."

Straightway the little ones began gathering in the money from parent and companion. Finally the sum was turned over to the wandering organist. "Jacka getta de tree, viti!" He pointed to a tall limb and shook the cord.

Jacko obeyed, scrambling up the tree trunk with meekness and dispatch. The Italian counted the coins he had received and dropped them into his pocket. "Jacka the monka great animal; he educate." He ground a discordant lay, whole passages of which were either flat or missing. The children were watching the monkey when the Italian again addressed them. He pointed an unclean finger up at the animal and said: "Ten cents to see monka come downa." He didn't get it.—[Albany Journal.

When Foam is on the Beaker. DOES the foam settle? Inquired the man who had just ordered a glass of beer.

"It does," answered the mixologist. The man after drinking the beer started to walk out, when the bartender called him back to pay for it. "Oh, no," said the man, "you said the foam would settle." The man behind the bar thought the joke so good that he called the man back and asked him to "have another."

"Is this on you?" the man asked. "It is."

"All right, give me a whisky, then."—[Albany Journal.

A Genius Discouraged. THERE'S one thing, Eugene," he said, "that discourages me. I try to keep it from doing so, but I find it impossible. Ever since I can remember anything I have been imbued with a feeling that I was intended by Nature to be greater than the common run of men. There has always been a voice whispering to me to strive on, that I had a lofty mission, that I was created for a noble purpose."

"It is strange," she replied, "how old, childish notions sometimes cling to us." "Eugene," he cried, half inclined to be angry, "are you joking with me?"

"No; I assure you I wouldn't try to do that. But what were you going to say?" "I was speaking of the fear that sometimes comes over me. It seems that geniuses are, almost without exception, men who have queer ways. Many of them, I find, have depraved tastes; most of them are irresponsible fools, who aside from the particular misallusions which they are called to fulfill do little good and often much harm. I have been reading about a number of great men lately, and they all seem to have had their failings. Wagner, Carlyle, Byron, Shelley, Poe—it was the same with all of them. But for the one streak of genius that made each of them great they would all have been in jails or madhouses."

"Yes," she assented. "But what has all this to do with your case?"

"I have been trying to study myself," he answered; "I

have been endeavoring to find out what kind of eccentricities I have to prove that I am a genius, and I can't discover any at all."

"Oh," she returned, permitting her dimples to assert themselves, "don't let that discourage you. Go on and try to develop the streak of genius. If you could hear some of the things people say behind your back you would never let the fear of a lack of crazy streaks in your make-up discourage you again."

Yet for some reason he kept on doubting, and hated the girl from that moment.—[Chicago Record-Herald.

No Aesop's Fables in This.

GEORGE ADE, whose "Fables in Slang" have brought him into prominence as a humorist, is from Indiana. In talking with a lady recently, she asked him if he had ever noticed how many bright people came from that State.

"Indeed I have, madam," he said, "and I have noticed, too, that the brighter they are, the sooner they come."

On another occasion Ade was listening to a restaurant orchestra with some friends when the band began to play the intermezzo from "Rusticana." As the first few bars were played one of the listeners asked:

"Didn't De Koven write that?"

"Not yet," said Ade.—[New York Times.

A Pastoral Legislator. BEFORE Secretary of State John T. McDonough took up residence in Albany he resided in Chautauque county. Recently he was telling about the constituents of Mr. Nixon, Speaker of the Assembly. "They are different from the residents of Chautauque county of sixty years ago," he said. "When I lived up in Mr. Nixon's district they used to tell a story about a member of the assembly who walked the entire distance from his home capital, sawed wood during the session of the Legislature to pay for his board, and then walked back home, carrying his \$300 salary with him. On one occasion, it is related that he received by messenger, a note from Mrs. Seward, the wife of the Governor, stating that she would be 'at home' at 9 o'clock that evening. He looked at the messenger and said: 'Home is a darned good place for any woman at that hour. I am glad that she is so sensible.'—[New York Times.

They Cordially Agreed. YES, sir, the newspapers of this country by their extended publication of sensational crimes and incidents are doing an incalculable amount of injury."

"That's right. The people shouldn't be permitted to read such details. The less they know about crime and criminals the better."

"I entirely agree with you. May I ask the nature of your business?"

"I am a green goods man."

"And I am a dealer in gold bricks. Shake."—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Watered Sixpence. A BEGGAR boy asked an old gentleman in the street for a sixpence.

"What will you do with it if I give you one?" asked the old gentleman.

"Turn it into ninepence quick," replied the boy.

"How?"

"Give me the tanner and I'll show yer."

The boy got the money, darted off to a baker's shop and bought a threepenny loaf, with which he returned to the old gentleman and handed him back three pennies. "How's this? You said you'd make sixpence into ninepence."

"So I 'ave. The baker's got threepence, you've got three-pence, and I've got a three-penny loaf. That's ninepence."—[Tit-Bits.

Her Make-up Was Her Fortune. AT THE Sunshine bazaar the Daughters of the Confederacy booth was one of the most attractive in the whole building, and at times did a rushing business. Several of the ladies who were assisting at this booth blackened their hands and faces and presided over tables at which all the old southern delicacies were sold. One lady relates that she was offering ginger bread for sale when an old negro man, who was over in a corner, beckoned to her. She went to him and he said:

"What you axin' for dem stage-planks?"

"Two cakes for 5 cents," she responded.

"Well, give me two. You'd be fast one of my color dat I've seen here, an' I've gwine to patronize you."

The lady, who is a great social favorite here, considers it quite a compliment to her make-up.—[Mobile Register.

Smart Newsboy. A NEWSBOY on Grand avenue attracted considerable attention by reason of the fact that he had abandoned the stereotyped cry of his craft in disposing of papers. The length of the formula which he was going through with at intervals of three minutes impelled passers-by to stop and see if they could not arrive at a translation of it, which would be at least intelligible. The newsboy was apparently unconscious of the attention he was attracting, but as more and more people stopped his words became more and more distinct. It was found that he was making use of the fire in the leather factory, an account of which was contained in yesterday morning's Sentinel, as the principal item of news in which the public would be interested. The burden of his cry was as follows:

"Extra paper—shoe factory burned; hundreds of soles lost."

As fast as the people recognized the meaning of the newsboy's cry there was a general laugh, and his stock of papers rapidly disappeared. In a short time he had disposed of nearly one hundred, and there was a general feeling of envy among his associates of less inventive minds.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.



## AT BENSON HARBOR.

Contributed by Anna S. Richardson.

"**D**'YE mean to say, Dave, that you've trusted that girl with the telegraph cipher?"

"Yes, and with a good deal more, including the affairs of my clients."

The absolute evenness and calmness of David Graham's tones should have warned his impetuous brother, but the latter plunged blindly on.

"Never knew a woman that could keep her mouth shut!"

"Then you'll meet one now—Miss Maitland!"

The click of the typewriter in the inner office moved on as smoothly as if the operator's cheeks were not aflame, nor her eyes flashing. By the time she appeared in the doorway in response to the third summons, the danger signals had subsided.

"Miss Maitland, my brother John."

Young Graham acknowledged the introduction as best he could under the quiet scrutiny of Helen Maitland's clear gray eyes, and slipped away with an air of evident relief.

"She looks you square in the eye, which is more than most women do," he murmured ungallantly as he hurried toward the elevator.

No name adorned the ground-glass door of David Graham's office, situated at the end of a dark corridor in the towering office building. Those who had need of his services knew where to find him. As for the rest of the world the less it knew of his movements the better he was suited. For Graham was a successful private detective, quiet, unostentatious, inscrutable, and he looked for his clients in the very hub of the financial world—Wall street.

That is how he happened to get the Worrell case. All the Manhattan Security and Investment Company incorporation asked of Graham was the return of the money and bonds with which young Worrell had absconded. They had no intention of prosecuting the son of the institution's founder. The one horror which the situation held for the company was publicity. The fact that so solid, so conservative a firm had been wantonly, flagrantly fleeced was to be suppressed at any cost, even at that of the hypothecated funds.

Helen Maitland knew all this and more, the names and numbers of the stolen bonds, the color of the young man's eyes and hair and the number in his watch. She had innumerable specimens of his handwriting in personal notes and business letters, a half dozen of his photographs, and a picture of the woman in the case, a stage beauty who stood in the front row of a Broadway chorus.

Graham was annoyed at the slowness of his progress in the case. No trace of Worrell had he found abroad or in Canada, and the fact that the stage beauty still haunted Broadway inclined the detective to the belief that the absconding cashier was shrewdly hiding in New York, pending the subsidence of interest in the case. Hence he had called in his brother, formerly with the city detective bureau, to follow the scent through the most promising quarters, the metropolitan lodging-houses.

Before his brother was fairly out of the building, Graham, in his terse, business-like fashion, had gone over the ground with Helen. The gray-eyed stenographer gave a sigh of relief.

"I am glad to hear that Mr. Graham will be with you for a while, for I—I—"

David Graham compressed his lips suddenly. She was about to tender her resignation. Well, a trifling matter like increased salary should not stand between them.

"Yes?" he said, encouragingly.

"Why, you see, Mr. Graham, we've been so busy, and—and, well, perhaps you have forgotten the fact, but I've had no vacation this year."

No, Graham had not forgotten the fact. All summer long he had postponed offering her the vacation because—and now he woke suddenly to the selfishness of his attitude—he could not endure the thought of the office without her presence. Week after week he had salved his conscience with the belief that he had never put in such a busy summer. He had no intention, however, of telling Helen all this. She was far too valuable an employé to be frightened away by any expression of sentimental nonsense. Better to have her near in the role of stenographer than not at all.

"That is so, Miss Maitland, and let's see—this is November 10. Rather late to turn summer girl, eh? Shall you go to Saratoga or Long Branch?"

Helen smiled at his unexpected pleasantry. He was always so grave, so absorbed in the complications of his clients.

"Neither, Mr. Graham. You see, we are New Englanders, and my mother still occupies the small homestead at Benson Harbor. We've never been separated on Thanksgiving day, and I'd like to spend my two weeks with her and brother Jim."

"Certainly, I'm a New Englander myself, and know just how you feel, though there is no mother, nor old homestead to entice me away from New York this year. Just remind me Saturday to make out your check for the vacation salary, and—I hope you'll have a pleasant time."

Then Helen went back to her typewriter and Graham apparently resumed his cogitations on the Worrell case. At least he sat with his hands thrust deeply into his pockets and his brows knotted in a frown.

"Mother, dear, how ever do you stand it?" asked Helen, as she stood at the small-paned window of her mother's cottage and watched the night fog settle down on the jagged coast rocks. She pictured Broadway at the same hour, the crush of people homeward bound, the brilliant

windows, the gleaming electric signs. And here were the blackness and blackness of night, all unrelieved.

"Stand what?" asked her mother, placidly trimming the lamp. "I hope one year in New York hasn't made you hate your old home."

"Hate it! Never! I was only thinking of you and how lonely it must be for you when I am gone. I do wish you'd let me take a little flat, and—"

"Nonsense, child. I'd never be happy away from the sea. Now there's Mr. Warner, he's been stopping six weeks with Ged Harper's folks. He came down here just to get away from the bustle and excitement of New York—says he can't write there."

"Write what?" queried Helen, still staring out into the gathering gloom.

"A book—a society novel. He says New York life scatters his ideas."

"Lots of other people write books—and good ones—in New York," said Helen, a bit sharply. "I hope you did not tell him I was a stenographer. He'll be sure to offer me work, and I want to rest every minute I'm here."

"I never told him anything, but I reckon he'll be over to see you soon. Somehow, in spite of all his talk about wanting quiet and seclusion, I believe he's plumb homesick for New York. He's been counting big on your coming, and has been over every night lately."

Almost on the heels of this remark there came a knock on the door, and Mrs. Maitland admitted a tall, square-shouldered young fellow, whose face, where it was not hidden by a well-trimmed beard, showed a newly-acquired tan.

Helen was at first inclined to resent the presence of a stranger on this her first evening at home, but the feeling gradually wore away. Glenn Warner was so thoroughly at ease in the dim, simply-furnished front room, so debonaire in his conversation that Helen felt to comparing him, and, to his great advantage, with the young men whom she had occasionally met in the dun-colored parlor at her Harlem boarding-house. Yes, unquestionably this was a New York man, the sort she had read about, and had seen occasionally at theaters or driving in the park, but never before at such close range.

Young Warner—or was he young? His beard and eyes wore the thumb marks of time, but his voice was blithe, almost boyish. He steered the conversation modestly and skillfully away from his book. He had been a mere dilettante in college, but this was to be something serious. "He would certainly send them an autographed copy when it came out, but in the meantime there were pleasanter things to think about. And here he looked straight at Helen's beautiful gray eyes. The well-aimed arrow fell short. Helen was mentally arguing whether or not she was glad he had chosen Benson Harbor as a literary workshop and she did not catch the admiring look.

By the next night she had decided in the affirmative. She found that the interests of Benson Harbor were no longer her interests. At 9 a.m. there had come to her an intense yearning for the dull office at the end of the corridor. At 10 she pictured Graham slowly, perhaps irritably, inditing his own correspondence, for he had declared he would have no substitute. At 12 she saw the elevator shooting up to the lunch room on the top floor. At 4 the janitor's assistant would enter the office, and she wondered anxiously if Graham would lock up every scrap of paper. She had looked after these details. Hers was a temperament which found its greatest happiness in the knowledge that she was essential to someone. And Graham, in scores of ways, had shown his dependence upon her, his faith in her. By 6 o'clock she had lost her appetite, and the sullen roar of the surf set her wild for the shriek and rumble of the elevated road. When Warner arrived there was genuine welcome in her eyes.

And Warner? Well, he blessed the prospect of the next two weeks, and returned to his old game of love-making with the zest of one who had been deprived of the lighter and most enjoyable privileges of life. Not that Benson Harbor could boast of no pretty girls, but they had proved shy, or silly, or inappreciative, or engaged. And Helen was none of these. She carried her gowns, too, almost as well as did the women in his own set; yes, almost as well as—He frowned suddenly, then laughed with Helen, and forgot.

The friendship progressed as it can only between two young people shut in by beetling crags and sullen waves. On sunny mornings they rowed across the inlet to the postoffice. In the afternoon they went for long walks. Helen smart and trim in her rainy-day suit and crimson tam-o'-shanter, which matched the color of Warner's gray sweater. And dimmer and weaker became Helen's anxiety about the condition of affairs in Graham's office.

She was a healthy, spontaneous creature, and the sudden liberation from office routine was followed by a reaction. The joy of her Puritan ancestors seemed to run riot in her veins. She was free—free to climb the rocks, to send her boat flashing across the inlet, to fill her lungs with great drafts of sea air—and she was glad just to be alive. The old love for the sea and the rock-locked town filled her heart, and she no longer pined for the brilliant illuminations of Broadway and the insistent clatter of the elevated trains.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and she stood in the cozy kitchen, where the sun poured in through windows on three sides. An asthmatic bird, the old household pet, chirped feebly amidst a nest of blooming geraniums in the south window, and the air was charged with savory odors.

"It don't seem like Thanksgiving day was tomorrow," complained Mrs. Maitland, crimping the edges of her third pumpkin pie. "There ain't a sign of storm nor snow; it's most like Indian summer."

"And it seems selfish to make up all these goodies just for you and Jimmy and me," laughed Helen, sniffing the spicy air with undisguised pleasure.

"Well, you're the prodigal daughter and we've got to kill the fatted calf if it's nothing but a gobbler," laughed her mother. "I did write to Otis and his wife, but they're going over to the Demminges this year, and there ain't none of our relatives near."

"I wasn't thinking of relatives," murmured Helen,

gazing across the rocks and sand to where the dancing and sparkled in the unusual mellow light. She did not add that she was thinking of Graham, the tone in which he had said: "There is no more nor homestead to entice me away from New York this year." Perhaps he would really have enjoyed being together sharply. What nonsense! As if he would go all the way to Benson Harbor to take Thanksgiving dinner with his stenographer! In truth, Graham was not the stuff of which maiden's dreams are made. He was irritable occasionally, blunt often, but never unkind. His soft brown hair cropped heavily over his ears, but the fore part of his well-molded head was bald. Ingenious blue eyes, a stubby brown mustache that hid sarcastic lips, and bright pink spots on his cheek, gave him an artless appearance quite out of keeping with his profession. Graham was the sort of man who would love a woman for years without knowing her so, and then wonder why she did not understand him. Was not the fact that she was the object of his attention, that he always showed a desire to know her with him sufficient evidence of his feeling? It was hard for him to realize that women insist upon words—mouth—a constant reiteration of the old, old story.

Helen came out of her reveries with a start. She had thrust a note into her hand and was speeding down with old Tige at his heels. Such mornings as these brusque New England and not to be wasted.

Mrs. Maitland was peering into the oven and did not notice Helen's face as she left the kitchen. Once in her room, Helen snapped the door dropped and went to the bed and again read the note:

"My Dear Miss Maitland: This day is a good one for you good for a climb to the Point? Or are you immersed in Thanksgiving preparations? Better come. You can feed in New York and you can't enjoy it like this. I'll drop round in half an hour. Faithfully,"

There was nothing startling in the simple wording. Helen sat like one fascinated, studying every word, every curve of the clear chirography. Yes, she knew "G. W." The interlacing of those letters was a familiar one in Graham's safe lay two notes, signed with the same interwoven initials. There was no mistaking the similarity. Then she tried a trick of which she had often spoken, picturing Warner's face without beard. Slowly each feature stood out in her mind. She had a perfect reproduction of the photograph in Graham's safe. And this was Grover Worrell, Glenn Warner. The book he was writing? A romance throw detectives off his track. He was simply a for interest in his case to lag—then Europe and woman! She remembered quite well that Graham outlined that very theory, temporary concealment to New York.

Ten minutes later Helen came down stairs and for Jimmy. In her hand was a slip of paper.

"Jimmy, dear, I want you to row right over to Benson Harbor and send this by wire." She pressed the note into his hand.

Jimmy stared curiously at the message. "David Graham, room 171, Edison building, he was all he could understand."

"Gee, Nell, this don't make sense."

"Never mind, Jimmy; it will make sense to me who gets it, and I want it sent just that way. You keep every cent of the change."

Jubilant Jimmy rowed off toward the Harbor. Helen went around Indian Point with Warner. Her evident despondency. It seemed as if the sun had been suddenly drenched and the air turned to mist. Once perched on the rocks, he tried to resume his bantering tone.

"Is your mother preparing a feast in the prodigal daughter's honor?"

"She called me that, too," said Helen, musingly.

Suddenly silence fell between them. It was Helen who finally spoke, but his voice lost the careless ring of his usual tone.

"Thanksgiving Day is the time for all prodigals in appearance, isn't it? I wonder if you had come here not as you are now, strong, self-reliant, clear-eyed, honest, but burdened with mistakes and sin, and your mother would have been like the Puritan of old, closing the doors upon you, or whether she would open her arms and heart to you?"

"Close the doors on Thanksgiving Day? Never in any other day. Mothers—the right kind of mothers—are always ready to forgive, and give us a chance to make it over. That is a woman's right and privilege—to give, and make the world better for her forgiveness."

Helen spoke in a low, earnest voice. She had forgotten everything save the knowledge that had come to her through those two interwoven letters.

"I wonder if my mother would look at it that way? I think so, if she's like her son. Why don't you tell her the words slipped out unconsciously. Warner was silent, and gazed at her—uneasily, at first, then quietly, and yearningly. She sat with her hands loosely clasped about her knees, her clear gray eyes sweeping the distant horizon.

"Oh, I've been such a fool—such a selfish one—no chance for me," he answered, bitterly.

"There is always the chance—if we make it," Helen quietly, but with an odd quaver in her voice. "The trouble is that we always wait for someone to offer the chance—to make it for us."

Warner was silent. His glance followed her to the horizon, where the sunlight seemed to be coming in a shower of diamonds.

"By Jove, Miss Maitland, I believe you're right. I'm not going to tell you the story of my life. You're too good to deserve such a fate as listening to it—well, I'm very glad you came to Benson Harbor on Thanksgiving Day."

What was passing in his mind, Helen could only guess. But that the demon of remorse had entered his heart she knew. The plan of the prodigal son was on his lips, and she—The sunlight danced on the waves, and a boat that rode the water gaily. It was Jimmy's

ing back from Benson Harbor. The moon was shining toward New York.

For a few moments, Helen, slightly coming back, fought out her fight. She thought of the contents of that message? Should she chance to escape that night? In the Thanksgiving Day—Graham would come would the detective take? Once on the rocks when Warner was helping her over a rock, she almost clasped his hand and truth. Then, as from the distance, came voices in Graham's office. What was he doing? "I'd trust her with more than that, the clients."

She closed her eyes suddenly. She felt and Warner almost carried her down to the beach where she threw aside the thoughts upon her like a thick fog. With forced herself and chatted volubly until her mother's cottage.

Mrs. Maitland met them in the door. She turned out marvelously well. She was at world, and hospitality incarnate.

"Won't you come over to dinner tomorrow? I think Ged Harper's folks can do four looks better round my table than the Warner bowed courteously over the work-worn hand.

"You are very kind, Mrs. Maitland. I'm pleasure. Then he turned to Helen. She turned pale, and her lips moved stiffly:

"We'd be very glad to see you tomorrow. Tomorrow—and in the morning Graham here! Who or what would be bring with once had Helen Maitland seen handcuffs and bracelets in hideous guise appeared to her eyes.

"Wake up, Helen! It's a real Thanksgiving. The weather changed in the night, and covered with snow."

Helen tried to smile into her mother's face. It had been a bad night for her, and now Graham would be at Ged Harper's!

The moments fairly flew for Mrs. Maitland and good cheer intent. There was to pick for the table, the old-fashioned silver, a final polishing, and never did a turkey receive so much basting. Helen tried to be of service, but her hands trembled when she cut the turkey, she spilled the succulent juice when turkey.

Ten o'clock! Graham must be at Ged Harper's! There came a knock at the door. Helen dared not move. Her mother bustled back to her face.

"Lawee, Helen," she whispered, closing the door. "It's the man you work for—Mr. Graham got a valise. I wonder if he's—"

But Helen was out of hearing. At the first she paused to gain time—and courage. Graham stood with his back to her, starting a letter in his hand. He turned abruptly.

"Well, he's gone!"

"Gone!" Helen echoed the word blankly, she said or done to rouse Warner's suspicion. "Left on the 10:47 train last night," came the blunt, unwavering tones. "This is he ordered Mr. Harper to send to you."

Mechanically Helen took the letter and the bag. But her thought was of Graham. He was accusing her of duplicity? She gave a gasp. The bag was filled with papers. Graham's, a light of triumph illuminating his face, tore open the letter, read it hastily, and great sob dropped her face on her clasped hands.

Graham watched her in silence; then the light of triumph faded from his eyes. His throat and wrists stood out like great, angry light shone in his eyes.

What had Worrell done—added to his other unforgivable sin of breaking this girl's heart, a man who would have protected her, had he the right, stood tensely watching the sobbing before him.

"Miss Maitland—"

She raised her head, and at the great joy Graham felt a load fell from his heart.

"Read it," she said simply, and handed him the letter.

"My Dear Friend: I told you yesterday about you with the story of my life. To truth, I lacked the courage to tell it. But take this grip to the Manhattan Security and Company, incorporated, and turn it over to the president, he will doubtless give you all the information regarding my iniquities. I am with this because I know I can, and I more. I want you to see my mother, and I passed between us yesterday on the point. Well, I'm going after that chance. Wherever you'll hear from me in time—when I've sent to write. I've known for months I've needed just you to show me the way out. I know that you've done me a good turn to your Thanksgiving dinner, and that your think me unpardonably rude to thus break my moment. Yours faithfully and gratefully,"

"GROVER W. WARRELL" The moist sheet fluttered from Graham's face, and he grasped roughly the curved Maitland's ancestral chair.

"Helen!"

The girl raised her beautiful gray eyes to her at the tone.

"Helen, you don't care?"

A puzzled look came into her face.

"Don't care—what?"

"That he has gone?" There was a world in her voice. Her eyes fell.

"No." A mighty wave of joy thrilled her



and to where the  
unusual mellow light.  
thinking of Graham, and  
said: "There is no mother  
away from New York this  
really have enjoyed combat.  
ask him. She pulled herself  
cannon! As if he would come  
her to take Thanksgiving  
er! In truth, Graham was  
len's dreams are made. He  
phant often, but appreciative  
er crumpled heavily above his  
well-molded head was quite  
a stubby brown mustache  
bright pink spots on either  
appearance quite out of keep-  
Graham was the sort of a  
for years without telling  
she did not understand.  
was the object of constant  
showed a desire to have her  
of his feeling? It would be  
women insist upon word of  
m of the old, old story.  
varies with a start. Jimmy  
and was speeding away  
Such mornings are rare in  
not to be wasted.  
into the oven and did not  
ft the kitchen. Once, within  
the door dropped weakly on  
note:  
This day is a gem. Are  
the Point? Or are you im-  
parations? Better come out,  
and you can't enjoy sea air  
half an hour. Faithfully,  
"G. W."  
ing in the simple wording, yet  
ed, studying every word, et-  
ography. Yes, she knew it.  
of those letters was unmis-  
lay two notes, signed with  
a. There was no mistaking  
a trick of which Graham  
Warner's face without hesi-  
stood out in her mind was  
one of the photographs was  
le was Grover Worrell, and  
he was writing? A rare oc-  
ck. He was simply waiting  
bag—then Europe and the  
quite well that Graham had  
emporary concealment due  
ame down stairs and called  
a slip of paper.  
to row right over to the  
e." She pressed a \$2 bill  
the message. The address,  
Edison building, New York,  
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te sense."  
will make sense to the man  
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ff toward the Harbor, and  
point with Warner. He said  
t seemed as if the sunlight  
d and the air turned cold,  
he tried to resume his old  
g a feast in the prodig-  
ould Helen, musingly.  
reen them. It was Warner  
oice lost the careless ring  
time for all prodigals to p-  
onder if you had come home  
self-reliant, clear-eyed and  
mistakes and sins, whether  
as like the Puritan mother  
you, or whether she would  
you?"  
hanksgiving Day? No, nor on  
the right kind of mother-  
and give us a chance to try  
right and privilege—to for-  
er for her forgiveness."  
arrested voice. She had for-  
knowledge that had come to  
would letters.  
ould look at it that way."  
er son. Why don't you try?  
consciously. Warner started  
at first, then quietly, almost  
her hands loosely clasped  
gray eyes sweeping the dis-  
—such a selfish one—there  
ered, bitterly.  
—and if we make it," said  
old quaver in her voice  
ways wait for someone else  
it for us."  
glance followed her's to the  
seemed to be casting a

my back from Benson Harbor. The message was speed-  
ing toward New York.  
For a few moments, Helen, silently watching the on-  
coming boat, fought out her fight. Should she tell him  
the contents of that message? Should she give him the  
chance to escape that night? In the morning—on  
Thanksgiving Day—Graham would come. What steps  
would the detective take? Once on their way down,  
when Warner was helping her over a rough place in the  
rocks, she almost clasped his hand and told him the  
truth. Then, as from the distance, came the murmur of  
voices in Graham's office. What was he saying?  
"I'd trust her with more than that, the affairs of my  
domestics."  
The closed her eyes suddenly. She felt terribly faint,  
and Warner almost carried her down to the sloping sands,  
where she threw aside the thoughts which crowded  
upon her like a thick fog. With forced gaiety she  
coaxed herself and chatted volubly until they reached  
her mother's cottage.  
Mrs. Maitland met them in the door. Her baking had  
turned out marvelously well. She was at peace with the  
world, and hospitality incarnate.  
"Won't you come over to dinner tomorrow, Mr. War-  
ner? I think God Harper's folks can spare you, and  
our looks better round my table than three."  
Warner bowed courteously over the outstretched,  
work-worn hand.  
"You are very kind, Mrs. Maitland. I shall come with  
pleasure. Then he turned to Helen. Again she had  
turned pale, and her lips moved stiffly:  
"We'd be very glad to see you tomorrow, Mr. Warner."  
Tomorrow—and in the morning Graham would be  
here! Who or what would he bring with him? Only  
once had Helen Maitland seen handcuffs, but now the  
iron bracelets in hideous guise appeared before her ach-  
ing eyes.  
"Wake up, Helen! It's a real Thanksgiving morning!  
The weather changed in the night, and the ground is  
covered with snow."  
Helen tried to smile into her mother's cheerful face.  
It had been a bad night for her, and now—in two hours  
Graham would be at God Harper's!  
The moments fairly flew for Mrs. Maitland, on hos-  
pitality and good cheer intent. There were geraniums  
to pick for the table, the old-fashioned silver to be given  
a final polishing, and never did a turkey require such in-  
cessant basting. Helen tried to be of some assistance,  
but her hands trembled when she cut the flowers and  
twice she spilled the succulent juice when she basted the  
turkey.  
Ten o'clock! Graham must be at God Harper's!  
Half-past! There came a knock at the door, but Helen  
dared not move. Her mother bustled back to the kitchen,  
a puzzled look on her face.  
"Lawsee, Helen," she whispered, closing the door care-  
fully, "it's the man you work for—Mr. Graham—and he's  
got a valise. I wonder if he's—"  
But Helen was out of hearing. At the front-room door  
she paused to gain time—and courage.  
Graham stood with his back to her, staring intently at  
a letter in his hand. He turned abruptly.  
"Well, he's gone!"  
"Gone!" Helen echoed the word blankly. What had  
he said or done to rouse Warner's suspicions?  
"Left on the 10:47 train last night," continued Gra-  
ham's blunt, unwavering tones. "This bag and letter  
belonged Mr. Harper to send to you."  
Mechanically Helen took the letter and bent to open  
the bag. But her thought was of Graham. Was he men-  
tally accusing her of duplicity? She gave a sudden gasp.  
The bag was filled with papers. Graham knelt beside  
her, a light of triumph illuminating his stern face. She  
tore open the letter, read it hastily, and then with a  
great sob dropped her face on her clasped hands.  
Graham watched her in silence; then the veins on his  
brow and wrists stood out like great cords, and an  
angry light shone in his eyes.  
What had Worrell done—added to his other crimes the  
unforgivable sin of breaking this girl's heart? And the  
man who would have protected her, had he dared to ask  
the right, stood tensely watching the sob-shaken figure  
before him.  
"Miss Maitland—"  
She raised her head, and at the great joy in her face  
Graham felt a load fall from his heart.  
"Read it," she said simply, and handed him the crum-  
pled letter.  
"My Dear Friend: I told you yesterday I would not  
tell you with the story of my life. To tell you the  
truth, I lacked the courage to tell it. But if you will  
take this grip to the Manhattan Security and Investment  
Company, incorporated, and turn it over to Mr. Forbes,  
the president, he will doubtless give you all the informa-  
tion obtainable regarding my iniquities. I am trusting  
you with this because I know I can, and with something  
more. I want you to see my mother, and tell her what  
passed between us yesterday on the point. As for my-  
self, I'm going after that chance. Where—never mind.  
You'll hear from me in time—when I've something de-  
cent to write. I've known for months I was a fool, but  
I needed just you to show me the way out. I hope the  
knowledge that you've done me a good turn will add zest  
to your Thanksgiving dinner, and that your mother won't  
think me unparadoxically rude to thus break our engage-  
ment. Yours faithfully and gratefully,  
"GROVER WORRELL."  
The moist sheet fluttered from Graham's hand to the  
floor, and he grasped roughly the curved back of Mrs.  
Maitland's ancestral chair.  
"Helen!"  
The girl raised her beautiful gray eyes to his in won-  
der at the tone.  
"Helen, you don't care?"  
A puzzled look came into her face.  
"Don't care—what?"  
"That he has gone?" There was a world of entreaty  
in his voice. Her eyes fell.  
"No." A mighty wave of joy thrilled her and a spirit

of mischief rang in her next words. "Not if you'll have  
Thanksgiving dinner with us. We have places for four,  
you know."  
Then Graham forgot the Worrell case, the property of  
the Manhattan Investment Company scattered at his feet,  
the fact that he had never told Helen of his love. He  
simply held out his arms—and she understood.  
Mrs. Maitland had just brought in the turkey and was  
holding the carving knife aloft with a contemplative air,  
when she remarked with startling abruptness.  
"Well, if this hasn't been the queerest Thanksgiving  
day I ever put in. Who'd ever thought of your coming  
all the way from New York to eat a real Rhode Island  
turkey? I declare, it's a wonder this whole dinner ain't  
burnt to a cinder."  
"It has been a surprising series of events," answered  
Graham, with almost boyish enthusiasm. "All day yes-  
terday I was dreading that Thanksgiving dinner at a  
café. It just goes to show that sometimes one cannot  
tell what he has to be grateful for until almost time to  
carve the turkey. And then blessings come thick and  
fast. Allow me, Mrs. Maitland, as your future son-in-  
law, to relieve you of that task."  
And Mrs. Maitland weakly relinquished the carver,  
murmuring faintly, "Well, Helen Maitland, this does beat  
all. You might have told me."  
"How could I, mother, dear, when I didn't know it  
myself?"  
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**THANKSGIVING DAY.**  
  
*By a Special Contributor.*  
  
THANKSGIVING Day may claim to be the oldest, and  
at the same time the most distinctive of our Amer-  
ican holidays. It is undeniably more expressive of  
the character forces which make our nation typical, than  
our national festivals, many of which came to us as  
"legislated heirlooms," but our first Thanksgiving cele-  
bration was a spontaneous thank offering to the Al-  
mighty.  
Some one has said that if a new nation were born to-  
morrow, and should seek to keep one day absolutely  
sacred to its own anniversary, some scholar could pro-  
duce an Assyrian or Aztec calendar which would prove  
beyond a doubt that the same identical day was long  
ago celebrated by some nation of antiquity.  
America does not claim to have originated the idea  
embodied in a day of thanksgiving. It claims the annual  
celebration of it as a national institution, for no other  
nation has regularly set apart one day in each year for  
such an observance.  
The idea itself is as old as the human race. The Jews  
celebrated three thousand years ago the ingathering of  
the harvest by the Feast of the Tabernacles. The feast  
lasted eight days and was a time of festivity and re-  
joicing. We find Theocritus in his Seventh Idyll re-  
ferring to the feast of Demeter observed by the Greeks,  
as an offering to the goddess of the cornfields and har-  
vest. Products of the soil, and oblations of wine, milk  
and honey were included in the sacrifices. In Virgil we  
read of the harvest festival of the Romans called  
Cerealia. It dates back to the reign of Romulus, and was  
a picturesque celebration of a nation's thankfulness, with  
its processions, music and sports, concluding with a  
thank offering in the temples.  
The English Harvest Home was an affair of great  
merriment and rejoicing, and was held at the time of  
the harvest moon, after the last sheaf had been "gar-  
nered home." It was a characteristic celebration; danc-  
ing on the village green and rural sports occupied the  
day, while blazing bonfires illuminated the merry-  
making at night. The Scottish people called their har-  
vest festival, "Kirk," and celebrated it in a similar way.  
On down through the ages we can trace the development  
of the thanksgiving thought.  
Many special days have been set apart by various  
rulers as specific occasions for a thanksgiving. Such a  
day was observed in Leyden, Holland, October 3, 1575,  
for the deliverance of the city from the siege. Queen  
Elizabeth issued a proclamation for the observance of  
a day of thanks which required special religious services.  
The proclamation read in part:  
"On Thanksgiving Day no servile labor may be per-  
formed, and thanks should be offered for the increase  
and abundance of His fruits for the earth."  
A national thanksgiving was held in England on the  
defeat of the Spanish Armada. Oliver Cromwell gave  
directions for numerous thanksgiving days during his  
reign, and when George III. recovered from an attack  
of temporary insanity, the event was celebrated through-  
out the realm. In 1872, the recovery of the Prince of  
Wales from a serious illness, was observed by a service  
of thanks held in St. Paul's Cathedral. Special observ-  
ances of like character have been held in Germany,  
France and Sweden.  
Thanksgiving Day as an American institution is popu-  
larly supposed to have begun at Plymouth, and to have  
continued without interruption down to the present time.  
Such are not the facts. The first Thanksgiving service  
in North America was held on the shores of Newfound-  
land in 1578 in commemoration of "miraculous deliver-  
ance." Religious ceremonies were conducted by an Eng-  
lish minister named Wolfall, who accompanied the ex-  
pedition under Frobisher, which composed the first Eng-  
lish colony to settle on these shores. We find the rec-  
ords of that first thanksgiving saying:  
"We highly praised God and all together upon our  
knees gave Him due humble and hearty thanks, and  
Maister Wolfall, a learned man appointed by Her Maj-  
esty's Council to be our minister, made unto us a godly  
sermon, exhorting us especially to be thankful to God  
for his strange miraculous deliverance in these danger-  
ous places."  
The earliest record of a similar service within the

present territory of the United States is that of the  
Popham colony who settled at Sagadahoc, on the coast  
of Maine in August, 1607. On the nineteenth of the  
month they held a thanksgiving service, and gave thanks  
to God or "happy meetings and safe aryvale." After  
the service, they unfurled the flag and took possession  
of the New World in the name of their sovereign. This  
was thirteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims at  
Plymouth, and shortly after the arrival of the company  
at Jamestown, Va.  
But the cold facts of history cannot dim the popular  
conception of what is generally considered "the first  
Thanksgiving day." The Thanksgiving Day of song and  
story—the one celebrated at Plymouth by the Pilgrim  
fathers of 1621. It was with them a thanksgiving for  
the ingathering of the harvest; not a bountiful harvest  
according to latter-day standards, but plentiful, indeed,  
to them. The crops from twenty acres of corn and  
from six acres of barley and pease had been gathered.  
Water fowl were in the harbor, and deer and wild tur-  
keys abounded in the forests. It appealed to the Gov-  
ernor, William Bradford, as a fitting season for thanks-  
giving, and a special time was appointed. We are told  
that the festival lasted three days and was celebrated  
in the open air. Listen to the quaint portrayal of the  
event left us by the graphic pen of Edward Winslow:  
"Our harvests being gathered in, our Governor sent  
four men on a fowling, so that we might after a special  
manner rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit  
of our labors. They four in one day killed as much  
fowl as, with a little help beside, served the company  
almost a week. At which time amongst other recre-  
ations we exercised our arms, many of the Indians com-  
ing amongst us, and among the rest, their greatest King,  
Massasoit, with some ninety of his men, whom for  
three days we entertained and feasted; and they went  
out and killed five deer, which they brought to the  
plantation and bestowed on our Governor and upon our  
captain (Standish) and others; and although it be not  
always so plentiful as it was at the time with us, yet  
by the goodness of God, we are so far from want, that we  
often wish you were partaking of our plenty."  
How the picture stands before us! Clear in historical  
outline—an inspiring theme for artist's brush or poet's  
song. We see the dusky smile of King Massasoit watch-  
ing with keen interest the display of the proficiency in  
arms shown by Capt. Miles Standish and his little band  
of twenty men. And then the foot races and feats of  
strength in which the Indian visitors readily joined,  
and, ah, yea, we see, too, Priscilla, the dainty Puritan  
maiden fitting around among the guests, bearing some  
appetizing dish, whose secret came from the old home  
beyond the sea. Historians tell us that "comfortable  
warm water," added much to the enjoyment of the feast,  
but, alas, we hold no recipe for its concoction, though  
we have, doubtless, many more harmful substitutes.  
In the following year a thanksgiving day was not ob-  
served, but in July of 1623 one was kept in thankfulness  
for the safe arrival of provisions. Half a century had  
gone by before it was again celebrated in 1683, and 1689  
the accession of William and Mary was made a time of  
thanksgiving. The following year a day was kept, and  
for the new Massachusetts colony, the first celebration  
was held in Boston, July 8, 1630.  
From 1661 until the Revolution, thanksgiving days  
were appointed by the Governors for various reasons,  
such as victories over the Indians, the arrival of pro-  
visions, and like happenings. Meager supplies were often  
the cause of delayed thanksgivings, for we find an ac-  
count of a thanksgiving day deferred for a week by a  
town vote on account of the scarcity of molasses. Later  
the Massachusetts General Court opened a real old-fash-  
ioned thanksgiving proclamation with these words:  
"It having pleased the God of Heaven to mitigate His  
many frowns upon us in the summer past, with a mix-  
ture of some signal favors, and in the midst of wrath,  
so far to remember Mercy," and then in the following  
sentences, a day of praise is appointed to thank the Al-  
mighty for the mitigation of His wrath.  
In Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Jersey, the day  
was celebrated at intervals through the years. In New  
York, the gathering of the harvest was not made a time  
of rejoicing, but political and military events took the  
lead. On Long Island, a quaint custom was observed  
which shows the beginning of the movement to have a  
regular day kept annually. In East and South Hampton  
a thanksgiving day was kept yearly, on the Thursday  
after the cattle were driven home from the common  
pastures at Montauk Point.  
At the close of the Revolution, the tendency was evi-  
dent to make Thanksgiving Day an annual national cele-  
bration. George Washington, at the city of New York,  
on the third of October, 1789, issued the first national  
Thanksgiving proclamation, appointing Thursday, No-  
vember 26, as the day to be observed. He requested the  
nation to thank God prayerfully for "affording them an  
opportunity peaceably to establish a form of govern-  
ment for their safety and happiness."  
And so today the beautiful custom of thanksgiving for  
bountiful harvest and unnumbered mercies comes to us  
down the years as a blessed heritage. But the question  
forcefully presents itself: How can the historical sig-  
nificance of the day be preserved?  
This one great American folk holiday should be cele-  
brated in a manner befitting its origin. Let everything  
be done which will make for the simple character, the  
sweet simplicity of the feast on this day of thanks. Away  
with the costly exotics which decorate the tables! Let us  
have the old-fashioned asters, and the autumn leaves.  
The hand of the French chef is far too evident in the  
generally accepted menu for this time-honored repast.  
He is historically out of place on this occasion. Let us  
have the turkey and the pumpkin pie, and if our turkey  
in this day of improved mechanics can no longer be  
"pregnant with fervent heat from hickory and oak," we  
can still enjoy it with thankful hearts for His gracious  
leading and many favors.  
And if this day of days holds for you a reunion with  
loved ones—a return to the old home—lift up your soul  
in one glad song of praise, for God's richest blessing has  
been given unto you. CORINNE L. BARTLETT.



22  
23

## Feasting in Mexico and Other Countries.

### THANKSGIVING SUGGESTIONS.

#### HOW NEIGHBORS IN OTHER NATIONS SATISFY THEIR GASTRONOMIC DESIRES.

By a Special Contributor.

"I've dined with painted savages  
In regions most remote;  
I've seen—and heard—the boarders eat  
At a German table d'hôte;  
I've leaped from off of flying trains,  
And seized, when on the run,  
The lignum-vitæ sandwich  
And the patent-leather bun.  
The gastronomic gamut I have  
Run 'mid varied scenes—  
From Pommery to lager beer,  
From terrapin to beans."

But these are nothing to the things  
I've eaten since, you know,  
Things hot, things cold—but mostly hot—  
Way down in Mexico.

I endeavored, recently, to get from a friend some recipes for cooking a Thanksgiving dinner, Spanish wise. She could cook it, oh, yes! She could prepare everything, from turkey to dulces, in a manner calculated to delight the lover of Spanish dishes. But as for telling how she did it—that was another matter. Her recipes were like the old lady's directions for making biscuit: "You take so much flour"—scooping it up in her hands—"twice; a pinch of salt; a little baking powder; some butter, and stir it all up together with water."

The diner-out in Mexico, if unacquainted with the mysteries of Mexican cookery, will speedily gain the impression that "a pinch of this and a little of that," combining all known "seasonings," go to make up the dish set before him.

A Mexican menu consists chiefly of meat, so garnished with chili and other condiments that you would not know if it were flesh, fowl, or good red herring. While you are wondering why they do not bring on the vegetables they begin all over again, and you are served with another course of meat, with, perhaps, frijoles, or rice cooked with tomatoes, on the side. Then, while you are getting up a fresh appetite, you may toy with a "plato" of eggs, cooked in any one of the 365 ways which they employ in the treatment of "huevos."

And still the vegetables do not appear; and you are obliged, perforce, to satisfy such pangs of hunger as remain to you with more meat, finally closing the repast with dulces and fruit. Wine is served, also beer, and its Mexican equivalent, pulque. Coffee, tea, chocolate, lemonade—all these are to be had for the asking. But who ever heard of using water (in Mexico) for other than sanitary purposes?

I once dined with a Mexican family, where there were present three Americans beside myself. The heavy courses of meat, following one after the other, created a thirst that nothing but water would quench. Beckoning a serving maid, one of the Americans whispered a request for a bottle of water. Had he expressed a wish for the silver dinner service of the Emperor Maximilian, it would have been as get-at-able in that—otherwise—well-regulated Mexican household. There was no filtered water they told us, with profuse apologies. Our kind host was greatly distressed. Did not we like his wines? Perhaps we would prefer beer? No?

I fear that we were unable to explain, to his entire satisfaction, that no disparagement of his drinkables was intended by the Americans with an unaccountable predilection for water.

#### The Dulces a Compensation.

Just as you become used to Mexican cooking—you may, of course, "take" to it naturally, some people do—you find that you are getting tired of it. Eggs three times a day will pall upon one, in time, no matter how appetizingly served; and as for meat, one learns to loathe it. The bread is not strictly up to our standard, of what good bread ought to be. It is raised with pulque, instead of with yeast, and the "sourness" incorporated with the dough is not lost in the baking. But the dulces—ah, the dulces! The butter may be—and generally is—lacking; there is no cream for the coffee, 'cause why, milk doesn't run to cream down Mexico-way; and you may long with a mighty longing for the mealy "spud" and the succulent "garden truck" to which you have been accustomed. But when the dulces are brought on the table, you have no more regrets.

#### The Mexican Kitchen.

A Mexican kitchen is distinguished by the number and variety of its earthenware pots, pans and jars, of all sizes, from the jar called the destiladera, and which is big enough to hold any one of the Forty Thieves, down to the jug that holds just three cents' worth of pulque. And what a fascinating array it is! One knows not which to admire most, the glazed or the unglazed, the dull reds of graceful lines, or the equally graceful shapes whereon the gamut of greens or browns is run, with, not infrequently, a mingling of both colors on the same vessel. And for a "bit" in our money, one can buy the very prettiest jar of them all in open market; and, if successful in conveying it across the border unsmashed, it will eventually make a charming decoration for one's "Mexican corner."

The following is a Mexican bill of fare, copied verbatim. The proprietor of the restaurant, in deference to his American patrons, had introduced a number of dishes which, he had been told, were much liked by Americans. Menu de la Noche:

Sopas—Consome o arroz, ostiones o macarrones a la italiana.  
Pascados—Sardinas, mayonesas de langosta o salmon.

Platos Calientes—Beefsteak a la Inglesa, a la Hamburguesa, huevos al plato o con amon.

Platos Extra—Pigs of park, pigs of veal, frijoles refritos, mayonesa de pavo o pollo.

Dulces—The o Cafe, tasa chica, copa de leche, pan, extra.

Some one explained to the proprietor that "pigs' feet" should be substituted for "pigs of pork" and "pigs of veal." On the following day the revised "lista" bore this inscription: "Pigs feet of pork."

#### The Mexican Stove.

The complicated, many-griddled coal range, with its dampers, its hot-water tank, its capacious baking oven and its smaller oven for keeping warm the various dishes until they are served, is unknown to the Mexican cook, as are also the ever-ready gas range, the oil burner and the wood burner. The Mexican stove is the reverse of complicated, and is built when the house is built, out of the same material. If one of our good, old-fashioned, "down-east" cooks were obliged to use it, I fear that her bread would not take the prize at the county fair.

The poorest class of Mexicans prepare their food over a charcoal brazier. This is easily done, as there are not many courses. Their "staples" are black beans and tortillas. The latter are flat, round cakes, resembling in appearance and taste an underdone griddle cake. These the women of the household are forever making, the "spat, spat, spat" of the hands, as the cakes are flattened between the palms, sounding from early morn till dewy eve. Tortillas are made from corn, which is first soaked in lye water to loosen the hard covering of the kernels, and afterward placed on a stone, or metate, and rolled with a stone roller until crushed fine. The dough is mixed without salt, and the cakes, flattened to the thinness of a wafer, are baked on a smooth stone which has been heated in the embers.

#### As the Mexicans Do.

"When one is in Rome—" you know the rest.

The Mexican halts before a curbstone restaurant and appears his appetite with a spoonful of frijoles, which is ladled upon a tortilla, the latter first serving as plate and being in turn consumed. Or he stops the dulce woman, and from her tray selects the sweetmeat that most does tempt his fancy; and this he munches as he walks along the street.

I myself have done even as the Mexicans do. I have eaten pink ices with a battered tin spoon in the streets of Guanajuato, sitting at ease upon a convenient doorstep, and recking not if a thousand eyes and as many comments were directed toward me. Indeed, I have sampled "things hot and things cold" all the way from El Paso to the Gulf, and back again. I've dined sumptuously on three tacos and a glass of pulque, in the City of Mexico, devouring the tacos as fast as they were handed me, hot from the pan of lard that was sizzling and sputtering over a charcoal brazier. I might have eaten more of the appetizing things, had I not become interested in operations. First, the woman took a small lump of dough and rolled it flat on her knee. Then, from an earthen pan which stood upon a box, covered with a clean white napkin, she spooned a bit of chopped meat, which she deposited in the center of the round cake. A pinch of onion, chopped fine, was added from another dish, and then, reaching into a basket that stood at her side, she brought up a little chile, combining it with the meat and onion. The cake was then folded, turned over fashion, and dropped into the hot lard, whence it issued brown, crisp and toothsome.

As she was making the fourth taco, a small Mexican dog that had been wandering about in an aimless sort of way, tumbled into the basket of chile. The woman scooped him out and went on serenely making tacos; but somehow I had lost my appetite for that particular Mexican dainty, and bestowed the cake which I had ordered upon an appreciative muchacho, standing near.

#### A Meal for Five Cents.

I have broken my fast with pan and a cup of chocolate, thick and sweet, all for cinco centavos, in the quaint market place in the ancient city of Oaxaca, the birthplace of Juarez and of Diaz; I have assuaged the pangs of hunger with cold tortillas "between trains," at Tlaxcala, the little burg that played such an important part in Cortes's calculations, some hundreds of years ago; I've bought all the fruits of a tropic clime—or so it seemed to me—from a curbstone dealer in Cuernavaca, eating a portion of them afterward, in the shadow of the ruined prehistoric temple of Xochicalco, twenty miles distant; and I "spoiled a beautiful thirst" with a cooling draught of fruitade, or its Mexican equivalent, in the plaza of Vera Cruz, the "True City of the Holy Cross." And also—fondlest memory of them all—I have dined in a little summer house in the gardens of Santa Anita, the Venice of Mexico, when the poppies were in bloom and the sunshine was dappling the brown waters of the Viga with gold.

There were tamales, colored a ravishing pink, and small, hot birds, without the usual accompaniment of a large, cold bottle; but listening dreamily to the tinkling of bandolin and guitars, played by a band of wandering musicians, I forgot to be hungry, and only remembered that I was in Mexico, "the land of lutes and witching tones."

#### The French Cuisine.

The French, even so far back as the days when they used to cut off a man's head every morning before breakfast, just to keep the guillotine from getting rusty, could teach the world how to cook. They have "artists" in the cuisine who are no less noted than the painters of famous pictures; and very important personages indeed are these high-salaried dignitaries.

In the time of Louis XVI, a grand dinner was given in the Hotel de Ville, or, as we would call it, the town

hall, in honor of the birth of the Dauphin. "A magnificent lery was built for the occasion, 132 feet in length, and around the table, at which there were seats for one hundred guests, there was a gilt balustrade to the people, who were admitted to see the feast, away from the noble feasters. There were the great officers of state, each waited on by a servant in splendid livery, and in his canopied chair or throne, sat the King, who long was to eat his last meal in prison, and then borne through Paris, surrounded by a shouting mob, to his place of execution."

A traveler in the land where the lotus blossoms, described a feast which was spread in the open air under a trellis embowered in roses:

"It was at the season when Nature is at her best, and we paid a visit, by special invitation, to the place, entered by an arched gateway a beautiful garden, guarded by high walls. Palms, bananas, and other large-leaved tropical plants grew luxuriantly against this background of green the poinsettias were blazed brightly. A giant bamboo shot up beside a pretty kiosk, half-hidden by masses of bougainvillea. A fountain sent little streams high into the air, and one a sense of refreshing coolness most welcome."

"We were given the places of honor, and seats were spread beneath our feet. White wheaten cakes and vegetables of many kinds, together with pressed figs and dates, comprised the menu. As I pined, the son, the eldest born, was about to leave, and this was the last meal which the family would eat together. The father asked a blessing; then he gave bread, giving a piece to each, and the meal began."

"During the meal we were brought grapes, and honey. The feast ended, each member of the household purified himself, and at the close of this ceremony the father lifted up his voice and sang the song of the man:

"My beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

"His head is as the most fine gold.

"His eyes are the eyes of doves.

"His cheeks are as a bed of spices.

"His mouth is most sweet, yea, he is altogether lovely."

"His voice faltered, but after a moment was renewed. 'Whither is thy beloved gone, oh, fairest among women? And the wife answered: 'My beloved is gone down his garden to the bed of spices, to feed in the lilies, and to gather lilies.' It was a most beautiful and impressive ceremony."

#### Roman Feasting.

The Romans had a pretty notion or two about dining, and combined pleasure and business in a way that would astonish the fifteen-minutes-for-refreshment of today. Beside the tables were drawn luxurious chairs of ivory or some precious wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and draped with cloth-of-gold; and the guests reclined during the meals.

The most important meal of the day, eaten in the evening, was called coena, and consisted of three courses. The first was of vegetables, the second of meats of various kinds, and the third, the dessert, of confectionary fruits. Golden goblets of wine were passed by slaves, ravishing music thrilled the air, the scents met and mingled, and over all shone the lights that illumined a scene unequalled for extraneous luxury.

It was a Roman who set the fashion for "dishes" of nightingales' tongues and peacocks' feet. At the close of these feasts slaves held golden basins of scented water for the guests to rinse their hands, and other slaves brought embroidered napkins on which to dry patrician fingers.

#### In the Far East.

In Persia they spread a long roll of cotton on the floor, and on either side of this the company sat itself. This table cloth is called a sofra, and is seldom if ever changed, the laundry bill of a Persian household is not great. The reason for the use of the cotton strip even after it has become mussed and stained with the stains and fragments of food which still adhere to it, is that it is considered unclean to change the sofra. A piece of this bread and butter is used as a plate. Sherbert is served in heavy silver cups, and it out of a spoon. Boiled fowls, mutton, raisins and saffron, are eaten with the fingers. A dish of rice, soaked in oil or butter, is a "sop."

The Arab of the desert lives principally on rice. He is in funds he lives high. Oatmeal, boiled with milk or other meat, and vegetables, is baked into cakes which he carries with him in his wanderings. Being Mohammedan he drinks no wine, but content himself with milk, chiefly that of goats and mares.

The native who inhabits the region near the pole exists on raw blubber, lichens and other fat-producing materials; while the people of tropical climes live on their blood with juicy fruits. The Japanese eat themselves upon the floor, doubling their feet under a manner which we would find highly uncomfortable, and regale themselves upon chicken and onion, together and flavored with sugar, cels and rice, and green bean marmalade, frosted with cream, pink and sweet, and raw fish, served with chrysanthemums—all washed down with yaid, a kind of wine. This would not appeal to the unsophisticated American taste, but, for the matter of that, neither would Boston brown bread and baked beans invite the Japanese epicure.

The Chinaman is exceedingly fond of pork, and fern it "ripe," not to say malodorous, while a man of True Faith would be cast into outer darkness hereafter were he to permit himself to taste a morsel of the flesh of swine. Thus, we prove the point that which is one man's meat, is another man's poison."

J. TORREY COLEMAN.

22  
23

## Domes





# Domestic Economy of Uncle Sam's Neighbors.

the Dauphin. "A new gal-  
son, 125 feet in length; and  
here were seats for nearly  
as a gift balustrade to keep  
to see the feast, away from  
the great officers of state,  
a splendid livery, and there,  
at the King, who before  
in prison, and then he  
ended by a shouting, jeering

the lotus blooms, then  
spread in the open air, un-

Nature is at her best, that  
invitation, to the place. We  
saw a beautiful garden,  
lilies, bananas, and other  
grew luxuriantly, and  
green the poinsettia's torch  
bamboo shot up beside a  
masses of bougainvillea,  
high into the air, giving  
sickness most welcome.

of honor, and soft mate  
White wheaten cakes, of  
any kinds, together with  
the menu. As it trans-  
was about to leave home,  
which the family would eat  
a blessing; then he broke  
h, and the meal began.

brought grapes, also with  
each member of the house  
the close of this ceremony  
and sang the song of Sol-

uddy, the chiefest among

gold.

ves.

aplers.

na, he is altogether lovely;

after a moment went on

oh, fairest among women?

ly beloved is gone down into

pieces, to feed in the garden

as a most beautiful and in-

notion or two about fast-

and business in a way that

minutes-for-refresments was

ere drawn luxurious combs

wood, inlaid with tortois-

h-of-gold; and on these they

of the day, eaten in the

and consisted of three

vegetables, the second was of

d the third, the dessert, was

golden goblets of wine were

music thrilled the air, and

and over all shone the sun

the unequalled for extravag-

et the fashion for making

languages and peacocks' brains

slaves held golden basins of

to rinse their hands, and

folded napkins on which

long roll of cotton on the

f this the company ranged

called a sofra, and as it is

the laundry bill of a Persian

reason for the using of the

has become musty and malod-

fragments of stale victuals

that it is considered unlucky

pieces of this bread and butter

rt is served in bowls, and one

boiled fowls, cooked with

aten with the fingers. Pina,

il or butter, is a "staple."

res principally on rice. When

h. Oatmeal, boiled with mol-

vegetables, is baked into thick

th him in his wanderings

inks no wine, but content

that of goats and mares.

the region near the pole sub-

ons and other fat-producing

ple of tropical climates cool

its. The Japanese sent them

bling their feet under them in

ld find highly uncomfortable

a chicken and onion, fried to-

ugar, cold and rice, cooked to-

alade, frosted with vermicelli,

fish, served with pickled

hed down with yaké, a kind

appeal to the unsanctified Amer-

etter o' that, neither would

ghed beans invite the Japanese

dingly fond of pork, and pro-

medodora, while a son of the

into outer darkness here and

not himself to taste a morsel

we prove the saying

's meat, is another mark

J. TORREY CONNOR.



A Turbstone Dealer



Preparing the daily Tortilla

Milling Ollas at the Fountain



The Milkman



A Mexican Stove



The Pulque Man



The Baker Man



A Mexican Lunch Counter





*By a Special Contributor.*

MARY A

100



of the butte upon which  
even harder. The smoke  
is faster and faster. The  
As far as the eye  
at, there was a towering  
ity feet high. Away to  
of tall grass grew abund-  
much higher. The sun  
ached our ears. In half  
we could see in any di-  
The prairie fire seemed  
moving in walls hun-  
south to the north. It  
thing I have ever seen,  
on the wind every min-  
it as it tumbled and leaped,  
height and then plunged  
ling flames was av-  
sibility of the prairie  
seemed truly as if the fur-  
from the infernal re-  
in nature were con-  
us in the camp spoke,  
treads in camp near us

ing the literal ocean of  
s rolled (as if pushed  
over a surface bed of  
laid destruction as it  
tongues or forks of  
toward. The wind,  
over the plains, howled  
ourselves to keep our  
had gone past we saw  
behind.  
at night. The fire ex-  
until the barren hills  
over grows, checked  
The next day the valley,  
look, was as black as  
Here and there, at dis-  
the burned and scorched  
in the mud stamped  
possible that we were in  
eriarant and a paradise  
others."

of the West, except in  
are criminally careless,  
tains against the possi-  
Fire-breaks are  
every August and are  
by plowing a few fur-  
around a town. Further  
of furrows is made,  
green. This effectively  
making the community.  
is fire-break is con-  
is intended to guard  
cations, while one  
and old grain seeds  
progress of the fire as  
to teams to all the plow  
make the needed fur-  
headed by the  
the or the leading lav-  
As soon as the  
between is started,  
Perhaps the people get  
out of it than if the  
the danger was re-

are, have saved thou-  
West and protected a  
in farming property  
Speaking of the value  
William Pardee of Den-  
these lines the follow-

camping in what is  
October, 1875. One night  
of the Arkansas River  
that season that it was  
of sand and stones,  
tall. All day long we  
the air, and as evening  
brought an odor of  
we could see a dull red  
glow. We knew there  
direction, but did not  
so, lay down to sleep  
There were four in the  
while the other two, I  
and made beds in the  
in front of the wagon,  
the idea that we would  
or red, should any ap-  
not have done.  
One of the horses fell  
raining, and the fright-  
of its picket line and  
sly noise which only  
mured. My companion  
time, while those in the  
were none of us too  
our faces. But a little  
it was farther than it  
a fierce, high-leaping,  
the smoke rolled above  
white wagon top. The  
leaped and plunged,  
the black, burnt grass  
were driven in our  
seemed as if the fire  
advanced past us and  
puffily-closing semi-cir-  
then we turned to the  
back, inky cave, at the

mouth of which our horses plunged and neighed and  
glanced back at the dreaded fire with crazed and bulg-  
ing eyes.

"In our excitement and amid the roar of the flames  
and the plunging horses, it seemed as if we never could  
find our matches. Every second till a match was pro-  
duced was an age to us. At last, matches in hand,  
one of our cowboys ran a short distance in front of the  
wagon, which stood parallel with the fire, so that the  
fire he proposed starting would not reach the horses, and  
back in the grass. The first match went out, quite after  
the most approved form. The next did better, it burned,  
the dry bunch of grass caught, the flame swirled up  
in our faces as we leaned anxiously over it, and then  
leaped to the next bunch, then to both sides away to  
the north, making us a rapidly-growing oasis of safety.  
It was none too soon. We cut the picket ropes and led  
the horses around upon the burned space, one of us  
leading out the feeble flames that tried to work toward  
the wind. We hastily pushed the wagon to a place of  
safety and stood behind it to screen our faces from  
the fierce heat. The fire swept up to our little burned  
spot, reached over angrily, but found nothing to feed  
on, again leaped high in the air, swayed, wavered, flick-  
ered and went out. We were safe.

"The air was hot and stifling for several minutes,  
then came the cool, strong wind, which was now sweep-  
ing the flames away to the north, our little saving fire  
overtaken and swallowed up in the greater. A half hour  
later there was a feeling as if a great storm had passed,  
and far away to the north the smoke hung like a cloud  
with the fire playing angrily about, low down, in broken  
lines, as the lightning sometimes does after a thunder-  
storm. There was no sound save the steady rush of the  
wind, which was not loud, as the long dry grass it  
had murmured through was gone.

"In the morning the brownish-gray landscape of the  
night before was black as night. The coal-black ashes  
lay everywhere and were hurried about by the wind. Far  
to the north, across the black billows of the prairie,  
there was a low cloud of smoke. It was a landscape in  
black; it was only broken by occasional bleached buffalo  
bones with the great, broad, startling skulls lying white  
and ghostlike in the sea of black."

HELEN TYLER GRISWOLD.

## EARLY EGYPTIAN TREASURES.

PREHISTORIC POTTERY AND JEWELRY FROM  
TOMBS OF ABYDOS.

[London Chronicle:] The Egyptological exhibition  
now on view at University College of the antiquities  
recently collected by Prof. Flinders Petrie at Abydos,  
by Randall MacIver at El-Amrah, and by J. Garstang  
at Beit Khallaf, is of exceptional interest.

The task of exploring the royal tombs at Abydos, on  
which Prof. Petrie has been so long engaged, is now  
complete. The most important finds deal with the early  
kings of the First Dynasty. Among them is the gold ta-  
le of King Mena, with his name engraved on it. It weighs  
216 grains, which is the amount of the earliest stand-  
ard for weighing gold, but its use is quite unknown. In the  
undisturbed base of a chamber in the tomb of Zer, be-  
sides some vases of the original offerings of ordinary  
Egyptian pottery, there were eight formed of red-pol-  
ished ware, with handles at the sides, and of forms  
quite unknown in Egypt till Greek times. There can  
be no doubt that this pottery is of foreign origin, prob-  
ably Achaean, and its discovery suggests a possible con-  
nection between Greek and Egyptian art as early as the  
beginning of the First Dynasty, which extended from  
c. 3500 to 3100 B.C.

The queens of this early period, dating so far back  
that the imagination fails to realize its antiquity, ap-  
pear to have had tastes in jewelry and a care for the  
personal appearance very similar to that of modern  
times. The most important piece of gold work dis-  
covered consists of the bracelets of the Queen of Zer. The  
Queen's arm had been broken off long ago, when the  
tomb was originally plundered, and hidden in a hole in  
the wall. There it had been overlooked alike by the  
builders of the Osiris shrine, by the Coptic destroyers,  
and by the Arabs employed by the French mission, until  
it was discovered by Prof. Petrie's workmen, with the  
four bracelets in their original order. Each is made in  
a different and somewhat elaborate design, partly in  
gold and partly in beads of amethyst, turquoise, or  
lapis. A false fringe of curly hair and plaited locks  
dates from about the same period.

The prehistoric antiquities have been obtained from  
two cemeteries, one belonging to the first half of the  
prehistoric age, and the other extending from the ear-  
liest time down to the First Dynasty. Among the most  
noteworthy of finds is a pottery model of a prehistoric  
house, showing a door at one side and two windows at  
the end, discovered by Mr. MacIver at El-Amrah.

## SWEETHEART.

The world's been never the same, sweetheart!  
Never the same  
Since they tucked you away in your coffin-bed,  
With a snowy shaft piled high at your head,  
Carved with your name.

My life's been leaden and gray, sweetheart!  
Leaden and gray,  
Since your spirit-boat went sailing through  
The gleaming skies in a rift of blue,  
One bitter day.

My hair is sifted with snow, sweetheart!  
Sifted with snow;  
For the years have pelted me hard—and you—  
I'm glad you are safe in that harbor true,  
And could not know.

Sometimes I'm seeing your face, sweetheart!  
Set in the sky;  
You are drawing me up to the rift of blue,  
And all my heart is there with you—  
Aye, and for aye.

MARY ADAMS JAMISON.

## STRIKING BOTTOM.

A SEQUEL OF THE GREAT BOOM IN  
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By a Special Contributor.

"SHE'S struck bottom at last," said Maj. Tingler,  
with a confident smile, some six months after  
the collapse of the great boom in Southern Cal-  
ifornia.

"But she don't bounce worth a cent," replied plain  
Mr. Pince, another real estate agent, whose office ad-  
joined that of Tingler.

"Why, things are looking up right now."

"Of course, they can't help it. They are flat on their  
back."

"But there's a better feeling all around."

"Oh, that's only after dinner, and the dinners now-  
adays somehow lack the exhilaration of boom days."

"A few old stiffs like that would kill any town," said  
Col. Nabbs, who sauntered up just as Pince stroled to-  
ward the other end of his sidewalk.

"Yes, he busted a trade yesterday by firing off his  
wisdom before a tenderfoot. He said we'd struck bottom  
six weeks ago, but the cussed bottom kept moving all  
the time," replied Tingler.

"Ain't it a shame that such cattle can run at large?  
It would pay to buy 'em all up and ship 'em out of  
town."

"Then there would be a dozen new ones for every one  
we shipped. But it's all right. The sky is clearing up  
right now."

"Been too clear all the time. There's nothing in sight  
on it," remarked Pince, who by this time had strolled  
back to the western edge of his sidewalk. "If we would  
give about a third of the town for a through rail-  
road—"

"Give nothing. They've got to come here," answered  
Nabbs scornfully. "There's a gang of surveyors out  
in the pass now and they must be from the Southern  
Pacific. It's hurrying up to get in here before it's too  
late. They've got to come anyhow. It's only a question  
of time."

"Only a question of eternity, you mean," replied Pince.  
"What's the matter with having a solid town on a busi-  
ness basis while we are waiting for the big city. See  
how Los Angeles goes right along in spite of the boom  
being busted. It's because the ditches in the country  
around it make business. If we would give half of our  
land for water on the other half we—"

"What does the darned fool mean anyhow?" said  
Nabbs, as he and Tingler walked off, leaving Pince dis-  
couraging to the climate.

"Oh, he's an irrigation crank. The idea of making a  
city by pouring water on dirt! Ridiculous!"

"Stikes has just refused \$15,000 for his corner," said  
Gen. Gunlee, coming up with an exuberant smile. "You'll  
see a change pretty soon."

"You bet," remarked Pince, who was back from his  
beat on time. "You can see it right now. But it's a  
change of jack-knives."

"That's all there'd be if there were a few more croak-  
ers like you."

"But you don't find croakers except where the mud is  
tolerably permanent."

"What do you stay here for so long if you don't  
like it?"

"I am all the time fool enough to think you will get  
down to some solid business like the rest of Southern  
California. But you skin a tenderfoot just often enough  
to set you crazy and make jack-knife trades just often  
enough to fool yourselves with the idea that you are do-  
ing some business," said Pince moving off again.

"Say, that fool will hurt the town if we don't choke  
him off. We property owners ought to take some ac-  
tion," said Gunlee, who had been compelled to stay be-  
cause the insurance company had insisted on its right  
to rebuild the house he had burned to get the money.  
"Jeewhilkins. I knew it would be so," he continued,  
as a newsboy with the evening paper called out, "New  
steamship line!"

"So did I," remarked Pince, who had again completed  
the survey of the sidewalk. "We had a factory for  
breakfast and a railroad for dinner. Of course, it's time  
for a steamship line for supper."

"You are like the viper that was warmed in Abraham's  
bosom. You owe all you have in the world to this town."

"That's just why I want to see it amount to some-  
thing more than tin-can pasturage for two-legged goats.  
It's all right—"

"Dry up. There's a tenderfoot coming," interrupted  
Tingler.

"No use talking, we've got to do something for the  
town," said Nabbs to Judge Dunker. "Natural advan-  
tages are all right and will win out in time, but we want  
some quicker medicine."

"Yes," said the Judge. "What we want is a through  
railroad to the East."

"With nothing to haul on it," interrupted Pince, who  
was pacing in front of his office like a caged tiger, wait-  
ing for his dinner. "What we want is something to  
make freight with and something for people to live on."

"What we want is capital," interposed Nabbs.

"What we want is more confidence in our town," said  
Gunlee, who was on hand in time to catch the last  
remark.

"What's the matter with both?" said Pince. "Give me  
enough of the capital to get out of town with and I'll  
quit-claim you my share of the confidence."

It was finally decided that it was time for another rail-  
road meeting, it being nearly a month since the last one,  
and the way the citizens abandoned their arduous duties  
at 11 in the morning to attend that meeting was inspir-  
ing enough to cause the sponging of choice lines of  
"snaps" from a dozen or so real estate bulletin boards  
as soon as the meeting was over. There was a grand  
hurrah when "Cap" Lunker announced that he would  
give twenty lots, and the roof trembled when Gen.

Scoops went him ten better with thirty lots at Coyote  
Park only four miles out. He didn't deem it necessary  
to delay progress by saying that they were only 500 feet  
above the bottom of the dry well they dug any more  
than Lunker had found it essential to state that the  
lots he had given were in the bottom of a ravine where  
the water from the winter rains was sufficient for ef-  
fective sewer flushing and other practical purposes. But  
when he made it a condition of the gift that the rail-  
road must run through trains to the city and not run  
through trains to any other point in California, and  
cracked his voice in yelling: "It is time we stood on  
our rights," even the fleas had to relax their hold on  
the dancing shins.

Then Pince arose and said: "If we would develop the  
fresh water that we have in our mountain watersheds  
it wouldn't hurt the interests of our salt water any and  
might increase business a little."

"What's he talkin' about?" asked Biggs of a neighbor.

"I think he means the Niggerauger Canal. There's a  
fresh-water lake in that, and we need it for a connection  
for the railroad!" replied the intelligent neighbor.

In spite of the announcement in the morning paper  
that the railroad subsidy had reached nearly two millions  
the dullness grew heavier by the day, "snaps" were  
gradually reinstated on the bulletin boards, and all sales  
were on the principle of the big \$100 dog for the two  
puppies at \$50 apiece.

"What we want is manufactures," said Bumps at a  
street corner convention for the good of the town.

"Dere vas too many tam pillicks in de town already,"  
said Schwatzer.

"The bilks don't hurt it at all. It's the darned fools.  
What we want is an iron plant."

"Yaas. Dot vas de blant vat grow here mitout vahter  
already."

"Good Lord! Another irrigation crank in the town?"  
said Bumps, moving off in disgust. "They hurt the  
town making fools believe irrigation is necessary here  
when the fact is that our land is all the more valuable  
because it don't require irrigation like it does in the  
rest of California."

A meeting was called to raise subsidies for a plant to  
smelt iron that was 250 miles away with coal that was  
several thousand miles away, and the Nestor of the  
town thrilled its back hair by bawling:

"It'll beat all your railroads and steamships, for when  
you see the smoke from a thousand furnaces rolling over  
the town you can count your business houses, not by  
the block but by the mile."

"Mine Gott—Dot shpile all de climate. Dem beebles  
vot come here fur dot blue himmel up dere dey all be  
dishapintet vevn dey see—," said Schwatzer.

His words were lost in a general howl of "let her  
spile," while somebody from behind pulled him down by  
the coat tail. A round million in lots was quickly sub-  
scribed, and though a Chinaman listening at the door  
said, "Too muchee chin chin," his landlord raised the  
rent on him in the morning and Maj. Dinkensat raised  
his diamonds from his uncle by a deed of a lot on the  
sure site for the iron plant.

"You'll hear something drop this time sure enough,"  
said Nabbs, as he bleached his teeth in the morning sun.  
"You bet," replied Pince. "But it'll be the tender-  
foot's wad."

He builded better than he knew, for before night the  
promoter of the iron plant had borrowed twenty thou-  
sand dollars from a downy gosling fresh from the East  
with his grandmother's money. In spite of the speedy  
"blowing in" of this into the circulation per capita for  
"expenses" the iron plant didn't start, although six dif-  
ferent places were claiming to have the only site for it  
with the "interests of the town" demanding from each  
the highest effort to "bust" the whole thing rather than  
have it go to any of the other five places. And in spite  
of the sponging of bulletin boards it began to look as  
if it would take a whole litter of puppies to buy the big  
dog and another litter to pay the taxes on him when  
bought.

"We've got to develop our water front. We can't ex-  
pect railroads to come here until we have decent ter-  
minals to offer," said the father of the town. There  
was always some philanthropist ready for any emer-  
gency, and one was on hand with a dredger who would  
fill in so much behind a sea wall of piling if he could  
have the amount so reclaimed. The proposition took the  
town by storm and at the meeting called to consider it  
the dredger man was having it all his own way when  
Maj. Brown rose and said, "Why, that will contract the  
tidal prism."

There was a low murmur here and there and several  
ventured with bated breath to inquire of the next man  
what a tidal prism was. But the most of them were  
satisfied with the cabalistic effect of the new words, and  
when Gen. Rasper dilated on the importance of handing  
down to posterity that "tidal prism intact and uncon-  
tracted," the murmur swelled into the possibility of a  
rear. The dredger man steered his machine for the north  
the next week and the town was saved.

"We've struck bottom now, sure," said Nabbs. "Yea,  
and knocked it clean out of the washtub. We'll be in  
China about next week," replied Pince.

"I kind of wish myself we had let that man get away  
with the tidal prism. We might have sold out before  
much damage was done. But, say, you hurt the town  
talking the way you do," mused Nabbs.

"And I guess it's time to leave for some town that  
can't be hurt by a few fools," replied Pince.

"Looking around with a view of investing?" said a  
real estate agent in another town to Pince a few days  
later.

"No, I was just looking around to see if the town had  
any natural advantages," said Pince.

"Oh, yes, plenty of 'em. There's —"

"Thanks. That's just what I don't want. I rather  
like the looks of the town, but if you've any natural  
advantages that let's me out. What time does the next  
train leave?"

T. S. VAN DYKE.







## Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

## To Raise Oysters Inland.

IT IS now reasonably certain that the big artificial lake in Barton county will be a go. The company that is pushing the enterprise has won in the Supreme Court, and all that is necessary to do now is to widen the ditch from the river so that the flood waters can be turned in when they come down the mountains. The lake when filled will be about seven miles wide on an average and nearly fourteen miles long. It will be the greatest artificial body of water in the United States and probably in the world.

The water in the lake will vary in depth from three to thirty feet. There will be groves of trees planted about the lake; hotels, bath-houses and boating houses will be built upon its borders. The waters will be stocked with fish and the surplus waters used to irrigate a tract of over 500,000 acres of land. This will make that part of Barton county the most desirable farming land in the United States in the matter of richness of soil and perfection of climate.

With the reasonable certainty that the lake will be completed, the talk of establishing an oyster bed is revived. There is a salt spring in the bottom that will be covered with the waters of the lake. The proposition is to mingle the salt water of the spring with the fresh water of the river in proportion to suit the taste of the oyster and then plant a colony of the bivalves in the prepared bed. A Barton county man says that this oyster project is no joke, but a probability that will some time ripen into a reality.

Millions of petrified oyster shells can be gathered up forty miles south of Barton county. That was when Kansas was an inland sea. When the protracted drought of the year 4234, 101 B.C., struck Kansas it found the oyster unprepared. When the sea dwindled until it was little bigger than a good-sized frog pond the Kansas oyster held on, feeling sure there would be plenty of rain in the spring. The rain didn't come and the oysters died and left their shells to turn to stone. Now if the proper water mixture can be made in Barton county it will simply be bringing the oyster back to the home of its ancestors. In future days it is possible that we can eat Kansas fresh oysters from the half shell, yank them out of their beds in the early morning, instead of out of the can.—[Topeka Correspondence Chicago Journal.]

## Forty Winks in Mid-air.

THOMAS EATON of Pittsburgh took a nap at the top of Trinity Church stone tower, without losing his balance, but he did lose his job. It became necessary to send up a rescuing party of steeple climbers, and the expense and scare combined was too much for the contractor. When discovered, Thomas was taking more than the noon hour's rest. His chair was surging back and forth in the breezes, 120 feet above the sidewalk, and Thomas's head was nodding forward, threatening to overbalance him and throw him out of the chair at any moment. The other workmen crept up the steeple, using the metal ornaments as foot-rests. A rope was thrown to him, and he tied the sleeper securely in his chair. Still snoring peacefully Eaton was lowered to the ground, where the foreman shook him to his senses, and then discharged him for sleeping on duty.—[Denver Post.]

## Vaccination Buttons.

"HERE, y'are! Get your vaccination buttons! Everybody wants one! What's the 'use o' bein' bumped into when you can get a vaccination button for a dime—10 cents?" Thus cried a faker on Chestnut street yesterday afternoon. He was doing a land-office business, too. Men and women alike crowded around him in their eagerness to secure his wares, and the buttons went like hot cakes. The design was striking enough to attract attention. Against a black background was a red cross, around which were the words: "I have been vaccinated. Have you?" The buttons are made to pin on the coat sleeve.—[Philadelphia Record.]

## A Telephone from the Grave.

TELEPHONING from the grave seems an uncanny sort of thing, but that is what happened in Florence, Italy. A young and beautiful girl of patrician lineage, named Teresa Alessandri, had been consigned to the family vault in a trance, her family believing that she was dead. A relative who was in the habit of paying periodical visits to the tiny mortuary chapel forming an annex to the sepulcher, for the pious purpose of reciting masses for the repose of the souls of those resting therein, and who had also apparently been possessed of a healthy regard for her own mundane comfort and well being, had had a telephone installed in the building so that her servants in the adjoining chateau might the more easily notify her when lunch or dinner was ready.

When the supposed dead girl recovered from her swoon and found herself lying in a coffin in a tomb her servants for awhile overpowered her. Then entangled in her grave clothes and screaming with fright she wildly groped her way around the damp walls of the sepulcher until her fingers grasped the telephone. More from force of habit than anything else she took down the receiver and put it to her ear and rung up her relative in the chateau. When they answered the telephone and heard the voice of one whom the day before they had laid away to "her last long sleep" the shock overpowered them for a moment, but they soon recovered and made all haste to the tomb and carried the revived girl to the house. Teresa Alessandri is now one of the fairest beauties of Italy, and the papers only the other

day chronicled her presentation at court.—[Chicago Tribune.]

## Bowlder's Lucky Course.

ONE of the greatest curiosities in the neighborhood of New York is now to be seen at the foot of the Palisades. Between the two frame houses built there is a giant bowlder 25 feet high and 20 feet wide, which fell from a great height, at the top of the Palisades, and sweeping down the front of the cliff's uprooted big trees, tore up tons of loose stone and cut a wide swath the entire distance. Finally, after zigzagging from one side to the other, it rolled in between two frame houses and stopped there.

The people were asleep in the houses when the rock started. They had barely time to make their escape when it made its appearance at their front doors. They are now thanking their lucky stars that the enormous stone did not hit one of the buildings.—[New York Herald.]

## Cave Found in a Mine.

THE largest cave yet found in Northern Montana has been encountered in the cross-cut being driven from the main tunnel to tap an ore body in the properties of the Great Northern Mining Company in the Gilt Edge district. The cave, which is about 2000 feet from the tunnel entrance extends over fully an acre of ground, and is probably the most beautiful and interesting of subterranean cavities in the Northwest. It consists of many small chambers, varying in width up to 300 and 400 feet. Many of these rooms have been artistically decorated by nature, the floors being of brightly-stained lime in a complete state of crystallization, while from the ceilings hang thousands of snow-white stalactites.

One small chamber, which has been christened the "wedding-room," shows an unusually beautiful crystallization, the arched ceiling and even the walls almost to the floor being covered by an almost transparent incrustation of lime, every little niche in both the walls and roof being filled with a lace-work of crystals. Another room looks as if at some time there might have been a fountain playing in the center of it, while another chamber, known as the "paint pot," from the highly-stained color of the floor, has a limpid spring bubbling up from the glassy bottom.—[Helena (Mont.) Correspondence Chicago Chronicle.]

## Valuable Waste.

OFFICER MURPHY of the Chittenden, came near having a set-to at the hotel last night. The officer, like other attachés of the hotel, has a habit of picking up papers thrown in chairs about the lobby. He picked up one Tuesday night and rolled it into a ball. He was in the act of throwing it out of the door when he was roughly grabbed by a guest whose manner and actions indicated that he was about to either call for help or fight.

In an excited way the guest grabbed for the paper which the officer placed behind him, thinking the man was laboring under a hallucination. A fight was imminent when the man managed to say it was his paper.

The officer handed the man the paper to quiet him more than anything else. The excited individual lost no time in unfolding it. Many pieces of little shining gold nuggets were brought to view.

The man was one of three young men from the Klondike who are trying to interest Columbus people in a company that they have organized.

One of the young men was talking gold mine claims to a prospective stockholder and had laid the paper containing the nuggets in a chair by his side. He was so busily talking that he did not discover the loss until the officer had walked away with the treasure.

The Klondiker claims the paper contained \$2500 worth of gold, one piece being valued at \$400.—[Columbus Dispatch.]

## Detroit's Wonderful Boy.

"INFANT prodigy" is a much-misused term, and, besides, it seems a very formidable expression to apply to such a diminutive, quiet, black-eyed fellow, but still that is what Rubin Suttus, in the absence of a better descriptive phrase, must be called.

Three-year-old Rubin is unquestionably a prodigy, and he is an infant. The child has a memory which in a grown-up person would be considered a remarkably developed faculty. He is the sixth child of John Suttus, a carriage maker, and has been brought up just like the other children, and it was purely by accident that his extraordinary mental attainments were discovered.

It was about a year ago when the child began to show his singular development. Mr. Suttus had constructed a puzzle for the amusement of one of his older children. It consisted of odd-shaped pieces of wood, which, linked together, would show a large picture, the parts of which had been pasted on one side.

It was a rather intricate affair and puzzled the ingenuity of the whole family. Little Rubin became interested in it. Creeping on the floor—he could not yet walk—he would manage to get hold of the box containing the puzzle and for hours amuse himself with attempts at solving the problem. Where his older brothers and sisters failed he succeeded, and he soon had mastered the difficulties involved in putting the pieces together.

When he had completed the picture once or twice he was able to accomplish the task without hesitating. He had memorized the location of every piece and was able to place each in its proper place with unfailing certainty. So sharp was his memory that finally he could

correctly solve the puzzle with the picture side of the pieces downward.

Last Christmas Rubin got another puzzle. It consisted of eighteen large square blocks with the component parts of a picture, large design, on one side, and letters and numerals on the other side. The tot knows by heart what is on each block. You show him one block with, for instance, a "V" on one side and he will tell you without hesitation what is on the other. He will say, "Horse's head" or "Flowers" just as the case may be.

On the other hand, if the side with the letters or numerals on it is concealed and he is shown the side representing a part of the general design of the puzzle as a whole, he will instantly tell you the characters appearing on the reverse, of this particular block. "U, V and C," he will say, or "I, J," or any one of the eighteen different combinations that appear on the eighteen blocks.

He knows the alphabet by heart and can read many printed words. He will go to the blackboard, draw a pig and write "P I G" on it. And yet he is but 3 years old. Nobody has taught him. Nobody has told him. He has picked it up by observing the older children doing their school work. In every other way the little fellow is thoroughly childlike and not different from any other child of his age. He is playful and full of pranks. In memory, however, he is far beyond the ordinary, and his performances excite the astonishment of the entire neighborhood.—[Detroit Journal.]

## The Finest Persian Rug.

WHAT promises to be the largest and finest rug ever manufactured in the Orient is now being made in Persia, after designs sent from New York. It is intended for the house of a New York millionaire at Roslyn, L. I.

Expert Persian rug makers were consulted in preparing the designs, so that the fabric when completed shall in every way harmonize with its surroundings. The most highly skilled of the Persian rug makers have been employed by the contractor who has undertaken the task, and experts on wools and dyes are likewise contributing their best efforts to its execution.

Usually, the finest fleeces have been reserved for the smaller Persian rugs, the "prayer" rugs and others to which a sentimental value attaches, while the coarser fabrics have been used in the big rugs. Now, however, the largest rug ever made in Persia is to have woven into it the most delicate materials. The greatest care is to be exercised in the employment of the dyes, so that only those of delicate tints and lasting qualities may be used.

The rug is to be made by hand. No machinery will be used except such crude implements as Persian rug makers have employed from time immemorial. The Shah is said to take a deep interest in the work, and the rug, when completed, will be inspected by him before it is rolled up to begin its long journey to the seacoast.

This journey will occupy three months. The rug will be rolled upon a huge timber and hermetically sealed at the ends. As it will be two inches thick, it is said it will weigh several tons. Relays of buffalo oxen will pull it along the roads. A small company of soldiers will accompany it, and these, with the teamsters, carpenters, camels, oxen and goats which will be taken along will make up a caravan of large proportions. The armed men will protect the New York millionaire from being "held up" by Turkish brigands, who might seize his valuable piece of furnishing during its progress through the mountain districts.

The caravan will start under the blessing of one of the high priests of the Persian religion, and its progress will be watched by Persians with no little interest, for they take a national pride in the rug-making industry, being jealous of the rivalry of Turkey in this respect.

Hitherto, while the United States has bought many small Persian rugs, none of the great products of that country has come here. The rug now being made, however, is said to be larger than any even in the possession of the Shah. With proper care the rug ought to last for centuries. The name of the manufacturer, together with verses from the Koran, are to be woven into it in Persian characters, together with the name of its owner, and some praises of his virtues. This is in accordance with an ancient Persian custom.—[New York Times.]

## A Cat Telephones.

THERE was a banquet in Chicago not long ago to which one of the guests, a lawyer, had taken his office cat, a feline being the emblem of the organization that gave the dinner. The banquet was given in the Great Northern Hotel, where the cat the lawyer had taken to the dinner became lost. The next day the lawyer called up the hotel on the telephone and asked if they had his cat yet. He was told that the bell boys had hunted all around among the cats kept as rat catchers in the hotel and that they had finally selected four cats, one of which they felt sure belonged to the lawyer.

"Well," said the lawyer, "I haven't time to come over and pick my cat out. Just hold those animals one by one up to the telephone receiver and plinch their tails and make them yowl."

One of the bell boys dutifully held up the cats to the telephone and made each one of the felines give a good resounding wail. The lawyer dismissed each cat until the third cat was put up to the receiver. It gave one yowl, when the lawyer enthusiastically exclaimed:

"Yes, all right; that's my cat. I know that voice. Send her over right away." So the cat was sent over to the lawyer's office and turned out to be the missing pussy.—[Chicago Tribune.]







## viewer.

are cleverly portrayed. The bride learns that her new life and manners afford a womanhood. The story is by Japanese Wife, of which

West and East. By Clive Company, New York. Price, \$1. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

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## WIS.

with the direct style which which a tourist sends to his magazine-writer carried out facilities for the forming than he pronounces an ex- when a boy William was pat's tales of the sea. Dur- has been an enthusiastic magnificent work, "The

Kaiser to Theodore Roman- are similar in real- ical culture."

oked, who is said to be ican growth of individ- Educational Ideas" in

ew Germany" furnishes a status Mr. Baker fore- of a powerful adminis- who have their say The illustrations from George Varian add to the able book.

Standard Baker. McClure, Price, \$2. Postpaid, \$2.15.]

## AL ARTS.

the publications of the year striking illustrations are for George Varian. The series that the world has may er, the deep-sea diver, the fireman, the locomotive re- are presented in one page is monotonous to the literature of adven- ideas in this book. The gives a thrilling insight along narrow girders of a play, or standing in the and its load as it "swoops" The brave fireman and are described. The perils the news of the world is the of the man at the station that must dominate in which the everyday life author has a superb op- and achievement, of descriptive art.

ing. By Cleveland Moffett. New York. Price, \$1.50 net. Los Angeles.]

the use of raffan, rush to basket making, should of cuts show the meth- and braiding. Chapters on cane chairs, and a wide in the work. Some in- the Indian. The book of not fail to prove of pro-

By Mary White. Double- Price, \$1. For sale by C.

## AFHY.

of the Century Company an- urther bindings, which books, with their nar- would win the heart of a new issue presents "Li- Speeches and Letters,"

Richard Watson Gilder. Mr. Gilder has collected the most famous utterances, as taken from the authorized edition of "The Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," by John C. Nicolay and John Hay.

Mr. Gilder's introduction is one of sincere and beautiful appreciation of the life which he has aimed to memorialize. A reduced copy of Lincoln's photograph, taken in 1860, looks from the frontispiece.

[Lincoln, Passages from His Speeches and Letters. With an Introduction. By Richard Watson Gilder. The Century Company. Price, \$1. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

## POETRY.

## Latin Translations.

The editor of this artistic production has added a brief preface concerning the translations made by Milton, Dryden, Addison, "Father Prout" Conington, Dobson and others who have essayed to interpret the baffling odes. The difficulty is cleverly explained by the editor in the statement that "the true equivalent of poetry is poetry the world over." The student who has followed the friendship of Horace with Virgil, Varius, Plotius, and Maecenas and the spirits of the Augustan age, will welcome this artistic production, which can but pleasantly revive memories of classic study. The book is one of the charming "Thumb-Nail Series."

[Odes of Horace. Translations from the Latin by Various Authors. Selected and Edited by Benjamin E. Smith. The Century Company, New York. Price, \$1. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

## Ecology in Verse.

Oliver Herford has in his inimitable portraits of animal life shown a marvelous sleight-of-hand. The droll atmosphere of his actual history, with its laughing magnanimity, makes his book one of the most human and up-to-date of successes. He says:

"The tortoise is, to say the least, A very contradictory beast, Though he may walk the wide world o'er, He cannot step outside his door."

Each one of the animals of this collection is described and pictured.

[More Animals. By Oliver Herford. With Pictures by the Author. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.]

## RELIGIOUS.

## Admonitions.

The friends of Rev. Dr. M. D. Babcock, lately deceased, whose life as a Presbyterian clergyman of New York and previously of Baltimore, is said to have been one of good works, have gleaned some sentiments of earnest devotion and truth in this noble collection. The teachings are intended to help along the everyday path. The following selections are examples:

"Evening meditation is less important than morning preparation. Well begun, is half done."

"With your God-given will you may dispose yourself in opposition to your disposition."

"The man who never makes any mistakes, never makes anything. Many chips, broken instruments, cuts and bruises belong to the history of any beautiful statue. Perish in spite of everything."

"Outward success is not God's gauge."

"May we meet ordinary duty with extraordinary beauty—ordinary trial with extraordinary fortitude."

"May all our work have a finer finish, and may we put into it a nobler and more exalted purpose because it is done for Thee."

"Be strong!

We are not here to dream, to drift. We have hard work to do and loads to lift. Run not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift."

"The workshop of character is everyday life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is won or lost. Thank God for a beautiful idea, but remember unless we bring it down to the ground and work with hands and stand the strain of daily life, we have lost it."

"Dependable people! their price is above rubies. They need no prodding or watching."

Every page of the book glows with pure and earnest thought, and the zeal of a life which knows the brevity of human opportunity. The possessor of the book has gained the jewel light of a beautiful spirit.

[Thoughts for Everyday Living. From Spoken and Written Words of Maitland Davenport Babcock. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1 net.]

## JUVENILE.

## Compassionate Teaching.

A book which aims to do for the cat that which "Black Beauty" did for the horse, and "Beautiful Joe" for the dog, comes commended by Ezekiah Butterworth, Elbert Hubbard, and Mrs. Mary F. Lovell of the National W. C. T. U. The plea for the feline sphinx is intended to teach compassion to dumb animals. Sarah K. Bolton furnishes some remarkable stories of the affection and sagacity of cats. The story is brought down to the comprehension of childhood. It ought to find friends for itself and do missionary work for unhappy animal life.

[Pussy Meow. The Autobiography of a Cat. By L. Louise Patterson. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. Price, 60 cents. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Company, Los Angeles.]

## Boys' Ideals.

The scenes of this story are partly laid in a summer camp and partly in a boarding school. The story proved so popular in the St. Nicholas that a sequel to it, "The Junior Cup—Afterwards," is now one of the attractions of that popular magazine. The exploits of Chester, and the social studies of the camp, afford diversity of human interest, and those elements of rivalry which attend the winning of athletic trophies. The inner tragedies of the camp, and the adventures of out-of-door life make the book one of exciting quality.

[The Junior Cup. By Allen French. The Century

Company, New York. Price, \$1.20 net. For sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.]

## A Dear Little Maid.

The little lady of this story had a most winsome personality, and the episodes of her career have the bright continuity of charm which will fascinate the child mind.

[The Little Lady—Her Book. By Albert Bigelow Paine. Henry Altamus Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.]

## Miss Prime and Others.

Little Dorothy, lonely in her sick room, had this story read aloud to her by the author herself. The reader will see why she forgot her weakness and pain in hearing of Sylvia, and Muriel, Jack Colby, the masquerade, and the Piper's Son. The tale is one of entertaining interest.

[The Prize Watch. By Emily Guillon Fuller. The Saalfeld Publishing Company, Akron, O. Price, \$1.]

## A Tale of New Mexico.

Tommy Foster's exploits in New Mexico were of stirring quality and frequent variety. He made a friend of an Indian boy, and this leads Mr. Ober to describe an Indian pueblo, petrified trees, the cliff dwellers and some curious customs of semi-barbarous life which are illustrated, and could not fail to interest both the adult and the juvenile mind.

[Tommy Foster's Adventures. Among the Southwest Indians. By Fred A. Ober. Henry Altamus Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.]

## NEW MAGAZINES.

"The Story of Texas," edited by C. W. Raines, the State Librarian, and magnificently illustrated, is the most prominent feature of the Christmas number of Pearson's Magazine. The dramatic story of the "Lone Star" State, its immense size, being larger indeed than either Germany or France, and the big scale of its industries, invest the subject with a peculiar interest. An account of the journey of an English scientist through British Columbia, made in order to study the beautiful effect of moving snow waves and drifts, is another interesting article. Some curious photographs of monster snow formations resembling giant mushrooms illustrate the article. Another interesting contribution describes how the soldiers in the Swedish and Norwegian armies are trained to the use of ski, the national snowshoes, and how they drill on the frozen Baltic.

The Thanksgiving number of Success contains special literature adapted to the day, and a varied table of contents. Edward Markham is represented in both prose and poetry. Lyman Gage and Elihu Root, Cabinet members, eulogize "Our Martyr President." President Roosevelt's able article on "The Citizen and the Public Man" has been reproduced in The Times.

The Christmas number of the Metropolitan Magazine is announced to contain 150 superb illustrations, and contributions of literary value.

The Magazine of Art for November, in its frontispiece, presents "The Union Jack," by Talbot Hughes. Marion Hepworth Dixon tells of this "Rising Artist." The magazine contains some accounts of Spanish art in the time of Velasquez, who was renowned for his portraits of Philip IV. "Hans Frel, the Swiss Medalist," is the subject of a studious sketch by L. Forrer. Many other themes, connected with art and artists, are presented in this admirable number.

The Cornhill Magazine for November contains Sir Rowland Blennerhassett's "Some of My Recollections of Cardinal Newman." "Edmond Rostand" is the subject of a sketch by Henry James. C. W. James writes of "Music in Fiction." Various other interesting articles add to the value of the number.

The Times-Democrat of New Orleans, in a patriotic editorial, gives its aid to the memorial collections to honor our martyred President.

The Christmas number of Pearson's Magazine is one of profuse illustrations. Its section is represented by H. G. Wells and Max Pemberton. Other popular writers add to the acceptable issue.

The Youth's Companion through all its valiant years never comes with a dull page. Its recent numbers are filled with clever stories, bright sketches, and poetic verse. The popular writers of the day are represented in its acceptable and adequate literature.

The University Chronicle, the official record of the University of California, contains an interesting account of the Le Conte memorial meeting in Vol. IV, No. 4. Among the addresses of that occasion, Prof. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Horace Davis, J. M. Stillman and various others made the occasion memorable. Irving Stringham, William E. Riddle and R. T. Flaher each paid glowing tributes to the memory of the celebrated scientist, Victor Henderson of Los Angeles, who edits The University Record, contributed some notable editorials on "Joseph Le Conte," "President McKinley" and other themes. G. A. Reisner and A. M. Lythgoe describe "The Hearst Medical Papyrus." C. B. Bradley has contributed an able sketch on "Millenary of King Alfred the Great."

The president's report from Cornell University gives an interesting account of the condition of that great institution (1900-1901.)

The Delineator for December contains an illustrated sketch by Sir Edwin Arnold, "Floral Fate of Japan." Cyrus Townsend Brady contributes a story. The brightly-illustrated number is one of special value in its directions for the care of the toilette.

Major's Magazine, an illustrated southern monthly, published at Dallas, Tex., is a new aspirant for favor. It is published by Alex. H. Major. The initial number is one of popular interest. Its cover is adorned with the portrait of President Roosevelt. Short stories, poetry and comment on current events are features of the publication.

Collier's Weekly for November 16 is a Horse Show number. Wilfred P. Pond and Sarah Grand contribute to the subject. Julian Ralph pronounces "Our Greatest Pleasure Ground" to be in Monmouth county, New Jersey. The number is profusely illustrated.

The Independent for November 14 contains W. A. P.

Martin's sketch of "Li Hung Chang." The paper has an interest as coming from the Imperial University, Peking, China. Florence Howe Hall writes of "Manners in the Twentieth Century." Prof. W. E. Burghardt Du-Bois tells of "The Freedmen and Their Sons." Other notable articles are included in the table of contents.

## PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

The announcements of the Youth's Companion for the New Year promise many hours of profitable juvenile reading. An able corps of contributors represent this popular weekly publication.

Jules Verne's recent blindness and that of Edwin Arnold are subjects of wide sympathy among the friends of these authors.

An enlightening publication on "Course of Study for the Indian Schools of the United States," showing their industrial and literary programme, is one of the government publications of the greatest importance. The book is prepared by Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian Schools, who has been aided in the work by the most accomplished educators of the United States.

A dispatch from Copenhagen announces that Holger Drachman has been obliged to abandon his contemplated tour to the United States on account of illness. One of the great poet's characteristic stories, "Nanna, a Story of Danish Love," is announced by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

A. C. McClurg & Co. announce for early publication a life of Herbert Spencer, by Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford University.

The Saturday Evening Post for November 16 contains a sketch by Jessie Lynch Williams, on "Good Old Yale's Birthday Party." Albert J. Beveridge writes of "The White Invasion of China."

Harper's Weekly for November 16 is devoted to chronicles of the recent election in New York. E. S. Martin's delineation of "The Busy World," Albert J. Osgood's "Transportation in China," and Clarence Ouseley's "The New Galveston" are features of the number, made attractive with illustrations.

Harper & Bros. announce "When Love is Young," by Rolfe Roy Gilson, and Thomas A. Janvier's "In Great Waters" among its November publications.

"Men of Might in India Missions" is the title of a new book by Mrs. Helen H. Holcomb, published by Fleming H. Revell Company, which is said to cover the entire development of missions in India.

Ernest Seton-Thompson's "Lives of the Hunted" is among the popular books on sale by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.

Many charming works of fiction are among the recent publications of the Century Company, among them S. Wier Mitchell's "Circumstance," have been received by C. C. Parker, Los Angeles.

Gilbert Parker, the author of "The Right of Way," who is in London, will, it is said, visit this country in December.

Many promising books are announced by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Among the number are Dr. George Brandes's "Modern Scandinavian Literature," and Edmund Gosse's "Literature of the World."

"The Apostles of the Southeast," by Frank T. Bullen; "Some Women I Have Known," by Maarten Maartens, and numerous books by T. Gallon, are announced by D. Appleton & Co.

The thirteenth annual report of the statistics of railways for the year ending June 30, 1900, is a compilation of the greatest value to the student of transportation.

One of the noteworthy books of 1901 will be Alfred T. Mahan's "Types of Naval Officers," which Little, Brown & Co. announce.

The John W. Liff Company, Chicago, announces George W. Cram's "Minette, a Story of the First Crusade."

"Your Uncle Lew, a Natural-Born American," by Charles Reginald Sherlock, has reached its fifteenth thousand. The humorous novel, with its amusing episodes, is one of the publications of Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price, \$1.50. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Company, Los Angeles.

"Kids of Many Colors," by Grace Duffie Boylan and Ike Morgan, is one of the greatest juvenile successes of the year. The clever book is brilliantly illustrated. It is one of the recent attractions of Stoll & Thayer Company, and is one of the publications the Jamison-Higgins Company, Chicago, who announce Gertrude Kelly's two books, "An Alphabet of Birds" and "An Alphabet of Wild Flowers," brightly illustrated.

The Book Notes of G. P. Putnam's Sons include many important publications. On the lists are "Historic Towns of Western States," by Lyman P. Powell; E. W. Scup- ture's "Thinking, Feeling, Doing," and the first of a series of musical biographies, "Richard Wagner," by W. J. Henderson.

A. Wessels Company, New York, have issued "Pre-Raphaelite Ballads," by William Morris, decorated by H. M. O'Kane. The books are said to be the delight of collectors. This company also issues "Friendship," by Emerson and Cicero. The cover is in old Florentine design, bound in cloth and leather.

"Lazarre," by Mrs. Catherwood, one of the recent popular publications of the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, is to be found among the collections of Stoll & Thayer Company, Los Angeles. The argument for the identification of the hero, exiled in America, who was the lost Dauphin, son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, is winning a decided vogue.

"The Last of the Knickerbockers" is the title of a new book by Herman K. Velle, published by Herbert S. Stone, Chicago. Mr. Velle wrote "The Inn of the Silver Moon."

George Bernard Shaw has revised his "Cashel Byron's Profession" and added a characteristic preface. The Herbert S. Stone Company has issued his book on the subject of prize fighting. With so able a mind Mr. Shaw should turn to better themes.

"The Private Life of the Sultan," one of the new books by George Dorys, has been translated by Arthur Hornblow, and published by D. Appleton & Co.

"Via Christi," by Louise Manning Hodgkins, is announced as a reference work in the study of missions, published by the Macmillan Company.

A series of works on "American Philanthropy of the Nineteenth Century" is announced by the Macmillan Company. Homer Folks will contribute the first volume on "The Care of Destitute Neglected and Delinquent Children."



## The Development of the Great Southwest.

### IN THE FIELD OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated schemes.]

#### A Gold Mining Company.

A COMPANY has been organized, with a capital stock of \$100,000,000, under the name of the Napoleon Gold Mining Company, to work a group of claims in Sonora, located in the San José Mountains, eight miles from Narco and four miles from the line of the Cananea Copper Company's railroad. The property has been worked for four years, and it is said that there is enough ore in sight to justify the immediate erection of a ten-stamp mill, which has been purchased in Mexico.

#### A Wonderful Mine.

IT IS reported that Senator Clark's United Verde copper mine, in Arizona, produces a sufficient amount of gold and silver to pay the entire expenses of the property, which, it is estimated, would leave the copper output, amounting to \$6,000,000, for the current year, as net profit.

#### Improvement Association.

ALHAMBRA people have organized under the name of the Alhambra Improvement Association, the official power of which is vested in a board of seven directors, of whom four are female and three male. The board will be elected annually.

#### A Mountain Drive.

THE people of Santa Barbara are raising money to improve the mountain drive back of that city, which is said to be one of the finest in the United States. The Board of Supervisors has agreed to appropriate \$250 for this purpose, with the proviso that the people of the city should contribute a similar amount.

#### A Good Water System.

THE Oceanside Blade claims that for its size, Oceanside probably has the best domestic water system of any town in the State, especially as regards quantity and quality. The price, too, is about as low as pumped water can be delivered for domestic purposes. Further extensive improvements contemplated in the distributing system will keep the city in the front rank.

#### A Development Company.

THE Delta Investment Company is the name of a corporation that has been formed to assist in developing the Imperial settlements, on the Colorado Desert. From a prospectus issued by the company, the following facts are taken:

"The Delta Investment Company is incorporated under and by virtue of the laws of the State of New Jersey, with a capital stock of \$500,000, divided into 5000 shares of the par value of \$100 each, and under such laws and the provisions of its charter, its capital stock is non-assessable after issue and delivery.

"Its officers and directors, except the three last-named, are representative and successful business men of the city of Los Angeles, long resident of the city; of financial strength, are well and favorably known, and therefore require no especial mention.

"Mr. Heber, the general manager of the company, has recently removed to this city permanently from the city of Chicago. He has been at the head of similar institutions, and has been successful. He has had large experience in the line of business in which the company proposes to engage. He is also at the head of the Cameron Lake Cattle Company, a corporation of which the principal stockholders are eastern bankers and capitalists, which said company is now preparing to plant to alfalfa and stock with cattle, a tract of 10,000 acres of land situated in the valley in which this company proposes to transact a portion of its business."

#### Yuma as a Seaport.

ON THE 10th of December a number of important enterprises will be inaugurated in Yuma, to the opening of which invitations have been extended to the Governors of Arizona, New Mexico and Sonora. A trip down the gulf will be one of the features of the occasion. The Yuma paper says:

"These enterprises are the Mexican Coast Steamship Company and the Mexican Colorado Navigation Company. The first-named company will run a line of steamers from San Francisco to all the Mexican ports along the coast as far south as San Benito, close to the Guatemala border, thence up the coast and Gulf of California to the mouth of the Colorado River, calling at all the ports between and accommodating a great and valuable traffic.

"At Salina Cruz, the Mexican Coast Steamship Company will connect with the Tehuantepec Railway to the port of Coalzacoalcos, thence connecting with the Ward line of steamers to New York, via Vera Cruz, Tampico, Progreso and Havana, giving a complete line through from New York to ports on the coasts of the Gulf of Colorado all the way from San Benito to Yuma in Arizona, and all along the Pacific Coast ports of the lower Mexican States, the peninsula of Lower California and of the State of California all the way to San Francisco.

"The Mexican Colorado Navigation Company will ply a line of light-draught steamers from the mouth of the Colorado River to Needles, calling at Yuma and all the landings along the river, numbering some thirty-five, giving them water competition with the East, and making them practically ports in the world's commerce, giving them the advantage of the cheapest known transportation and assisting greatly in the development of the vast natural resources in a great and wonderful region in both Alta and Baja California, Arizona and Sonora.

"The Gulf of California and Yuma Railway Company, now under construction, is the third enterprise, which will extend from San Jorge Bay, on the east shore of the Gulf of Colorado, in the Altar district of the State of Sonora, to Yuma and Phoenix, giving the latter city and intermediate points the advantages of connection with water transportation afforded by the first-named companies.

"The fourth of these companies is the Sonora Land and Mineral Colonization Company, which owns an immense grant of 5,800,000 acres of land in the Altar district, extending from the international line along the Colorado River and the gulf shore to San Jorge Bay, and including a great scope of very rich and fertile country, hitherto a terra incognita on account of an almost utter lack of transportation facilities."

#### Americans in Sonora.

REGARDING recent reports of oppressive actions on the part of the authorities in the Mexican State of Sonora, ex-Gov. Corral is reported as saying to a reporter of the El Paso Herald:

"There is no truth in the press report that foreigners are being wrongfully taxed in Sonora. The fact of the matter is that the Americans are receiving more favors than the natives, on account of their energy. The government feels that they will be the best means of developing the resources of the country and wants them to come in.

"This report that trouble is expected from the Yaquis is false. They are now quiet and peaceable. Their discontent is the same as that to be found in any other place where the people are not satisfied with the taxes. There is no cause to look for any more annoyance from that corner.

"The business outlook all over Northern Mexico is bright, and in the near future a great deal of mining development will be started. The promoters of the mining companies are almost altogether from the United States. The government grants them liberal concessions, to get the country opened up and to get work for the large laboring class."

#### An Arizona Oasis.

ABOUT twenty years ago an Arizona Legislature offered a reward of several thousand dollars to any one who would develop an artesian well in the Territory, there being at that time no such well within the confines of Arizona. The reward was paid to the owner of a piece of land near the now defunct mining camp of Pinal City, in the county of that name, although there were many who claimed that the water came from a spring, not from a flowing well. There are now a number of artesian wells in the Territory, and more are constantly being developed. The Tombstone Prospector gives the following particulars in regard to a settlement in Cochise county, which is supplied with water from artesian wells:

"The most attractive oasis of all Arizona is that little track of land between Tombstone and Benson, on the San Pedro River, and is commonly known as St. David, around which a frugal colony of Latter Day Saints settled about twenty years ago. They built themselves homes, tilled the soil and prospered; they multiplied and their numbers were augmented until all available ground along the river was taken up and the water supply exhausted. The colony continued to grow and the water became correspondingly scarcer. Something had to be done, so these sturdy farmers who had been blessed with success, ventured to bore for artesian water; the first experiment was rewarded by a copious flow of that necessary fluid at a depth of something less than 300 feet; other wells were sunk with like result. They had demonstrated the future prosperity of that section. Friends from a distance were invited to share in the New El Dorado; they came, and today there are more than one hundred flowing wells within a radius of seven miles up and down the valley, covering an area in width of not more than three miles. Reservoirs have been constructed into which the waters, when not being used, are stored for future occasions, thereby insuring a bountiful harvest of cereals and a plentiful yield of fruits. The artesian flow does not appear to diminish, and the belt is apparently without confine; wells are being sunk on the west side of the river with the same result that attended the experiments on the east side. The Prospector expects to chronicle the fact at no distant day that all the high mesa lands between Tombstone and Benson have been brought under cultivation by artesian water. And if that be true, why should not the belt be tapped below Benson?"

#### Another Irrigation Enterprise.

THE Monrovia Messenger gives the following particulars in regard to an important enterprise, not yet quite perfected, for the reclamation of 15,000 acres of wash land in the valley, immediately south of that place. The Messenger says:

"A blue print profile of the enterprise shows that an immense pumping plant is to be established at the 200-foot elevation capable of lifting and delivering 3000

inches of water. Three contour lines have been surveyed at the 200, 300 and 400-foot elevations. Water is proposed to be delivered in cement pipes along these lines in sufficient quantity to supply each acre of ground with one-fifth of an inch of water, continuous flow, six months each year. That means 388,800 gallons of water on each five acres every thirty days during the six dry months of the year. For this service the company proposes to charge the uniform price of \$6 per month for each five acres, six months in each year, on a fifty-year contract. At this rate the cost of water for each five acres would be \$36 a year. A domestic service at 10 cents a month is proposed also to be established.

"The 400-foot elevation line comes to within about a quarter of a mile of the Santa Fe depot in Monrovia, and the 500-foot elevation about thirty yards south of the Southern Pacific depot. If such an enterprise, expensive as it first seems, means the settlement and cultivation of all that unoccupied land down there, that is waiting the touch of water to make it blossom and bloom, it will have the moral support of all. Such an enterprise means incalculable good to the town of Monrovia. It is represented there is ample capital behind the promoters to successfully carry the thing through, and some of the Los Angeles and Pasadena gentlemen in the company are well and favorably known in this city."

#### Road Material.

ONE of the few drawbacks of Southern California is the bad condition of the roads, which in this section is still the rule rather than the exception, they being dusty in summer and muddy in winter. A long step toward the improvement of these conditions has been made by the use of crude oil as a surface. Some residents of the San Gabriel Valley are trying another method, which promises to work a transformation in the roads of that section. It is to use the granite boulders, so common along the foothills, after crushing them. In this manner two birds would be killed with one stone, unsightly boulders being removed and good roads constructed. A. P. Griffith, writing in the Azusa Post-tropic, says:

"The problem of good roads require two very important ingredients—material and means. In the granite boulders so prevalent along the foothills from Pasadena eastward we have an excellent material when broken. But the question of reducing them to broken stone has awaited a solution. Rounded stone of any size will not make a good roadway; but when broken these boulders will make an ideal macadam material if, after applying the desired thickness, it is topped off with fine sand or the clay gravel to be found along these same foothills.

"The question of a rock crusher has seemed impracticable on account of want of knowledge as to facility to crush and regarding cost. By the experiment which has been tried at Azusa for the past week the question has been solved, the crusher reducing any rock placed within its jaws.

"Doubting Thomases have been convinced. They have hunted over the lot for exceptionally hard boulders and others have promised to carry off in their hauls the rock the crusher would crush in an hour.

"Without notice to the laborers a load of two yards of 1½-inch rock was run out and onto the wagon in two and a half minutes, losing at least three minutes in want of stone. At this rate, if the crusher were kept fed, a yard of crushed rock would be loaded on the wagon in five minutes, allowing time for one team to drive out and another to come in. Twelve yards an hour would be equivalent to about twenty tons of rock. Twelve-horse-power is required to do the work. The rock being operated upon is not large. It is probable that the capacity would be somewhat reduced if large boulders were fed, but the labor of feeding would be reduced. The manufacturer's guarantee is ten to fifteen tons per hour for two-inch rock.

"As conditions vary in different localities it is impossible to estimate the cost of crushed material. Under favorable conditions for electricity, the power can be furnished for less than 25 cents per hour; and, adding to the cost of power, that of handling the material into the machine, we would have the cost of crushed material on the wagon.

"The capacity would be more or less as the jaws would be set larger or smaller than 1½-inch. The writer is a local committeeman for good roads and hopes the experiment will prove to be an incentive in getting the unsightly boulders out of our way into the way of good roads."

#### An Iron Foundry.

NOGALES, on the frontier between Arizona and Sonora, now has a small iron foundry in full blast, which it is believed may lead to greater things. In the course of an article descriptive of this enterprise, the Nogales Oasis says:

"The output of this important and finally equipped enterprise will consist of a regular line of mining machinery, including hoists, one and two-horse wheel crushers, rolls of all sizes, ore crushers with latest improvements, stamp mills, ore cars, ore buckets, etc., etc. In fact, everything used about a mine, mill, concentrator or smelter. In the line of hoists anything can be made from a prospecting hoist, 5x5 inches, up to a big machine, 16x32 inches, which will go down 2000 feet. General repair work will also be done. Having the advantage of cheap transportation upon raw materials, all these lines of machinery can be manufactured here cheaper than they can be laid down from eastern shops and foundries. That signifies that the great and growing mining industries of Sonora and Southern Arizona will find cheapest and best the machinery manufactured by the Arizona and Sonora Manufacturing Company at Nogales. A full line of machinery will be manufactured and kept in stock, to fill all orders promptly."

### CARE OF THE VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS ING AND PRESERVING

Compiled for The

The Credulity of Mankind.

"SICK made well, Weak made strong, the Ellixir of Life discovered by a scientist that Cures every dreadful Cures are effected that are formed. The Secret of Long Life lived. The Remedy is free to All Address."

Such is the heading, in big type, advertisement appearing in a San Francisco paper, accompanied by the portrait of a man, something like a respectable barbershop. Here is the advertisement.

"After years of patient study, dusty record of the past, as well as experiments in the realms of 'medicines' makes the startling announcement discovered the elixir of life. The aid of a mysterious compound, produced as a result of the years' long for this precious life-giving elixir every disease that is known to the is no doubt of the doctor's claim and the remarkable cures that seem to bear him out very strong. He advances is one of reason and experience in a medical practice of nothing to try his remarkable elixir, for he sends it free, to a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to cure, so there is absolutely no the cures cited are very remarkable. Witnesses would hardly be have thrown away crutches and or three trials of the remedy. Home doctors, have been restored friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, ach, heart, liver, kidney, blood, bladder troubles disappear as by backaches, nervousness, fevers, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis, the throat, lungs or any vital come in a space of time that is

"Partial paralysis, locomotor atrophy and piles are quickly and it purifies the entire system, blood, normal nerve power, circulation, health is produced at once. To are alike and equally affected by Life." Send for the remedy today sufferer. State what you want sure remedy for it will be sent you. This is about the limit in up of this kind. Still, there are those every day, which go almost as fast.

How is it possible that people of intelligence, not to speak of by such absurd claims as these, for publication of which many the paid out every day by scheming States? It must be that a great in such statements, and pay tenders, otherwise they certainly continue buying valuable space in

That such things can be and elementary upon the vaunted intelligence of the American people. It also shames, the great need which exists, least the rudiments of hygiene. A course of hygienic study in is certainly of far greater importance the rudiments of physiology and than it is for him to be able to principal rivers of Hindostan. As he would not be so likely to fall a such schemers as the individual lying statements are republished a

The Times refrains from publishing doctor, firstly, because it does not any free advertising, and, secondly, probable that if this were done, intelligent readers of this journal would down and send for this wonderful out having stopped to consider the people are not in the habit of spending every month for the purpose to take something for nothing.

#### The Latest Cancer Cure.

THE following special dispatch is received from The Times:

"The Onlooker prints a story which has attracted considerable interest. A man, aged 67 years, with throat affection, which the cancer. An analysis and clinical Association's laboratory confirmed throat was nearly closed up and artificially administered.

"Death was expected within a few days of a daughter of her old friend, Lady an old wife's remedy which she had. This remedy was to take a handful of leaves, put them in a pint of boiling water and let them stand for twelve hours, dip a piece of lint into the liquid, dip the wet lint into the change whenever it became dry and should be made fresh every day. This remedy was used, and almost like a miracle. The large



## CARE OF THE BODY.

## VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times

The Credibility of Mankind.

"SICK made well, Weak made strong; Marvelous Elixir of Life discovered by a famous Doctor-scientist that Cures every Known Ailment. Wonderful Cures are effected that seem like Miracles performed. The Secret of Long Life of olden Times revived. The Remedy is free to All Who send Name and Address."

Such is the heading, in big type, of a half-column advertisement appearing in a San Francisco daily paper, accompanied by the portrait of the medico, who looks something like a respectable barkeeper in his Sunday clothes. Here is the advertisement:

"After years of patient study and delving into the dusty record of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. — makes the startling announcement that he has surely discovered the elixir of life. That he is able, with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable 'Elixir of Life,' as he calls it, for he sends it free, to any one who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart, liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous.

"Partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, dropsy, gout, scrofula and piles are quickly and permanently removed. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissues, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great 'Elixir of Life.' Send for the remedy today. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free by return mail."

This is about the limit in up-to-date advertisements of this kind. Still, there are thousands of them printed every day, which go almost as far.

How is it possible that people possessed of a particle of intelligence, not to speak of education, can be misled by such absurd claims as these, and others like them, for publication of which many thousands of dollars are paid out every day by scheming men all over the United States? It must be that a great many do "take stock" in such statements, and pay money to these pretenders, otherwise they certainly would not be able to continue buying valuable space in the newspapers.

That such things can be and continue to be a sad commentary upon the vaunted intelligence and shrewdness of the American people. It also shows, in striking manner, the great need which exists for the teaching of at least the rudiments of hygiene. There should be a regular course of hygienic study in the public schools. It is certainly of far greater importance to a child to learn the rudiments of physiology and the basic laws of health than it is for him to be able to repeat the names of the principal rivers of Hindostan. And then, in after life, he would not be so likely to fall a victim to the wiles of such schemers as the individual whose ridiculous and lying statements are republished above.

The Times refrains from publishing the name of the doctor, firstly, because it does not propose to give him any free advertising, and, secondly, because it is quite probable that if this were done, several even of the intelligent readers of this journal would immediately sit down and send for this wonderful "free remedy," without having stopped to consider that in this prosaic age people are not in the habit of spending thousands of dollars every month for the purpose of inducing the public to take something for nothing.

## The Latest Cancer Cure.

THE following special dispatch from London is reproduced from The Times:

"The Onlooker prints a story of the cure of cancer which has attracted considerable attention. Lady Margaret Marham, aged 67 years and 4 months, was ill with throat affection, which the doctors pronounced cancer. An analysis and clinical research in the Medical Association's laboratory confirmed the diagnosis. The throat was nearly closed up and nourishment had to be artificially administered.

"Death was expected within a week, when a neighbor, a daughter of her old friend, Lady Mary Ross, recalled an old wife's remedy which she had heard in childhood. This remedy was to take a handful of fresh, green violet leaves, put them in a pint of boiling water, cover them and let them stand for twelve hours, then strain off the liquid, dip a piece of lint into the heated infusion, apply the wet lint hot, cover the lint with oil silk and change whenever it became dry and cold. The infusion should be made fresh every alternate day.

"This remedy was used, and its effect is declared as almost like a miracle. The large, hard external swelling

disappeared in a week, the pain ceased and the cancerous growth of the tonsils disappeared in a fortnight. The patient seems to be in good health and able to travel and visit friends.

"A newspaper interviewed a great authority on cancer, who said that Lady Margaret's case was now under the notice of a council of the highest experts in England. Other specialists who were interviewed, while not disputing Lady Margaret's cure in the least, which would not be impossible, warn people against jumping to the conclusion that a cure has been discovered. One says that an isolated case proves nothing. Every now and then a case of cancer subsides for some inexplicable reason when a particular drug is used. In the case of Lady Margaret the natural inference would be that the infusion cured her, but patients in hospitals where drugs are not used, have also recovered.

"No one can yet point out the reason for recovery in most cases. The disease has reappeared, perhaps after a month, perhaps after years, and patients have died."

"Lady Margaret is a sister of the Earl of Romney."

It would be wise to wait a little before placing great confidence in this asserted new remedy. So many of these new cures do not bear the light of thorough investigation. The plan is certainly simple enough. It should be remembered, however, that water, both hot and cold, applied in the shape of bandages and fomentations, has far greater healing power than many people suppose. The effect of a wet bandage, covered with flannel, around the neck, in case of a sore throat, is often almost miraculous. The same is true of lung troubles, while a hot bandage around the abdomen will usually quickly remove a bad case of "belly ache," which the doctors might otherwise diagnose as appendicitis, and proceed to cut the victim open.

It may be that in this case the improvement is due to the continued use of water on the diseased surface apart from the decoction of violet leaves. It is known that remarkable cures of syphilis have been made within a brief time by the use of cold water only, while the mercury method of treatment, which was formerly the rule, is now generally discredited among intelligent physicians.

We have all—including the physicians—much to learn in regard to the curing of disease, but meantime we shall be safe in keeping as close as possible to nature, and natural methods of cure—or rather, it should be said, assisting nature in curing, for as old Pythagoras said 2500 years ago "Matura sanat non medicus"—nature cures, not the physician.

## A Life and Death Detector.

HERE is a suggestion that may be of service in ascertaining whether a person is alive or dead, and so avoiding premature burial. It is from the Scientific American:

"The method of finding out whether a given animal tissue is living or dead, recently discovered by Dr. Augustus Waller (and already explained in M.M.S.), consists in sending a current through the tissue in question, and then connecting it to the poles of a sensitive galvanometer, when a back rush of current is perceived in the case of living tissue, while in the contrary case no effect of consequence is obtained. Dr. Waller has recently made a series of experiments in which he follows out the same idea, but applies it to discovering the first traces of life instead of its disappearance. In this he has been quite successful, and to the date of the present paper, three series of experiments upon eggs, good and bad, were made, and no exception was found to the general rule that a non-incubated, sterile, or putrefied egg did not give the back rush of current indicating the presence of vital phenomena, while an egg containing an embryo in a state of development always gave the indication which showed vitality. In the majority of cases, on account of the resistance of the shell of the egg to the passage of the current, a small portion was removed from the upper and lower sides, the egg being placed horizontally, and the electrodes (impolarizable) were applied to the membrane thus laid bare, so that the blastoderm floating at the upper pole was traversed by the exciting current. The eggs were placed in an incubating oven, which was regulated to a constant temperature of 37 deg. C.

"In the case of certain animalculae, which, when dried, seem to possess no sign of life, but in which, upon exposure to moisture, the vital activity is developed; in the first case no current is given, but upon the development of vital activity the characteristic current is always given.

"In the case of tissues, it was found that tissues which had been rendered insensible by anesthetics gave no reaction, thus likening it to dead tissue. When the anesthetic action was removed and vitality became apparent, the characteristic electrical reaction followed in all cases observed."

## Concerning the Treatment of Inebriates.

IN THE Public Health Journal, Dr. T. D. Crothers of Hartford, Ct., superintendent of the Walnut Lodge Hospital and editor of the Journal of Inebriety, scores the so-called cures for inebriety which have become so common in this country of late years. Dr. Crothers claims that inebriety and other drug diseases should be recognized and taught as distinct neuroses, occurring in every community, and amenable to medical treatment, when the reign of the quack and his methods will disappear. He says, in part:

"Within a few years the recognition of the curability of spirit and other drug habits has brought into the field a large class of empirics who differ from the ordinary medical quacks in many respects. With but few exceptions, all these persons are habits themselves or have been in some time past; hence they bring to the work a degree of sharpness and bold assumption which empirics in other fields lack. In many respects these quacks are better judges and have a clearer comprehension of the weakness and wants of their victims than others, but they lack in consistency and persistency. They are all of the dramatic type who pose for sudden, tremendous effect, and after a short, brilliant career disappear. Very few of them are before the world more

than five or ten years. Unlike the patent medicine men, who year after year pursue a fixed course, these new charlatans have the gambler's spirit of quick returns for their labor and money. It may be said, as a rule, that they are more unscrupulous and more dishonest in their methods than other empirics, but fortunately in their zeal they exhibit this peculiarity, which often prevents the returns they expect. In my long experience as editor of a journal devoted to this specialty, and as superintendent of an asylum for the treatment of inebriates, I have come in contact with many of these persons and have become familiar with their career. The 'gold cure' delusion brought into activity the boldest and sharpest of this class. Expectation of large gains in a short time led to many very adroit schemes and plans which, if carried out, would have enriched their promoters to a fabulous extent. Many of these plans were submitted to me, with the drugs which they claimed to have discovered, and great efforts were made to enlist the Journal and my personal interest in their promotion. The assumption and arrogance of these 'discoverers' was almost phenomenal. I was approached over and over again with offers of fabulous sums to engage in this or that enterprise. I found that all the leading spirits had been or were spirit or drug takers, and were buoyed up by delusional exaltations of gains, both pecuniary and physical. They were practically inebriates incapable of persevering effort, and unable to bear misfortunes or disappointments. One concern started with a million-dollar plan, and extravagant expectations on paper; disappointments of the first six months practically drove them out of business, yet their plans and management were of the very highest order. Another firm, offered by two inebriates who, in a state of great mental exaltation spent \$10,000 in circulars and paper plans, became discouraged and drank to death. Another syndicate went about purchasing property, making great show of permanency and at one time had over three hundred different asylums in operation; then from some trivial causes broke up and abandoned them all. Most of these promoters had been patients formerly at different 'gold cure' homes, and believed they could do far more with their experience and knowledge of drugs than had been done before. Nearly all these institutions and projects were under the leadership of physicians who had been inebriates. Some of them were well educated and had been successful practitioners; others belonged to the irregulars whose early training was doubtful, and whose ethical sense was entirely wanting. They grouped certain combinations of drugs and claimed marvelous results from them, while in reality they were all of the same class and differed only in some minor particulars. The prescriptions used by these empirics are all combinations of strychnia, hydrastin, apomorphia, and cinchona barks. Some few mild vegetable narcotics which have been discarded by the profession were taken up again, but in all there were no remedies that were new to the profession, or had not been used before. The central object of the treatment was to destroy the alcoholic appetite, and this was claimed to be a cure. In many instances the surprise and joy in the patient's mind at the disappearance of all desire for spirits was accepted as evidence of final cure. This was followed by a species of hypnotism which lasted for a variable time and was in many cases very powerful, but when separated from the mystery and the surrounding psychical influence they reacted into the opposite condition. It was very soon evident that these empiric efforts were followed by transient results; then relapse and a worse condition than before. Still the impression remained on the minds of many persons that overcoming the drink taste was a real advance and gain to medical science. A number of physicians who claim respectability still persist in asserting that they have discovered a specific remedy for the cure of inebriety, but none of them will submit his prescription to a practical test. I have repeatedly offered to make such a test in my work and report the results above all possible collusion or bias, only asking that the drug be known and the matter be done openly and along scientific lines. This is refused for the most trivial reasons, and whenever the prescription has been shown it has been found to contain the common, usual drugs of that class. I have been puzzled to explain the fact that many of these physicians who advertise cures for the drink and drug states are credited with having been graduates of good colleges and been recognized as reputable men. In most instances I have found that they were drug takers either openly or secretly, or had become disaffected and ostracized from the profession. In a few cases nothing but avarice of a low, grasping type seemed present."

Taking Big Chances.

THE following paragraph is from the Eclectic Medical Gleaner:

"Dr. Rodermund of Appleton, Wis., at a sacrifice of business and friends, said that smallpox is not contagious, and claims to have proven it. He is said to have rubbed virus over himself and family, and there is, at last report, no contagion. He seems to have the best of the argument so far."

Commenting upon this, Modern Science says:

"That is, the argument from a single case of immunity; there are millions of them. But there are also cases of non-immunity—and there's the rub—both with and without vaccination. Also both with and without mosquitoes, or antitoxin. When will learned doctors cease to argue from exceptions, either way, as the proof of a law?"

"We learn from an exchange, that Dr. Rodermund, who is an eye and ear specialist, has long denied the germ theory and the contagiousness of any disease whatsoever. Smallpox broke out, and Rodermund seized upon the chance to prove his theories. According to his own confession, he went to the quarantine house, rubbed his hands over the pustules of the patient, smeared the virus over his own hands, face and clothes, went home to his family, ate supper, and later went to the Business Men's Club, where he played cards until a late hour, taking pains to rub against and put his hands upon as many persons as possible. Next morning, without having washed or fumigated himself, Rodermund went to Green Bay, where he treats eyes once a month, and there met many patients and others. On his return, the State Board of Health seized him and put him in quarantine. It is said that if his cases develop his life will be in danger from a 'complication.'"



## The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

### THE CALIFORNIA CUCKOO.

SOMETHING ABOUT AN INTERESTING COMMON BIRD OF THE LOWLANDS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

By a Special Contributor.

TO MOST of us, probably, the headline of this paper will recall legends of our childhood, in which we learned much that was unfavorable concerning an English bird known as the cuckoo; how it stole the eggs and broke up the homes of lesser birds, to say nothing of a very lazy habit it had of laying its eggs in other birds' nests. In fact, in those days, it is doubtful whether we ever thought of this bird as disassociated from the hedgerows and lanes of bonnie England. There is, however, a cuckoo family in America, widely and favorably known for the aid which it renders to agriculturists and horticulturists by its insectivorous diet. Intermediate between the parrots and the large order of woodpeckers, we find the cuckoos, so named, in all probability, on account of their peculiar calls which have earned for them in some sections of this country the name of chow-chow, or kow bird. Most commonly,



CALIFORNIA CUCKOO.

however, the two eastern species are known as "rain crows," as many people believe that the cuckoo calls louder and more persistently just before a rain than at any other time. Our well-known road runner is a member of this order, his name of *geococcyx*, meaning "ground-cuckoo." Besides this bird, which has already been discussed in The Times Magazine, there are five other species found in the United States alone. Two of these, the mangrove and Maynard's cuckoo, inhabit but a limited area in the southeastern portion of our country, and so do not merit the attention given the others. Both, it may be added, are but variations of other common forms.

In the Eastern States are found the yellow-billed and the black-billed cuckoos, distinguished from each other



KINGFISHER.

largely, as their names indicate by the color of their beaks. Both these birds are shy, keeping within the deeper foliage and building their frail nests in well-hidden clumps of small branches, or out over some stream where no four-footed prowler cares to go. Their eggs are alike, pale bluish green in color, so marbled and shaded as to present a beautiful appearance. One peculiarity of these birds is that the female lays her eggs at intervals of two or three days, so that by the time the last egg is laid, the first is hatched. Their nests amount to but little, being mere platforms of sticks, with a slight depression in the center to prevent the eggs rolling out. The adult birds themselves are about the size of a mourning dove, though perhaps not quite so heavy, the prevailing color being brownish gray. Both these species are migrants to the Eastern States, as is also our one species, the California cuckoo.

This latter bird was formerly considered to be identical with the yellow-billed species, but later ornithologists have separated it into a distinct species. Here in Los Angeles county, this cuckoo is found almost exclusively in the willow growth which clothes much of our

lowlands. There they are not uncommon from about the first of May to late fall, seldom nesting before the middle of May. The birds are very quiet and secretive, so much so that I have met several quite up-to-date California bird students who had never even seen our cuckoo. His cry is the same as that of his eastern conqueror, though rather lower and less often repeated. Nor is he supposed to prophesy rain—being in fact little known to the ranchers. The call of this bird is a little similar to that made by the burrowing owl, just after sunset. This similarity has given rise to the name of "cuckoo owl," which is sometimes applied to the little brown owl, so commonly seen on our mesas. Our cuckoo, like the eastern, lays from two to four bluish-green eggs at intervals, hatching them likewise.

One other bird belonging to the same order as the cuckoo and hardly worthy of a separate article may be mentioned here. This is the kingfisher. Those of us who have ever lived near the eastern water course will recall with pleasure the kingfisher. Brilliant blue in color, lightning-like in movement, and harsh yet ringing in voice, this pirate of the mid-air adds much to the banks of any stream. In the United States there are two species, the belted and the Texan. The former is our bird and is found here mostly during the spring and fall migrations, and then only along the coast. A few, however, remain about the bays and estuaries of this country's coast line, but I do not know of the bird's breeding here. In the East, where it is not uncommon during the nesting season, a pair will dig a horizontal tunnel in the face of the perpendicular bank of some stream, beginning it below low-water mark, so that their entrance is always covered, and then digging upward to a place where a nest chamber may be safely hollowed out. In this chamber, which is lined with fish bones and scales, from four to seven pure white spherical eggs are laid. Both parents incubate the eggs, and while one is on the nest, the other supplies it with food. A favorite perch of this bird is on some half-submerged pile or snag, from which it can watch for small fish which it captures by diving with great rapidity.

HARRY H. DUNN.

### MICKEY'S TURKEY.

HOW THE LITTLE MILLWINNYS WENT OUT TO HUNT CLAMS, BUT FOUND BIGGER GAME.

By a Special Contributor.

The Millwinys lived in a comical, tumble-down house on a gray, sandy beach, miles away from everybody and everything.

The doctor who came sometimes to see father Millwinny said it was a "woeful dreary" spot, and Molly Millwinny opened her great blue eyes, wondering.

How can a spot be "woeful dreary" where the sun always shines and the skies stretch blue over a bluer ocean, where the white caps are dancing and the gay sea primroses, yellow and crimson, clamber over the dunes; where the jolly sandpipers caper, and never a darker shadow falls than that of a white sea gull's wing?

At any rate, the little Millwinys never found it dreary. Jacky, Molly, Mickey and Midge thought it the jolliest spot in the world, and if that was only because it was home—why, so much the better!

And were there never rainy days?

Oh, well—of course, now and then, but rain made puddles, and the great waves rolled in higher and higher, strewing the shore with hundreds of beautiful shells; and with a house to keep dry in, who would mind a drop or two of rain?

To be sure, the Millwinys were very poor—even the children understood that; but what matter?

They were always warm, thanks to the sunshine and plenty of driftwood; and there was the ocean and bay, and as for clothes, had not each of them twice as many garments as they could wear at once? Well, then—what use of clothes save to cover your back?

That there was not always enough to eat must be confessed. But there—if dinner is scanty, there is always supper, when one is sure to be twice as hungry; and sometimes father shot a hare or a wild fowl.

Not of late, though—more's the pity—for father's cough was worse, and mother looked anxious. It was particularly unfortunate, just now, as Thanksgiving was near. Last year there had been rabbit stew; this year mother said she should be thankful if the potatoes held out.

This set Molly thinking. She could remember Thanksgivings when there had been turkey, cranberry sauce and great mince pies.

Jacky, Mickey and Midge were down on the sands. "Jacky," cried Molly, "I'll tell you something splendid to do. Let's go down to the cove and dig clams for Thanksgiving; let's, Jacky; maw will be so pleased!"

That's what Molly called her mother—"maw."

But Jacky was burying a fat jellyfish, and Mickey was setting the grave about with jagged white cockle shells. "Come on, Jacky," begged Molly. "I'll fetch the spade and tote home all the clams."

"Oh, well—I'm busy now. Bime-by," said Jacky.

"Bime-by is just never, Jacky Millwinny, and you know it! All right for you—if you don't come now I'm going alone. So!" and Molly started forlornly after spade and gunny sack.

"I'll go with you, sister," cried Mickey, manfully. "I'll fetch the spade and help tote the clams."

"You can go if you want to, baby," said Jacky, crossly, for though Mickey was only 7, Jacky found him very useful.

"I'm going, too," shrieked Midge, dropping all her periwinkles in the open grave in her haste to join the expedition.

"You can all go if you have a mind to; I don't care,"

sulked Jacky. "I'll bet you won't get any old clams anyhow; and I just hope you don't!"

"Oh, Jacky Millwinny, ain't you ashamed, when we want them for Thanksgiving?" said Molly.

"Never mind, sister, I'll take my gun and I will shoot—I'll shoot a duck," comforted Mickey.

"Pooh! silly; shoot a duck! Your gun ain't nothing but wooden, and it can't shoot," jeered Jacky.

"Well—then—I'll—catch one," asserted Mickey, as he was discouraged.

"Goosey! catch a wild duck! You can't even catch a—snipe!"

"Come on, Mickey, don't you mind him. Here's the spade," soothed Molly. "You'll be sorry, Jacky Millwinny; see if you ain't!"

Jacky was sorry now, and he was sorrier still when he saw his little brother and sisters rounding the bend. It was stupid playing alone, and no one could find the clam beds as quickly as he.

Mickey carried the spade over his shoulder, Molly had a hoe and the coarse sack under her arm, while Midge dragged a rusty can punched full of holes, in which to wash the clams. The cove was not far away; back of it stretched acres of marsh land, where rushes and o' nine tails grew, and over which ran a railroad track up higher on an embankment were other tracks where freight was sometimes switched, and, as the children paddled up and down in the shallow water, hunting for the tiny wet sand mounds with bubbles breaking through which showed them where clams were hiding, a big freight train puffed over the trestle, then stopped at the big tank to take on water.

"She the choo-choo cars!" cried Midge.

"My, ain't it a long train!" said Mickey.

"Shut your eyes, quick, and guess how many cars—fair counting now, Mickey Millwinny."

Six eyes screwed tightly together, while their ears tried to make a safe guess.

When they were opened something queer was happening, and it happened very fast. Midge saw it first. Up on the siding stood some flat cars. Suddenly they seemed to move.

"See car," cried Midge, "going all alone, no choo!"

"It is a-moving, Mickey," cried Molly. "See, it's faster."

"Jimminy Cricket, ain't she a going!" yelled Midge excitedly.

Sure enough, down the grade it came, lickety-split across the trestle, through the open switch, boom, bang, snap, crash!—right into the end of the long freight.

Molly, Mickey and Midge were tearing through the marsh land, treading down dank weeds, reeds and grasses in haste to reach the wreck, where the flat car had jumped the track, carrying the caboose with a splintering box car next to one only partially wrecked.

And, oh, what a squawking and squealing; what a clattering and flapping and floundering! The air was full of feathers, and the trainmen were rushing toward there, screaming:

"There goes one! Head 'em off!"

"Don't let 'em get away! Chase 'em up the bank!"

"Keep 'em out the marsh, can't you?"

For, sprawling and tumbling, scurrying and galloping, were dozens of big, fat turkeys which had been packed in the box car, shipped to the city.

"Hi, there, kids! drive them birds up this way, can't you?" called the big brakeman, as Molly and Mickey with Midge struggling on behind, came up breathless at the scene of disaster.

Molly shook her gunny sack. Mickey chased backward and forward, waving his cap as the frightened turkeys nearly as tall as himself, came flopping toward him, and even Midge cried "Shoo-shoo!" valiantly.

"Here's one that'll not squawk again," said a train hand, holding up a poor bird, whose head had been crushed. "The biggest of them all, as I'm a sinner!"

"Well, dump it in the car, they are all going to get ket," shouted someone.

Hurrying and scurrying, the great fowls were one caught and penned up securely in another car.

"Do you think we lost many?" inquired the trainhand.

"Not as many as we would if it hadn't been for the kids," replied the brakeman, looking at the children, who had run and raced and driven and shoo-ed, helping everywhere they could.

Then the trainman whispered to the brakeman, and the brakeman called out: "Say, youngsters, do you think you could lug one of these 'ere birds home, I was to give it to you?"

Could they? Well—what do you think?

"Yes, sir."

"Deed we could, sir." "Deed we could." Their shrill voices piped up all in time.

Down the embankment the turkey came rolling, as the brakeman tossed it from the car. Flop-flop, and gravel; clinders, too; feathers flapping; the huge bird—the biggest turkey of them all.

"Thank you, sir, oh, thank you!" cried Molly, Mickey and Midge.

Molly opened her gunny sack; Mickey and Midge stuffed the great bird in, and even then the legs and tail would work out. But they dragged it home, the big fifteen-pounder, taking turns.

When they came in sight of Jacky, who was desolately digging a hole in the sand with his bare hands, Molly cried out joyfully, "Oh, Jacky, what you have we've got!"

"I dunno; clams?" asked Jacky, doubtfully, sighting the full bag.

"No—sir—ee; a real Thanksgiving turkey."

"Rats!" said Jacky, scornfully.

"Deed it is, Jacky Millwinny; and now ain't it?"

November 24, 1901.]

sorry you said Mickey couldn't catch a snipe, when he's gone and got a real one. "But I didn't catch this one—really modestly," and Molly and Midge both. When they told the whole story, Jacky boy than ever, for it would have been sides he felt that he had not done his part in the Thanksgiving dinner. But just the same. ISABEL BA

### CURIOUS FREAKS OF

A RIVER OF INK, A SINGING WELL, A SINGING MOUNTAIN.

By a Special Contributor.

A river of ink is formed in Algeria two streams, the water of one being iron, and the other, which drains a gallic acid. This combination of iron and gallic acid forms a pure ink. All rivers of Africa have peculiarities. They seek the ocean away from their source; their course by falls, and their mouths are stopped by banks.

In Siberia rivers flow over ice, and a tributary of the Lena River has a bed which forms the bed of the river a nine feet thick. A freak of nature in Kentucky. It is known as the Yellow River, no one knows its origin, and it was leading no one knows where. It flows and is of a pale bluish color. Speaking of the Yellow River, its present hue, except one day about years ago, on which occasion a great flood and the river was perfectly clear.

A singing well is one of the wonders of Texas. In fine weather a sound like a harp is given out by the well. At first clear; then it recedes, as if far away, the ear very faintly. These changes take minutes, and with great regularity. The blowing water in the well gets a mysterious musical sound is faint. It causes the water to rise and the volume and clearness. Before a storm plays its wildest pranks. The water top of the well, which is about sixty feet out wild, weird noises.

A man-made volcano exists in France, been burning continuously for nearly a century, and emits vast columns of black smoke, neighboring country barren, baked and able. At Brule, France, is even the volcano made by man. Originally it was millions of tons probably, well elevating surrounding country. Dense forests cover ants took out the coal for their own use, and each for his own profit. Of ways for keeping rivals at a distance, pieces of old leather on a burning barrel, tolerable odor. One day, about a century extended to the coal, and it has never. The summit of the smoldering mountain.

A mountain which walks is in France. During forty-eight hours this is near Nimes, and over thirty miles the excitement among the people living in the hood.

### A STRANGE SWIMMING

A FORCED RACE IN WHICH THE ANIMALS WERE AHEAD OF DOG AND HUMAN.

[George Ethelbert Walsh in Detroit.] Nearly or quite all animals swim. and domesticated animals, however, of water, and can never be induced to extreme cases. Others take to the water they never miss a chance to sport and from a mud puddle to the Atlantic Ocean any animal into the water for the first manage to float along on the surface, and even make a record-breaking trip. ability of the different animals to swim thing that is not often proved by actual was my good fortune recently to see a which was probably as unique as any eyes.

On one of the grassy islands which there lived until a few years ago, a man made a comfortable living in fishing. The island contained about fifty acres, and rich that he raised enough vegetable himself and a surplus for the market. horse to do his plowing, a good cow, two pigs to fill his winter pork barrel, mutton and wool, a flock of poultry, a few ducks and geese, a dog, a cat, and With these companions, useful and happy and contentedly on the island.

One August day when his corn and ing, and his hay fields crisp and dressing, he left home in his catboat to visit a neighbor who could not raise on the island, the settler was startled to see a fire near the extreme west side of his place. flames broke out so suddenly and rapidly within ten minutes the whole western side of his home were ablaze. A strong wind blowing, and the fire was forced direct and, burning everything before it. It was on fire, so rapidly did it spread. The settler crowded on all sail to reach his home, had destroyed everything, he espied his boat on the opposite side of the island, free range in the dry meadows east of



Sorry you said Mickey couldn't catch a teeny-weeny mouse, when he's gone and got a ee-normous turkey?"

"Not I didn't catch this one—really," protested Mickey modestly, "and Molly and Midge helped."

When they told the whole story, Jacky was a sorrier boy than ever, for it would have been such fun, and besides he felt that he had not done his share toward providing the Thanksgiving dinner. But he ate his share, just the same.

ISABEL BATES WINSLOW.

### CURIOUS FREAKS OF NATURE.

#### A RIVER OF INK, A SINGING WELL AND A SLIDING MOUNTAIN.

By a Special Contributor.

A river of ink is formed in Algeria by the union of two streams, the water of one being impregnated with iron, and the other, which drains a great swamp, with gallic acid. This combination of iron and acid forms a pure ink. All rivers of Africa have several remarkable peculiarities. They seek the ocean that is farthest away from their source; their course is always broken by falls, and their mouths are stopped by numerous sand banks.

In Siberia rivers flow over ice, old and solid as rock. A tributary of the Lena River has underneath the soil which forms the bed of the river a bed of pure ice over nine feet thick. A freak of nature is the lost river in Kentucky. It is known as the Hidden River, because no one knows its origin, and it vanishes into a cave leading no one knows where. It flows without a ripple, and is of a pale bluish color. Speaking of color, the Chinese believe that the Yellow River has always been of its present hue, except one day about three thousand years ago, on which occasion a great man was born, and the river was perfectly clear.

A singing well is one of the natural curiosities of Texas. In fine weather a sound like that of an Aeolian harp is given out by the well. At times the sound is clear; then it recedes, as if far away, and then it reaches the ear very faintly. These changes take place every few minutes, and with great regularity. With an east wind blowing the water in the well gets very low, and the mysterious musical sound is faint. A strong west wind causes the water to rise and the sound to increase in volume and clearness. Before a north wind the well plays its wildest pranks. The water rises nearly to the top of the well, which is about sixty feet deep, and gives out wild, weird noises.

A man-made volcano exists in Belgium, which has been burning continuously for nearly one hundred years, and emits vast columns of black smoke, rendering the neighboring country barren, baked and utterly unprofitable. At Brule, France, is even the most remarkable volcano made by man. Originally it was a mass of coal, millions of tons probably, well elevated above the surrounding country. Dense forests covered it. The peasants took out the coal for their own use as they wanted it, and each for his own profit. One of the favorite ways for keeping rivals at a distance was to throw pieces of old leather on a burning brazier, causing an intolerable odor. One day, about a century ago, the fire extended to the coal, and it has never ceased burning. The summit of the smoldering mass has a genuine crater.

A mountain which walks is another curiosity in France. During forty-eight hours this mountain, which is near Nîmes, slid over thirty meters, and great was the excitement among the people living in the neighborhood.

### A STRANGE SWIMMING MATCH.

#### A FORCED RACE IN WHICH THE CAT CAME OUT AHEAD OF DOG AND HORSE.

[George Ethelbert Walsh in Detroit Free Press:] Nearly or quite all animals swim. Many of the wild and domesticated animals, however, have a natural dread of water, and can never be induced to jump in except in extreme cases. Others take to the water like ducks, and they never miss a chance to sport around in anything from a mud puddle to the Atlantic Ocean. But throw any animal into the water for the first time and it will manage to float along on the surface for a long time, and even make a record-breaking trip. The comparative ability of the different animals to swim rapidly is something that is not often proved by actual experience. It was my good fortune recently to see a swimming match, which was probably as unique as any viewed by human eyes.

On one of the grassy islands which skirt Long Island there lived until a few years ago an old settler who made a comfortable living in fishing and farming. His island contained about fifty acres, and the soil was so rich that he raised enough vegetables and grains for himself and a surplus for the market. He had an old horse to do his plowing, a good cow to give him milk, two pigs to fill his winter pork barrel, several sheep for mutton and wool, a flock of poultry to lay him eggs, a few ducks and geese, a dog, a cat, and a lot of pigeons. With these companions, useful and ornamental, he lived happily and contentedly on the island home.

One August day when his corn and wheat were ripening, and his hay fields crisp and dry, ready for harvesting, he left home in his catboat to obtain some provisions which he could not raise on his farm. Returning, the settler was startled to see flames bursting up near the extreme west side of his place. The smoke and flames broke out so suddenly and raged so fiercely that within ten minutes the whole western field of grain and his home were ablaze. A strong westerly breeze was blowing, and the fire was forced directly across the island, burning everything before it. It was like a prairie on fire, so rapidly did it spread. While the owner crowded on all sail to reach his home before the flames had destroyed everything, he espied his farm stock making for the opposite side of the island. They all had a free range in the dry meadows east of the house and cul-

tivated fields, and they were thus enabled to retreat before the flames. The horse, cow, pigs, sheep, dog, cat, and even the poultry ran before the all-consuming blaze, which was fanned into a solid wall of flame, and when closely pursued some of them jumped into the water. It was deep on this side of the island, and the animals either had to swim or drown. At first they plunged in one after another, and swam around in circles, dreading to leave land, but the flames became hotter and fiercer, and they were forced to move further away.

The mainland was not more than half a mile away and suddenly the old horse gave vent to a wild neigh and struck out. This seemed a challenge to the others, and the cow and dog followed suit. The sheep naturally followed the lead of anything, and they joined in the procession. The pigs came next. The cat stayed on the shore until her fur must have been singed, then she, too, jumped in and started for the retreating procession. The ducks and geese simply swam around squawking and cackling. The chickens were fairly driven into the water by the flames, and some were so obstinate in getting their feet wet that they were roasted alive on the embankment. The pigeons flew across the water and reached the mainland without trouble. The procession of animals swimming for their lives was a sight worth seeing. The horse was the first leader, but the dog quickly gained on the old nag and passed her. The old cow held her own with remarkable ability, and swam alongside of the horse, neck and neck, nearly the whole distance. The pigs were clumsy and slow. They waded around in the water, grunting and making a great splashing. For a time it seemed questionable whether they would ever reach land again.

The sheep floated easily on the water, and their oily wool helped to make them buoyant. They paddled gracefully and rapidly, and forged ahead of the horse and cow, and pulled rapidly toward the dog, which up to this time was the leader. But suddenly a clean-cut, delicate head moved swiftly through the water, leaving only a slight wave behind it. For a moment it was uncertain to what animal the head belonged, but a few moments later it could be identified as that of the pet house cat. She was at last in the element she hated, and her one wish was to get out of it as soon as possible. So she proved a veritable record-breaker in her swimming. She passed one after another and swam abreast of the dog for a few seconds, then left him in the rear. Her feet were the first to reach the mainland, with the dog several yards behind, the sheep next, and the old horse and cow bringing up the rear with the floundering pigs and some of the poultry. It was all a race in which ability alone counted, and Pussy won easily.

### YOUNG EDITORS.

#### TWO GIRLS AND A BOY PUBLISH A CLEVER LITTLE PAPER FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] The "Bud" is the name of a little newspaper published by Benjamin G. Garver, Helen H. Hosterman and Hazel D. Hosterman, three children of Springfield, O. The paper is modeled after the large newspapers, is sent out every week and is delivered by little news carriers. The young managers of the Bud have just secured a special permit from Washington to send their paper as second-class mail matter. But troubles find these little publishers, as they do the great editors. A recent editorial reads thus:

"We were at wit's end last Saturday. All our news carriers, except a few faithful ones, had telephoned either that their wheels were broken or other such preventives to the carrying of their usual routes. Then it rained and we were giving up all hope of getting our paper delivered on time when one of us suggested telephoning to the postoffice. We found we had gotten a temporary permit which would allow sending the Bud as second-class mail."

The society column of the Bud tells of many youthful experiences and trials. Here are a few items of a recent copy:

"Jack Pierce had a pattern cut for a new pair of pants."

"Neva Kisel has a new red cap."

"Bertha Pierce has a new kitten."

"Kate Staley fell and skinned her knee."

"Dorothy Bruce is sick with scarlet fever."

"Helen Connable has a bad sore throat."

"Marguerite Alley has a bad sore throat."

"Marguerite Alley fell down last week and hurt her leg."

"Little Johnny Buffenbarger started to school this year."

"Robert Braine got caught in a tree in his front yard recently and could not get down."

### FUN FOR RAINY DAYS.

#### AMUSING HOUSE GAMES FOR THE CHILDREN DURING THE WINTER SEASON.

By a Special Contributor.

Rainy days when the children can not go to school and are deprived of their usual outdoor pleasures are apt to prove a trial to the mother of the family, but if the fact that such days will come be remembered and provision be made for them beforehand, they may become cosy corners of existence.

In no country can the old adage which advises the laying aside for a rainy day be followed with greater profit than in California—not in this case money—but interesting books, pleasant games and above all attractive occupation for the restless fingers of the little ones.

The rainy day offers a convenient opportunity for giving those first lessons in culinary art which shall go far toward making the domestic machinery of the coming generation move smoothly; and be it early or late, it is an excellent time for the older children to work upon their Christmas gifts; while for the little tots there is no time better for the sorting of piece bags, the repair-

ing of discarded toys and boxing them ready for distribution when the call shall come, as it does every year from the institutions which care for cities' waifs.

There are, moreover, numberless games that may be played while the hands are busy with simple tasks.

There is the rhyming game in which one announces "I have a word that rhymes with the."

"Is it a large body of water?" asks one.

"It is not sea," is the reply.

"Is it a drink?" inquires the next in order.

"It is not tea," and so on, around the circle, until someone guesses the right word; and then the successful guesser thinks of a word, and so the game goes on as long as it holds the interest.

It will be noticed that the questions are formed so as to suggest the word thought to be the right one without mentioning it. If the one whose word is being sought fails to recognize the word thus defined, a forfeit may be claimed, and these accumulated forfeits may be kept until the evening, and the redeeming of them be made a merry game in itself.

Twenty questions is another game which can be played while the hands are usefully employed. In this an object is thought of and the questions are limited to twenty. And whereas in the rhyming game yes or no can be spoken without a forfeit being demanded in twenty questions, the answer must not go beyond the affirmative or negative monosyllable. If the twenty questions are exhausted without discovering what the object is, each one of the inquirers pays a forfeit.

Another game that causes a great deal of fun as long as there is anyone in the party who does not understand it, is "The Tourist," in which the traveler can visit only places whose initial letter is the same as that of his surname, and can use only such conveyances as begin with the same letter as his Christian name.

One of the company is appointed ticket agent, and the rest, in turn, ask for transportation to different cities; the form used being "I wish a ticket to —." If the place named does not begin with the right letter, the ticket agent answers, "You can't go," and the player has to wait until his turn comes around and try again.

If by chance the place is one allowed, the agent asks "How are you going?" and this is sure to catch the uninitiated.

It is hard for Margaret to understand why brother Charlie can go to Barstow on the cars, in a carriage, or even ride the cow; and sister Sarah can go in a ship, which is plainly ridiculous, as everyone knows who has studied geography, while every time Margaret tries any of these things, she is told she cannot go; until at last, at Charlie's suggestion, she tries a mule, and finds, to her surprise, that this usually obstinate animal carries her safely to her destination.

Games that have the redeeming of forfeits as a principal feature often fail to be amusing because of the difficulty experienced in finding suitable penalties. These penalties should afford amusement to the onlookers and not altogether disagreeable to the participants, and by exercising a little ingenuity, something fulfilling these requirements can be devised.

Two of the delinquents may be blindfolded and seated face to face with a large bowl of popcorn between them and be set the task of feeding it to each other with long-handled spoons.

Two more may be recommended to eat a string, rabbit fashion; the one who reaches center of the string first being allowed the bon-bon tied there to mark the point of division, as a reward for his skill. Or the penance may be to yawn until someone else is made to yawn; to bestow a smile on each member of the company or to answer five questions put by different people, avoiding in each answer the use of some vowel designated by the questioner.

Or the culprit may be called upon to repeat rapidly one of these alliterations:

Ten tiny, toddling tots trying to teach their tongues to trill.

Five fantastic Frenchmen fanning five fainting females. Villy Vite and his wife vent to visit Vest Vicham on Venesday.

A cracker race in which one tries to eat a plate of crackers before his comrade can finish a glass of water which he is obliged to dip up with a teaspoon is another amusing penalty, but in this there should be some trifling reward offered to the winner of the race to stimulate him to real endeavor.

GEORGINE T. BATES.

### FILIPINO MUSICAL TASTE.

"The Filipinos are the finest musicians I have ever known," said Capt. Charles D. Palmer of Manila, at the Arlington yesterday. "I have listened to some excellent orchestral music, but I want to say I have never heard anything so magnificent as the playing of those natives. Nothing in this country certainly can touch them. They have all the instruments known to our people, but they play them much better. Strange to say, too, they play nothing but the most beautiful classical music. Naturally the Filipinos are a bright, apt and intelligent people. I am connected with a hemp company in Manila which employs large numbers of natives as clerks, bookkeepers, etc., and their services are entirely satisfactory. They learn as rapidly and as thoroughly as the young men and women of this country. I think it would be the greatest mistake imaginable for the government to let the islands go. Of course, the people have not all agreed to American sovereignty as yet, but they will in time, and when they do, that country will begin to develop and will prove the richest holding of any nation in the world. I think the United States has been a little too fast in some places in establishing civil government. Better results would have been attained by keeping up the military control, but at that things are moving along in a satisfactory manner. Five years from now the Filipino will be a good American citizen, and give him ten years of the little white schoolhouse and his next generation will be our equal."—[Washington Post.]



## Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

### SUBTLE PRINTS IN FINE CLOTHES.

#### NEW CHINESE COAT FOR CARRIAGE WEAR—THE ALL-PERVADING CORDUROY.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Never were the details of fashion more carefully considered than now. It is not sufficient to have a garment in elegant materials elegantly cut; the proper "touches," as the dressmakers put it, being necessary to stamp the whole with that individual perfection each style calls for. For example, take the mere matter of coat fastenings. According to material, length, etc., the button that secures the new coat must be in color and substance a part of the general scheme; the way it is put on even depending on the genre of the wrap. Thus, where the long, fancy cloak—something in silk, velvet or satin, trimmed with guipures, embroideries or soutache braids—will have big, embroidery or lace-covered buttons in flaunting evidence, the loose-backed raglan of

natty box cloth can show none at all, the small bone buttons of these being concealed under the fly flap. As to other subtle points in fine clothes, let a few smart things smart New York women are wearing speak for themselves.

#### New Chinese Coat.

A new long carriage cloak on the kimono order shown wide sleeves with the single shoulder pleat, which has come to be a necessity with such loose affairs for a good fit. It is of heavy black satin, which is yet so soft that the fall of the folds, made by the flaring of the bias seam at the back, is like that of cloth. The trimmings are narrow bias folds of white corduroy, stitched bands of the satin, raised ornaments in black and white embroidery. The V of the cut-out neck is deeper at the front than at the back, the openings being filled in by a yoke of the white corduroy, finished with a turnover collar outlined with a narrow black velvet. A charming detail is the way the right front of the cloak laps slightly over the left bust, where the fastening is concealed under the trimming.

#### Velveteen Gowns.

These two costumes, as the photographs must have been, are of an elegance suited only to dressy functions, the conspicuous trimmings used, as well as the rich materials rendering them unfit for the ordinary evening

In the pretty reception toilette is shown one of the latest fads of the season, a mingling of the lace with velvet—being one of Fashion's most extravagant caprices. That it is a beautiful one goes without saying, and so heavy and cumbersome is the lace and velvet alone that these frail insets seem, somehow, necessary to produce the gala air requisite for elegant costumes.

Black and white, that eternally stylish and winning combination, is the keynote of this gown, which is of Lyons velvet and chantilly lace over white satin. A broad lace inset, taking a band line and an oversize droop at the front, appears on the jupe, whose lower portions simulates a graduated sounce. Embroidered sprays in black chenille, and up and down lines in the same cord, ornament this band with magnificent effect. The velvet bodice is cut low, and filled in with a

of white mousseline and chantilly edging. The materials evolve the charming elbow sleeves and low the velvet shoulder puffs. The belt is velvet, fastening with clasps of gun metal crystals.

Gun metal is the modish setting for pearls, one that goes well with black and white. The hatpins are made of it, three or four clips, pear-shaped pearls or a round amethyst or crystal is the most common setting for the ring, and some of the fragile chains in this hang over fashionable bosoms like scattered a dark thread.

The second velvet gown is in sapphire, mounted with a silk gimp in black and white coat with postillion back and half-fitting over a vest in white mousseline; a waistcoat by shaped pieces of the velvet, which projects fronts and are covered with rich guipure. The same decoration shows on the cuffs. The undersleeves are of the white mousseline as the bunched ornament in the hair; but set in gun metal.

#### Stylish Chapeaux.

An odd tricorne hat, and a French chapeau, having side brim, compose the examples. The tricorne is made entirely of narrow black Louisiana ribbon, no other decoration the outside. This simplicity, however, is made up for by the elaborate brim-trimming, composed of black and white wings and two, and brilliant ornaments, is put on at the top of flying-bird arrangement. The black brim up squarely and is covered with the Louisiana ribbon.

One of the new pelerine tippets is worn. It is of moire Persian in the form of a cascade, white chiffon in a great ruffle falling over the shoulders. A black border of clipped and uncurled ends and four short downy white plumes, which hang at the front, are unique garnishings.

The French chapeau is so called because the models Paris sends over to us. Because of the extreme flatness of the crown, as well as the fact it is perhaps less becoming to most heads than the tricorne, but on the right one it will be found a great style. It is of smoke-gray velvet, with smart underbrim trimming at the left side, quills and guipure. An odd little bow of velvet, faced with white satin, is perched on the crown just over the face, relieving the trim and this point and cunningly suggesting a bird. The brim is dented down deeply over the face.

#### GAIL HAMILTON'S CONUNDRUM

HOW SHE KEPT A PARTY OF DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE GUESSING.

By a Special Contributor.

Gail Hamilton had been in Italy, and with the pleasantest party in the world everything that was beautiful, enjoying that was fine, studying old pictures, run shops, getting the best of Rome and Venice, and looking at the Old World from original point of view—sweetness and light following, as always, wherever she went.

They had come slowly north; and, after a channel, a very great gentleman took the statesman and his delightful wife, the musician and Gail—for a coaching tour to the beautiful England to his castle in more beautiful Scotland. The romance, the poetry of Scott, which a joy of her youth, had become real, and the air. But one day the mists had thickened and the rain had become a downpour, as if rains of the air had been loosed in showers, but of torrents.

In what way could the party at the end of the long day before them? Finally, and after suggestions, it was agreed that each individual should contribute to the common amusement. What the host did, or proposed to the statesman told, for his part of the entertainment before unknown and secret piece of diplomacy, what his wife, or the young girl did; what the—none of that is any part of the story. He was asked what she had to offer as her morning's entertainment. "I will give you after a moment's thought, 'the opportunity of contemplating something which your heart good, which is at present guarded and which you will confess to be one of the factory things of its sort which you have traveled. Provided,' she added with a wicked smile, 'she who feared neither King nor Kaiser—what it is.'"

This to them, fresh from the Vatican, from the scriptures and missals and marvels of book, glories of old bijouterie and goldsmith's ivory carvings and Venetian glass, and, in all the loveliness in and about this place be

"Must we guess?" asked one. "Well, the being an old game of their childhood, 'what does it belong?'"

"Perhaps the vegetable, partly," said Gail. "It is that orchid—"

"Nothing of the sort," with great gay humor.

"But 'partly!' Do you mean that it belongs to one kingdom?"

"Yes, I think so."

"To the mineral?"

"Your mind is running on jewels and the sweatplate. Yes."

"Why not the animal kingdom, too?" with mockery.

"Not amiss. Yes, certainly, the animal."

"Animal—vegetable—mineral—what in





September 24, 1901.]

of white mousseline and chantilly edgings, which make evolve the charming elbow sleeves that drop below the velvet shoulder puffs. The belt is a crush of velvet, fastening with clasps of gun metal set with crystals.

Gun metal is the modish setting for paste gems, and one that goes well with black and white. Most of the bangles are made of it, three or four clips holding great pear-shaped pearls or a round amethyst or topaz. But crystal is the most common setting for this dusky rimming, and some of the fragile chains in this combination hang over fashionable bosoms like scattered dew drops on a dark thread.

The second velvet gown is in sapphire blue, ornamented with a silk gimp in black and white. A short coat with postillion back and half-fitting fronts opens over a vest in white mousseline; a waistcoat look is given by shaped pieces of the velvet, which project beyond the fronts and are covered with rich guipure applications. The same decoration shows on the cuffs of the sleeves. The undersleeves are of the white mousseline, as well as the bunched ornament in the hair; buttons and bobbles are in gun metal.

#### Stylish Chapeaux.

An odd tricorne hat, and a French chapeau with a faring side brim, compose the examples in this field. The tricorne is made entirely of narrow quillings of black Louisiana ribbon, no other decoration showing at the outside. This simplicity, however, is more than made up for by the elaborate brim-trimming, which, composed of black and white wings and two splendid jet and brilliant ornaments, is put on at the sides in a sort of flying-bird arrangement. The black brim is turned up squarely and is covered with the Louisiana quillings.

One of the new pelerine tippets is worn by this figure. It is of melior Persian in the form of a collar without side, white chiffon in a great ruffle filling in the throat. A black border of clipped and uncured ostrich feathers, and four short downy white plumes, which show startlingly at the front, are unique garnishings.

The French chapeau is so called because it is one of the models Paris sends over to us. Because of the extreme flatness of the crown, as well as the straight brim, it is perhaps less becoming to most heads than the tricorne, but on the right one it will be found a more elegant style. It is of smoke-gray velvet, with a very smart underbrim trimming at the left side of white guipure and guipure. An odd little bow of the bias velvet, faced with white satin, is perched on the edge of the crown just over the face, relieving the trying lines at this point and cunningly suggesting a bird. At the back the brim is dented down deeply over the hair.

NINA FITCH.

#### GAIL HAMILTON'S CONUNDRUM.

HOW SHE KEPT A PARTY OF DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE GUESSING.

By a Special Contributor.

Gail Hamilton had been in Italy, as she told me, with the pleasantest party in the world, seeing everything that was beautiful, enjoying everything that was fine, studying old pictures, rummaging old shops, getting the best of Rome and Florence and Venice, and looking at the Old World from her own original point of view—sweetness and light and laughter following, as always, wherever she went.

They had come slowly north; and, after crossing the channel, a very great gentleman took the party—the woman and his delightful wife, the young girl, the woman and Gail—for a coaching tour through beautiful England to his castle in more beautiful Scotland.

Once in Scotland, Gail felt a dream of her life fulfilled. The romance, the poetry of Scott, which had been a joy of her youth, had become real, and filled all the air. But one day the mists had thickened into rain, and the rain had become a downpour, as if all the fountains of the air had been loosed in showers not of drops, but of torrents.

In what way could the party at the castle pass the long day before them? Finally, and after various suggestions, it was agreed that each individual should do some one thing to contribute to the common entertainment. What the host did, or proposed to do; whether the statesman told, for his part of the exercises, some before unknown and secret piece of diplomatic history; what his wife, or the young girl did; what the chateleine—none of that is any part of the story. But when Gail was asked what she had to offer as her share of the evening's entertainment, "I will give you," she said, after a moment's thought, "the opportunity of beholding and contemplating something which ought to do your heart good, which is at present guarded as a secret, and which you will confess to be one of the most satisfactory things of its sort which you have seen in your travels. Provided," she added with a wicked sparkle—she who feared neither King nor Kaiser—"you will guess what it is."

This to them, fresh from the Vatican, from the manuscripts and missals and marvels of bookbinding, the stories of old bijouterie and goldsmith's work, from ivory carvings and Venetian glass, and, in addition, with all the loveliness in and about this place before them!

"Must we guess?" asked one. "Well, then," remembering an old game of their childhood, "to what kingdom does it belong?"

"Perhaps the vegetable, partly," said Gail.

"Is that orchid?"

"Nothing of the sort," with great gaiety and good humor.

"But 'partly!' Do you mean that it belongs to more than one kingdom?"

"Yes, I think so."

"To the mineral?"

"Your mind is running on jewels and the high priest's vestments. Yes."

"Why not the animal kingdom, too?" asked another with mockery.

"Not amiss. Yes, certainly, the animal."

"Animal—vegetable—mineral—what in the world can

it be? All three kingdoms? It wouldn't be surprising if you added the spiritual."

"Without any doubt the spiritual!" said Gail decidedly.

"You are going to tell us a ghost story in broad daylight," said one, deprecatingly.

"Is it white?" another asked, still humoring her conceit.

"In some degree."

"Is it pink, then?"

"In some degree."

"It is a chameleon on a chain?"

"Pshaw! Very different."

"Is it large?"

"Not too large."

"Is it tall?"

"It reaches just to my heart."

"I wonder what extravagance you have been secretly committing! Is it that little Fra Angelico you longed for?"

"No. Nor the little Andrea del Sarto painted on lapis lazuli."

"I know. It is that Sevres cup."

"I may be brazen. But I am not made of gold!"

"From whom did you say you bought it, might we ask?"

"I didn't say I bought it at all. But I stood in great awe of the people who put it in my hands."

"It is a rosary blessed by the Pope, of course."

"It is a Kelmscott book."

"It is one of those charming figurines."

"No, no, it is something much more simple and near home, is it not?"

"A great woman, a great statesman, a great financier, a great musician—to say nothing of the rest—and all such poor guesses! What is becoming of the American prestige? I won't keep you in suspense any longer."

Out of sight she hurried; and before long she descended with a pasteboard box in her hand, opened it, and took out—her new Paris bonnet!

"Confess!" she said. "Did you ever see anything more beautiful, more satisfactory? Here, as I told you, are all the kingdoms—the silk, the velvet, the plumes, for one; the lace, the straw, for another; the pins, the wires, the clasps, for the other. The spiritual? Well, the frame of mind I shall have, when I wear this bonnet to church in Hamilton, I hope, will meet that requirement. And then, you remember the comparison that has been made between the consciousness of being well-dressed and the consolations of religion?"

It was the custom of the house, having assembled in the drawing-room, to form in procession when dinner was announced, and to follow the pipers blowing their pipes for dear life. So the pipers, plaided and kilted, blew out their cheeks, and puffed, and strutted, and swung their shoulders, picturesque and fine at the head; and the others, in due order, followed the wild music with various heart stirrings, down the gallery to the castle dining hall.

And there they saw, as they entered, above all the blaze of gold and silver and crystal, above the flowers, the fruit, the "frolic wine," perched high atop of the tall epergne, as if it were some rare and brilliant blossom, the chief ornament of the grand dinner table, Gail Hamilton's little Paris bonnet.

#### FUN FOR THANKSGIVING.

ENTERTAINMENT TO WHILE AWAY THE DULL HOUR AFTER DINNER.

By a Special Contributor.

Thanksgiving is preeminently a day of family reunion, and custom has made its celebration consist mainly in serving an elaborate dinner. But after the dinner, when the older members of the family settle down to discuss subjects of mutual interest, there comes an hour or two which the children and young people find tedious. There are no toys to examine nor new books to read as at Christmas, and they are conscious of a sort of anticlimax in the festivities; the pleasures of the day are over and the day has not come to an end.

This feeling of dissatisfaction can be avoided by a little forethought on the part of the hostess, and the interval between dinner and dark be made the most enjoyable portion of the day.

Having secured the largest and most comely pumpkin possible, cut a circular piece from the top, in such a way that the stem will serve for a handle; scoop out the inside until the rind left is as thin as it can be without breaking through; and on the outside surface of the pumpkin draw lines with black paint dividing it into irregularly-shaped divisions, and in each of these paint a number.

Then tie up as many small packages as the pumpkin will hold—toys, favors, bon-bons, etc.—numbering each package to correspond with one of the numbers on the pumpkin's shell. Having filled the pumpkin with these packages, replace the cover, painting a black line over the crack to give it the appearance of never having been disturbed.

All that is now needed is a bow and as many sharp-pointed arrows as there are to be young people among the guests. Each arrow must have some distinguishing mark so as to make it easy for every guest to recognize his own. For this purpose the feather end of the arrows may be dipped in different colored dyes, or bows of ribbon may be attached to each.

After dinner the pumpkin is set up as a target, and the young guests engage in a game of archery. When all have succeeded in fastening their arrows in the pumpkin, the lid is removed, and each receives the package bearing the number which corresponds with the one on the division in which the arrow is transfixed.

It adds to the pleasure and lengthens out the entertainment if conundrums are written out on slips of paper and tied up with the bon-bons, in place of the mottoes so frequently used.

If some of the little ones prove so unskillful as not to succeed in placing their arrows within a reasonable length of time, they may be blindfolded, led close to the target, and allowed to stick them in without using the bow.

When the company remains during the evening, there

is nothing more entertaining to old and young than burlesque shadow pantomimes. A sheet stretched across the folding doors, between the audience and the actors, and a large lamp placed behind the scenes in such a position that the shadows will fall upon the white surface, is all that is required. Familiar poems or stories may be chosen and the audience be called upon to give the title of the scene enacted.

"Young Lochinvar" and "Under the Mistletoe" are easily adapted to amateur talent; and if there are many little folks in the audience, "Babes in the Wood," Jack and his Beanstalk, or selections from Mother Goose Melodies will be received with enthusiasm.

The old woman who fell asleep on the King's Highway is a favorite and one easily reproduced.

The one who impersonates the little old woman comes on the stage with a basket of eggs on her arm, she fans herself, yawns and in other ways indicates great fatigue, and finally, sitting down with her basket of eggs by her side, she falls asleep. Then a peddler enters with his pack on his back. When he sees the sleeping woman, he claps his hands on his sides and almost doubles himself up with laughter as if he had thought of a capital joke, then taking a pair of shears from his pack he cuts off the woman's gown to her knees and goes out. The woman begins to shiver and shake as if with cold, and waking up looks herself over with gestures of astonishment. At last she passes off at the right of the stage and reenters at the left. In the meantime, something that will cast a shadow of resembling a house is pushed on from the right of the stage, and when the woman appears at the left a little dog in the act of barking ferociously emerges from it. The old woman begins to wring her hands and cry, suggesting the last lines of the rhyme:

"He began to bark and she began to cry,  
"Lack a mercy on me, this is none of I."

Another selection within the capacity of the youngest dramatists is "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater." A boy dressed in a long coat, high hat, cane in hand and carrying a pumpkin under one arm, enters, and having laid down the pumpkin and removed his hat and coat, he begins moving around as if searching for some one. He picks up a shawl and other articles of clothing evidently belonging to the woman, and holds them so that their shadows will fall on the curtain. As he rushes about, he is seen to grow more and more impatient, until at last he jams his hat on his head and goes out. Soon he returns, pulling after him a tiny girl dressed to represent his wife, and whom he appears to be scolding violently. Then he rolls out toward the curtain an immense pumpkin, goes through the motions of cutting off the top and scooping out the inside, after which, seizing the poor little wife, who all this time has been standing by, weeping bitterly, he crowds her into the cavity and puts on the lid, which he fastens down with a string. Then, having prinked a little before the glass, he puts on his hat and coat and goes out, apparently highly pleased with himself.

G. T. B.

#### THE NEW WOMAN OF FIFTY.

YOUNG-LOOKING GRANDMOTHERS OF TODAY AND A FRESH CAUSE OF DISCONTENT.

[New York Sun:] The grandmother may not have disappeared altogether, but her outward and visible signs have changed enough to make her very different from what she used to be. The woman of 50 today looks as little like the ideas formerly entertained of that age as she wants to.

If the ideal of thirty years ago is in her mind she may look like an old woman. If she prefers to follow the mode of the day she may look as young as the dress-makers and her own natural condition will enable her to appear. And this youthfulness will not attract the least attention.

If her hair be without a suspicion of gray and her figure slim that will be no more unexpected than the youthfulness of her dress; and the woman of 50 may now dress like the woman of 30 and still observe the best standards of taste. She may even dye her hair without committing any such transgression of the laws of taste as she would have been guilty of several years ago. Even if she dyes it yellow she will be criticised no more sharply than the woman of 30 would if she did the same thing.

Now middle age has the privileges of youth and is at liberty to keep itself as attractive-looking as possible. The woman of 50 is not to be put among the aged nowadays merely because she happens to have accumulated a certain number of years and is a grandmother. She is not for that reason to be counted among the women who are forbidden to think of their looks or to attend to their appearances further than to see to it that their white caps are coquettishly trimmed with ribbons and their black silk dresses free from wrinkles. It used to be a foregone conclusion that they would be wrinkled themselves whether their gowns were or not.

The woman of 50 enjoys her present privileges so much that it is a wonder that she could ever have reconciled herself to the old ideas. Whether the liberality that is now shown toward the woman of this age will be extended to those still her senior remains to be seen. It is certain that nobody supposed twenty years ago that the women of 50 would ever look as they do today, or would be able to dress with taste and propriety in the styles that they adopt today. So this new view may be extended to take another and older class.

The new woman of 50 has not been received by all of her sex as a complete success. Some of the objections to her are plainly founded on prejudice. But what follows is not the talk of a woman who is in the least prejudiced, and there is no criticism to be made of her intelligence. She thinks that women were happier when they were less youthful-looking at 50.

"There may be," she said, "greater satisfaction among women of a certain age that they look younger now than they were able to appear several years ago; but they are no happier than they were for that reason.



There are more dissatisfied, discontented-looking women of 50 nowadays than there ever were in the past.

"I think it is largely due to the fact that their new dress and their new place in the world do not in the least agree with their ages. It is not of the least use for a woman to look like 40 or younger when she is compelled to act still as she would at her real age.

"It is this incongruity between the woman's looks and the way she is compelled to act that makes her unhappy and discontented with her lot. She looks in the glass and sees that she looks younger by ten years than she is. That makes her feel as if she would like to act more in accordance with the age she would like to be. But that is out of the question in the majority of cases, and she is compelled to reconcile herself as best she can to the difference between her looks and her aspirations.

"That is the evil of the new change in the woman of 50. She may be younger-looking than she was in the old days, but she is not so happy."

### KUBELIK PARTIES.

SO CALLED FROM THE FAMOUS HUNGARIAN-GYPSY VIRTUOSO.

By a Special Contributor.

In London last spring a Kubelik party was the very smartest entertainment even a duchess could offer her friends. Indeed, since Paderewski's advent there has been no such lion as this same pale-faced, long-haired, spiritual-looking Hungarian gypsy virtuoso of the violin.

Kubelik is only 21 years of age and his is not the musical genius that starves in a garret. By a sudden bound he has leapt into the forefront of his profession. It is said that he is about to undertake a tournee, as it is called, for which he will receive \$100,000. This



JAN KUBELIK.

Fortune is sometimes the reward of a lifetime of struggle and hard work; but Kubelik has scarcely emerged from his teens, and he is going to make this sum in the course of a few months in the United States while waiting for the next London season to commence. He plays, too, with an abandon which shows the artist. As one watches him one feels that he has forgotten his audience; that his mind is far away, and his soul wrapped in music. It is pathetic to see how the prodigy is guarded and protected from the vulgar mundane crowd. At the parties that he goes to he never touches any refreshments. Nobody is allowed to carry his violin; he has his own accompanist and his own piano. A monarch could not show a higher or more loyal sense of dignity. Yet he is a charming, unsophisticated boy, absolutely unspoiled by the homage that is paid him. There is a touch of pathos about his career, too. Born in a little village near Prague, he had for father a humble peasant, who was also a fiddler, just an ordinary village fiddler, who used to play at rustic feasts. This father taught his boy to play, but the pupil soon outstripped his master. The parent saw that the fates had sent him a genius. To provide a fitting musical education for that genius, to send him to the Prague Conservatorium, where he would have Seveik, the famous trainer of geni, for his master, the poor father pinched, and, maybe, starved himself. But he was not destined to see the fruits of his unselfishness; he died just before the boy he had scraped and slaved for made his first success.

### MANNEQUINS OF PARIS.

AN INTERESTING FEATURE OF THE GREAT DRESSMAKING ESTABLISHMENTS.

By a Special Contributor.

An interesting branch of the service in the great couturier's establishments in Paris is that of the mannequins. A mannequin is not a little man, as one might be disposed to believe; she is a woman generally young and beautiful, and always nearly perfect, artistically,

in figure and "style." It is her duty to appear in the "salle d'exposition," or showing-off room, wearing the latest style of costumes appropriate to different society functions and parading before the customers. Also, she sometimes serves as a "try-on" machine, wearing before them the unfinished robe, so that alterations of detail may be made up to the last minute.

These mannequins are exceedingly well paid, and as they are dressed in the most ultra chic fashions, the position is much sought after. At the great couturiers' some of the "mannequins" have been unsuccessful actresses, young women who had taken to the stage on the strength of their fine figures or stately carriage. In point of earnings, if not in point of glory, they have little reason to envy those who have succeeded on the stage. Some of them arrive every morning at their "shop" in as brilliant a "carriage-and-pair" as whirled a great tragedienne to the theater.

At one establishment the manager told me as a dead secret that among their mannequins was a real, live marquise. This lady belongs to one of the old noble families of France; her ancestral name was renowned in the court records of the seventeenth century; her brother is still owner of what was once a splendid chateau in the Landes of Gascony. By the decay of the noble house, as a result of the political upheavals which have so often altered the face of French society life, the chateau had to be closed and the family to go into impoverished exile. The courageous woman finally decided to "go into business." She is very beautiful, reproducing the traits and figure of a famous ancestress, a beauty of the court of Louis XIV., whose portrait hangs in the Louvre. Her handsome salary as a mannequin is helping to restore the chateau in Gascony, and with it the social prestige of her family. For business purposes she is known as "Mademoiselle Annette," and the American ladies before whom she parades have little idea that they are being served by a member of the old nobility of France. "Mademoiselle Annette" becomes again in the evening "Madame la Marquise de V—," and, in her tiny apartment off the Faubourg Saint Germain receives the representatives of the royalist aristocracy. They overlook her "disgraceful connection with trade" for the sake of her ancient name and her wit and beauty.

"Mademoiselle Annette" is, however, a startling exception to the general run of the mannequins in point of birth. Most of her colleagues are girls whose beauty and grace have raised them suddenly from the utmost obscurity. One day a week the managers of the big establishments open their doors to prospective mannequins, for they are always in search of attractive young "demoiselles." Sometimes girls who come in the morning in pitiful poverty-stricken attire leave the place in the evening robed like princesses. In several of the Paris dressmaking houses there are English-speaking mannequins; in one the mannequin-in-chief is an American girl, a Virginian.

Besides these living clothes-pegs, if the expression be not too brutal where there is so much beauty and chic, there are hundreds of women and girls employed in a big couturier's place, in one no less than 900. They work at cutting, stitching and brodering in great attics, lofty and cheerful, and the whole immense establishment is filled with the hum of their prattle. The young Parisienne is naturally the merriest of human beings, and these 900 girls have special reason to be cheerful. They work under exceptionally pleasant conditions at one of the best trades for women, since Paris fashions prevail everywhere. In their surroundings they are well off and their faces and costumes seem to tell of happy general conditions.

A good many of these girls are foreigners, who work in the ateliers of the noted Parisian houses by way of qualifying for the title of "pupil of Worth, or pupil of Paquin," in their own countries. They are earning, so to speak, their Paris diploma, the better to exploit their home public, in America or England. And it is only fair to say that even though they have not exactly the right to the proud title of pupil, they necessarily acquire considerable skill by working, however humbly, in those famous establishments. The big prices paid to the great couturiers represent the client's absolute certainty of having the best possible workmanship; and the simplest sewing woman of the staff has got to give that or "get out." Many modistes in the large American cities owe the beginning of their vogue and success to the severe and highly skilled training they received during their year or two under a Paris task master's eye.

"If," said the manager, "we got a commission on the business of all the girls whose prosperous career commenced in these ateliers we could go out of business at once millionaires. And," he added, "not a little of our income from this source would come to us from the United States."

### ROMANS BROUGHT APPLES TO ENGLAND.

Of all the productions of the vegetable world which the skill and ingenuity of man have rendered conducive

to his happiness and to the increase of his comfort, the apple stands forward as the most conspicuous example. Now a fruit crop of universal growth, and, although the most beautifully sun-stained examples reach us from various periods of the year from Canada and the United States, and the temperate regions of our great Australian colonies, for flavor none of them equal those grown in England. The garden apple is believed to have been introduced into Britain by the Romans, and the apple of our hedgerows is the type of the fruit which left to degenerate, and to which it would speedily succumb but for constant culture.—(London Telegraph.)

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### A FIT OF COWARDICE

HOW AN OFFICER WHO FAILED HIS REPUTATION SOON AFTER

By a Special Contributor.

The following incidents will illustrate between physical and moral courage a brave man, who, if ordered to lead his men, would do so with dash, playing magnificent physical courage a position of authority, fear to assume incidental to that position, showing has in several instances branded him.

On the first of March, 1863, during the siege of the brigade on a scout, Col. Rexford and forty men of the Fourth Tennessee pickedet, about two miles in advance on the Manchester pike leading south of Tenn., was attacked by the Confederates without making much of a fight, for of the infantry picket. Several of the men at what they very properly considered abandonment of their post. Corp. Ketchum was unable to stand it any longer, said to "By G—d, boys, the colonel won't hear of it! Let's go back." At Ketchum and four men. They attacked the enemy, with a loss of six killed and captured and occupied their original position. Ketchum sent one man back to report who then returned to his post.

On the return of the brigade to the scene of this occurrence, and at once sent for an explanation, which, was unsatisfactory, the pith of it being of sacrificing the lives of the men and told him that he was a disgrace to the army. He gave him his choice of immediate court-martial for cowardice in the field or resignation. Within half an hour the resignation was signed. This was after dark, and I placed the desk to be attended to in the morning. I received orders which required the resignation of the colonel. At 3 o'clock in the morning the colonel and his staff, and the rest of the brigade, were on the march, and did not again for ten days. This expedition was on pages 356 and 357 of the first volume of the "Memoirs of Gen. P. H. Sheridan." I have seen the action on Lieut. Rexford's resignation in camp as worthless.

During my absence, every cavalry regiment was used for picket duty, and a few days, Mr. Rexford found himself picket on the same post. In the course of the night, he was attacked by Gen. Bushrod Johnson's mounted infantry, and made a gallant and slow driven back. Lieut. Col. Galbraith, Fifth Tennessee Cavalry, was sent to the post. After a short fight, Col. Galbraith called for the question to them to continue the fight, or retreat to the rear by the infantry. All of the officers of the Fifth Tennessee Cavalry were in favor of retreat. Rexford remained with him, Col. Galbraith said:

"Lieutenant, you have not spoken your opinion?"

Rexford replied: "The worst rattle was from my colonel, a few days ago, that time he told me that 'sabers are not ornaments.'"

Col. Galbraith asked: "Will you support me, if I support you?"

The prompt reply was: "Certainly not waiting for orders, Rexford returned gave the command: 'Draw sabers; right; march.' And when his little columned out on the road, 'Gallop' was quickly ordered.

Rexford led his men as they charged the enemy was completely surprised, they routed and driven two miles; and the so quickly that the Fifth Tennessee when Rexford wheeled by fours to reform.

On my return to Murfreesboro, Col. Rexford gave me a very generous report, giving Lieut. Galbraith his full credit.

I again sent for the Lieutenant. I grasped his hand and said: "Last time I spoke to you, I told you that a disgrace to the regiment; I now

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## A FIT OF COWARDICE.

HOW AN OFFICER WHO FAILED ONCE REDEEMED HIS REPUTATION SOON AFTERWARD.

By a Special Contributor.

The following incidents will illustrate the difference between physical and moral courage in a soldier. Many a brave man, who, if ordered to lead a charge, on a "for-lorn hope," would do so with dash and gallantry, displaying magnificent physical courage, will, if placed in a position of authority, fear to assume the responsibility incidental to that position, showing a hesitation which has in several instances branded brave men as cowards.

On the first of March, 1863, during a fourteen-day absence of the brigade on a scout, Second Lieut. L. P. Rexford and forty men of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, on picket, about two miles in advance of the infantry, on the Manchester pike leading south from Murfreesboro, Tenn., was attacked by the Confederate cavalry; and, without making much of a fight, fell back under cover of the infantry picket. Several of the men were chafing at what they very properly considered the disgraceful abandonment of their post. Corp. Ketchum of Troop A, unable to stand it any longer, said to the men near him, "By G—d, boys, the colonel won't like this when he hears of it! Let's go back." And back they went, Ketchum and four men. They attacked and drove the enemy, with a loss of six killed and several wounded; recaptured and occupied their original position, when Ketchum sent one man back to report to Lieut. Rexford, who then returned to his post.

On the return of the brigade to camp, I was informed of this occurrence, and at once sent for Mr. Rexford, and asked for an explanation, which, when given, was very satisfactory, the pith of it being that he was afraid of forfeiting the lives of the men under his command. I told him that he was a disgrace to the regiment, and gave him his choice of immediate resignation or trial by court-martial for cowardice in the face of the enemy. While half an hour the resignation was in my hands. This was after dark, and I placed the document in my desk to be attended to in the morning. One hour later, I received orders which required me to report to Gen. Sherman; and at 3 o'clock in the morning we were in the saddle and on the march, and did not see our camp again for ten days. This expedition is partially told of on pages 256 and 257 of the first volume of "Personal Memoirs of Gen. P. H. Sheridan." I had not taken any action on Lieut. Rexford's resignation, and I left him in camp as worthless.

During my absence, every cavalryman that could be found, was used for picket duty, and in the course of a few days, Mr. Rexford found himself in command of a picket on the same post. In the course of the day he was attacked by Gen. Bushrod Johnston's brigade of mounted infantry, and made a gallant defense; but was slowly driven back. Lieut.-Col. Galbraith, with the Fifth Tennessee Cavalry, was sent to his assistance. After a short fight, Col. Galbraith called his officers together and put the question to them whether they should continue the fight, or retreat to the position occupied by the infantry. All of the officers of the Fifth declared in favor of retreat. Rexford remained silent. Addressing him, Col. Galbraith said:

"Lieutenant, you have not spoken. What is your opinion?"

Rexford replied: "The worst raking I ever received was from my colonel, a few days ago, for retreating. At that time he told me that 'sabers are intended for use, not ornament.'"

Col. Galbraith asked: "Will you charge with your men, if I support you?"

The prompt reply was: "Certainly, sir." And without waiting for orders, Rexford returned to his men and gave the command: "Draw sabers; right forward, fours right; march." And when his little column was straightened out on the road, "Gallop! march!" and "Charge!" were quickly ordered.

Rexford led his men as they charged home. The enemy was completely surprised, thrown into confusion, routed and driven two miles; and the whole affair passed so quickly that the Fifth Tennessee was not in sight when Rexford wheeled by fours to return to his post.

On my return to Murfreesboro, Col. Galbraith made a very generous report, giving Lieut. Rexford full credit for his gallant action.

I again sent for the lieutenant. As he entered my tent, I grasped his hand and said: "Mr. Rexford, the last time I spoke to you, I told you that I considered you a disgrace to the regiment; I now have pleasure in say-

ing that you are an honor to it; here is your resignation, on which no action has been taken; I will forward your name for promotion to the vacant first lieutenantancy." Rexford received his promotion, and proved to be a gallant and reliable soldier to the end of the war, when he was mustered out as a captain. R. H. G. MINTY.

## ENTERPRISE OF A WOMAN.

A POTOMAC-RIVER WIDOW IN CHARGE OF THE LARGEST SEINE FISHERY KNOWN.

[Chicago Chronicle:] Just below Washington, on the Potomac, at this season of the year visitors may see in full blast the largest seine fishery in the world. The unique feature about it is that this great enterprise, employing hundreds of men and doing a business that mounts up into the hundreds of thousands, is owned and operated by a woman.

The great fishery at Widewater is not a new enterprise, but dates back to ante-Revolutionary days. It has always been in the hands of the Waller family. At the beginning of the Civil War it was known throughout the country and Benjamin Waller, its owner, was one of the wealthiest men in the Old Dominion, but, like a vast majority of the prominent men of his State, he espoused the cause of the South and when final defeat perched upon the Red Cross flag at Appomattox he found himself a colonel, it is true, but his fine old mansion was in ruins, his broad acres were but an unproductive waste and his fishery was but a suggestion of what it had been.

For a few years the brave old colonel struggled to mend his broken fortunes, but his losses and wounds and sorrows proved too much for him and he finally gave up the struggle and passed to his last reward, leaving a widow and six daughters to make their way in the world as best they could. Then it was that Mrs. Waller, summoning to her aid all of the courage of the Revolutionary ancestors that was in her veins, began to demonstrate to the world what a woman can do. In her prosperous days she had been a shy, timid little woman, but the pressure of necessity stamped all that out, and, while she has never ceased to be womanly and sympathetic, she acquired a decision and firmness that were not to be mistaken. Very soon there was not an employe who did not realize that she was the managing and guiding force in the business and that her commands, although given in gentle and courteous voice, must be obeyed without cavil or question.

Mrs. Waller familiarized herself with every detail of the business from hauling in the nets to the markets and in a remarkably short time her business ability was amply demonstrated by increasing demands for the products of the seines.

Never for a day has the business lagged since Mrs. Waller took charge of it thirty-three years ago, but, on the contrary, it has grown until now she is at the head of a business which this year will involve over \$250,000. It is unnecessary to say that she is a wealthy woman, but for all that she personally supervises the business just as she did in the old days when she was fighting the battle for bread for herself and the little ones.

In this work Mrs. Waller is assisted by her pretty granddaughter. In the afternoon these women superintend the laying of the nets, the posting of the scout boats, and the next morning, when the two big horses begin to march around the huge capstan that is to draw miles of seine loaded with tons of fish from the river, they are on hand to see that no slip is made, that no mistake occurs. And when the seine is in shallow water and countless wagons are driving in to purchase fish, with the favorite granddaughter at the oars, they skim along apparently out for a pleasure trip. But now and then a sharp word of command to one of her servants will convince all that nothing escapes the sharp eyes of this brave old lady. During the day they visit the salting vats and the packing houses, and at 5 o'clock the two women meet the head clerk and the manager of the Fredericksburg shipping house to go over the business of the previous day.

But it must not be imagined that because Mrs. Waller is a shrewd business woman her life is given up to the pursuit of only wealth, for the truth is that in the church and charitable work of her section she is a leader, and never during the storm and stress of her busy life has she forgotten the obligations of a mother. In the old days of poverty she taught her daughter as best she could until returning prosperity enabled her to employ a governess. Later she sent her girls to college. Two of them graduated some years ago at Wellesley. They are all married now and the granddaughter, who

in 1899 graduated at Bryn Mawr, supplies the place of her own daughters. Her children and grandchildren are a source of great pride and comfort to Mrs. Waller and there is never a time when one or more of them are not at the fine old mansion overlooking the beautiful Potomac at Widewater.

In the summer Mrs. Waller, her favorite granddaughter and frequently several of her own children always take a vacation, visiting Cape May, Bar Harbor, and the Adirondacks, or the White Mountains. Last summer, with four of her own daughters and her granddaughter, she went abroad, taking in the Paris Exposition and the "Passion Play" at the Oberammergau.

## SEAWEED AND SEWAGE.

An interesting paper read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and published in the last number of the "Proceedings" of that learned body, deserves the attention of sanitarians. The paper is entitled "The Seaweed Ulva Latissima, and Its Relation to the Pollution of Sea Water by Sewage." The authors are Prof. Letts and J. Hawthorne of Queen's College, Belfast. It appears that for some years the upper reaches of Belfast Lough have been troubled by a serious nuisance, arising from the loading of the air at low tide with the vapor known as sulphuretted hydrogen gas. This is the gas familiar to every schoolboy who has dabbled in chemistry as "the prince of stinks." When I add that it is this gas to which one species of the eggs Dan Leno describes, I believe, as "not altogether recent," owes its peculiar odor, I need not further dilate on the noxious nature of the Belfast low-tide nuisance. In the north of Dublin Harbor the same peculiarity exists. Naturally, people set down the odor as due to the sewage, pure and simple, but Prof. Letts and his colleagues assure us that it is intimately connected with the growth of the ulva, a green seaweed with broad fronds, familiar to most people under the name of the "sea lettuce." Their researches have been of a highly complete character. In the first place, they show that when the seaweed decays it is attacked by certain species of microbes, whose action is associated with the production of sulphuretted hydrogen gas. But the main point which concerns the public health and the question of sewage disposal in the sea is the fact that the "sea lettuce" appears to be a seaweed of decidedly low and vulgar tastes. In place of delighting in the fresh, clear sea water, it seems to prefer water to which sewage has had access, so that wherever the ulva occurs, there our authors state we may be certain the water is polluted.—[London Cycling.]

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